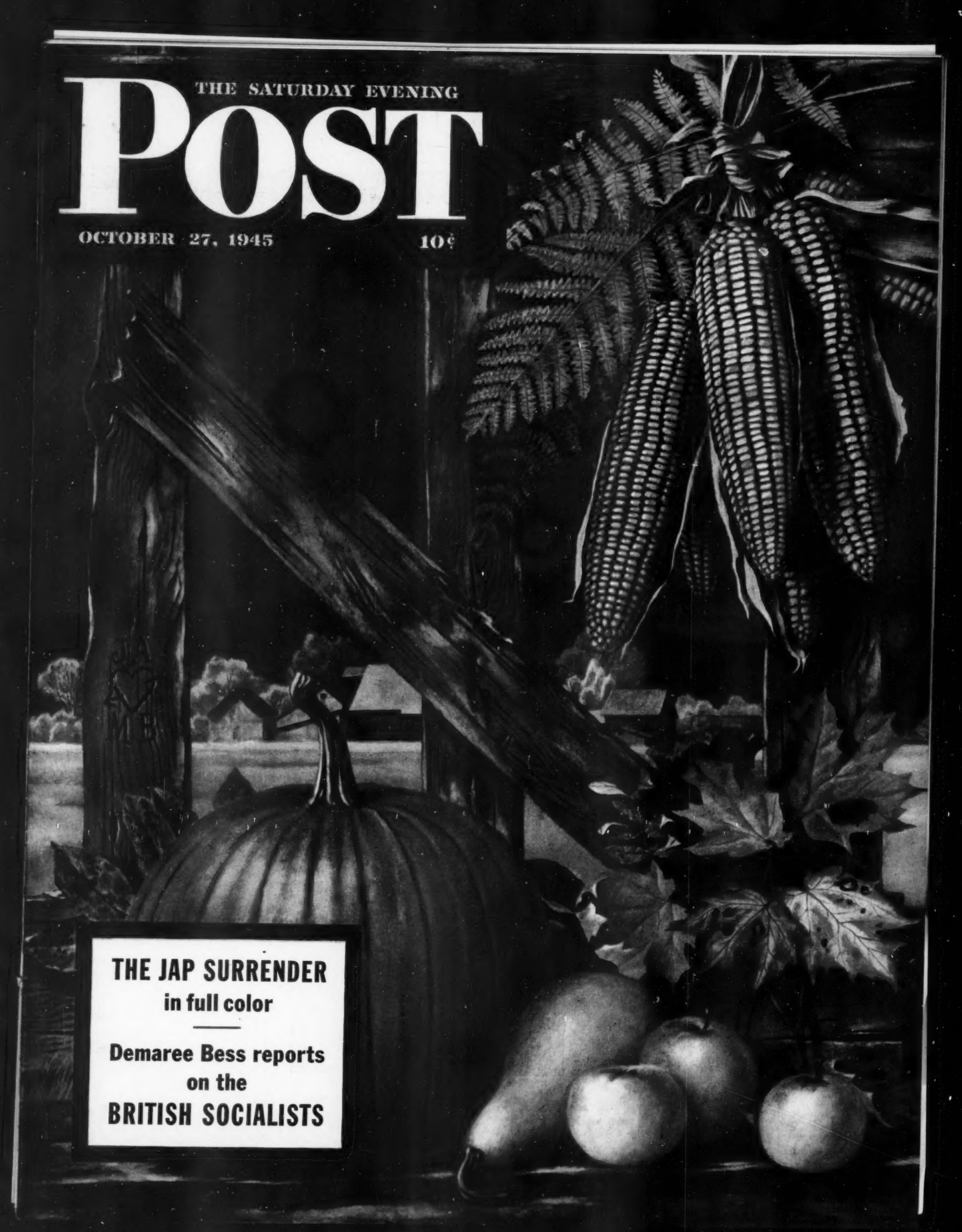
THE SATURDAY EVENING
POST
OCTOBER 27, 1945 10¢



THE JAP SURRENDER
in full color

Demaree Bess reports
on the
BRITISH SOCIALISTS

Now... A Frozen Food Chest!

● *Open the door and say "Aaaah!"* For here's the Kelvinator of your dreams! A Frozen Food Chest . . . *combined* with the famous Kelvinator Moist-Master Refrigerator . . . both in the same cabinet, both powered by the same economical, sealed-in-steel unit!

Look at the Food it will hold! Into this big, deep Frozen Food Chest you can pack—a 5½ lb. pot roast; a 5 lb. roasting chicken; 3 porterhouse steaks; 2 lbs. of chopped steak; 4 packages of frozen shrimp; 2 breasts of chicken; 12 twelve-ounce boxes of frozen fruits and vegetables; and 2 quarts of ice cream! Plus 13½ lbs. of ice cubes in Hi-Speed trays which, when removed, give space for 16 more boxes of frozen meats, fruits, vegetables! Enough frozen foods for a family of four and "company" for two weeks!

and the Moist-Master Refrigerator!

● *In addition to its new and spacious Frozen Food Chest* . . . you get famous Kelvinator Moist-Master protection for perishables, too! A separate set of cooling coils hidden in the walls of the refrigerator provides ideal temperature and humidity throughout every inch of storage space. In the still, super-moist cold of your Kelvinator's Cold-Mist Freshener greens and fruits stay crisp, leftovers remain vitamin-fresh and appetizing for days and days—*behind doors of glass.* And above the Cold-Mist Freshener there's another zone of cold and room to spare for butter, milk, eggs, soft drinks, covered dishes and citrus fruits, while below is an ample bin for all root vegetables.

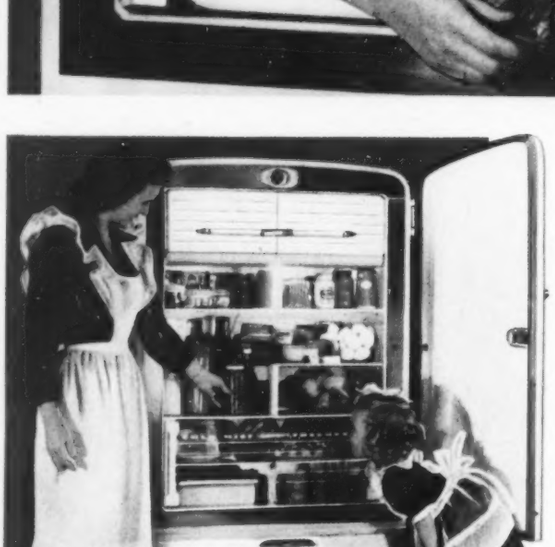
combined in One!

● *New Style . . . New Beauty . . . New Convenience!* The new 1946 Kelvinator not only *combines in one cabinet* a Frozen Food Chest, plus the exclusive features of the Cold-Mist Freshener and Moist-Master Refrigerator, plus a roomy vegetable bin, but also gives you the super-safety . . . the dependability of Kelvinator's famed, sealed-in-steel Polarsphere power unit! Forever sealed against air, dust and moisture, the "trouble-free" heart of your new Kelvinator never needs attention, never needs lubrication; runs quietly, economically.

Yes, here in the new 1946 Kelvinator is the beauty, the convenience, the economy you always knew you'd have someday . . . "a Frozen Food Chest, and the Moist-Master Refrigerator, both combined in one."

Watch for announcement of the arrival of Kelvinator Refrigerators at the showroom of your Kelvinator Retailer.

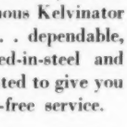
KELVINATOR DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

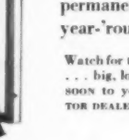


THERE'S A KELVINATOR TAILOR-MADE TO FIT YOUR FAMILY BUDGET!

Choose from three other beautiful, spacious models packed with exclusive Kelvinator features and designed to give you the best in modern refrigeration first! They are all powered by the famous Kelvinator Polarsphere unit . . . dependable, money-saving, sealed-in-steel and permanently lubricated to give you year-'round trouble-free service.

Watch for the new KELVINATOR HOME FREEZER . . . big, low-priced, economical . . . COMING SOON to your KELVINATOR DEALER'S!





See the new KELVINATOR "AUTOMATIC COOK" ELECTRIC RANGE that cooks whole dinners all by itself . . . NOW AT YOUR KELVINATOR DEALER'S.

Get the Best things First..Get Kelvinator

YOU CAN PLAN ON A WESTCLOX ELECTRIC

Dependable as a Westclox itself is this fact—stunning Westclox electrics will be back in your favorite stores. Right now Westclox products are coming off the production line in ever increasing quantities. Soon the day will come when you can choose a smart Westclox for any room in the house! Beautifully designed. Sturdily built. You'll be glad you waited for a Westclox!

The two beauties at the top are electric self-starting kitchen clocks. At lower left is Bachelor (handsomest in town!) electric alarm; flanking him another good looking Westclox electric alarm. These are just a few members of the famous Westclox family which includes Big Ben and other spring-wound alarms—time clocks, wrist and pocket watches. Watch for them!

WESTCLOX®
Electrics
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
BIG BEN®
Products of GENERAL TIME Instruments Corp.

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OTHER FEATURES

THIS WEEK'S COVER

JOHN ATHERTON began his harvest painting, on this week's cover, by sketching corn he saw hanging on a barn at the home of a neighbor, near West Arlington, Vermont. When the artist set about painting, knowing any harvest picture would need a pumpkin, he went into the garden and got one. Such a painting would also need leaves, if it were to convey the idea of autumn. The artist gathered leaves along the road. Ferns also should be in an arrangement like this, the artist decided, and he gathered ferns. The ferns died very quickly, and he gathered others. By the time he had set his stage, Mr. Atherton had done quite a little harvesting himself.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of a name which is the same as that of any living person is accidental.

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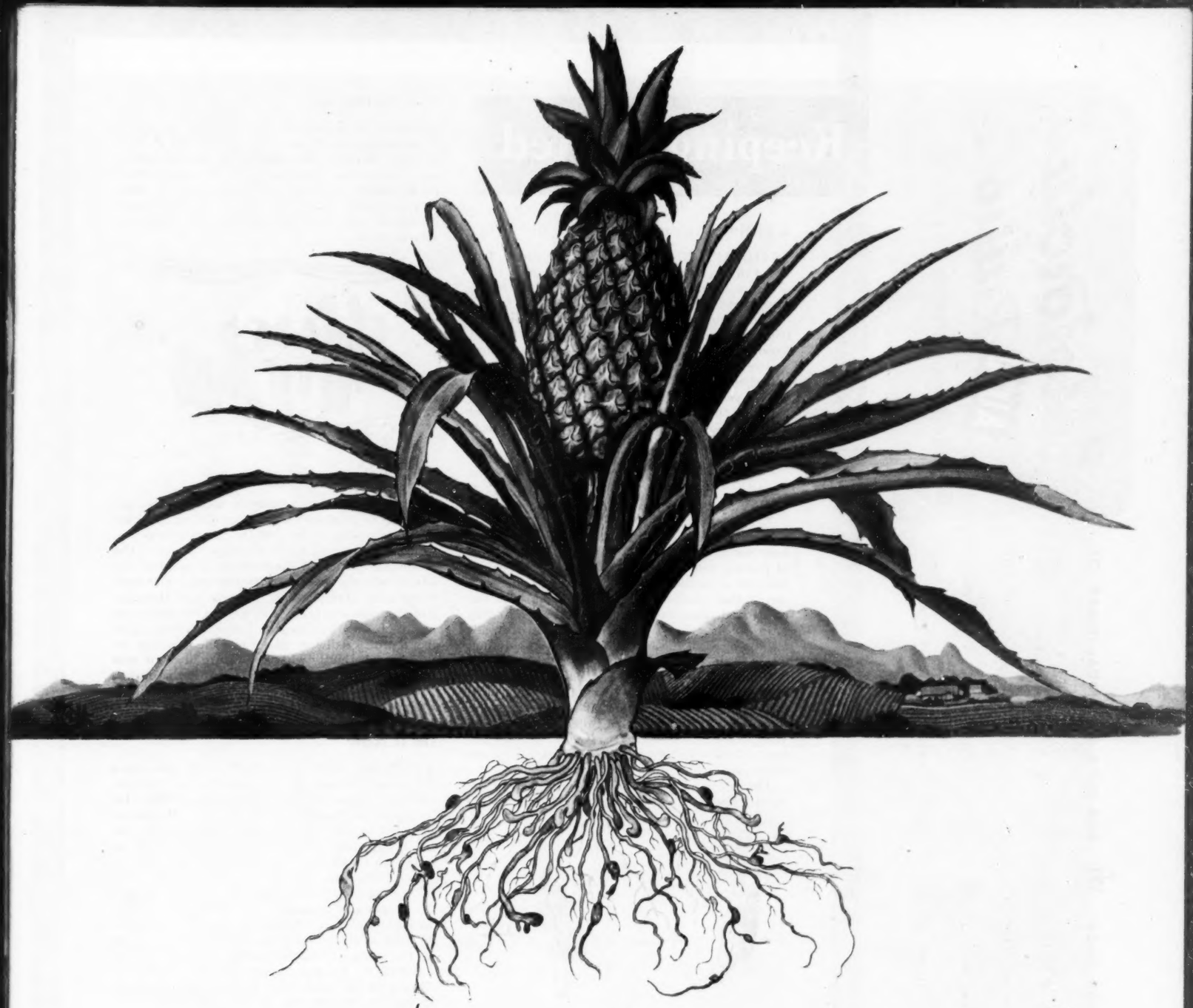


Warts in Paradise

HAWAII—"Paradise of the Pacific"—suffered *two* sneak attacks. The one you haven't heard about was made by *nematodes*—microscopic worms . . .

These attacked Hawaii's prize crop, pineapples, causing a wart-like growth on the plant roots. Warty roots cut the size and quality of the crop.

Four years ago, experts representing the pineapple growers came to Shell Research, looking for new materials for *fumigating* infested soil—less costly and dangerous than the poison gas then in limited use.

Shell scientists had produced, in the laboratory, petroleum derivatives available nowhere else. They suggested trying a certain chlorinated hydrocarbon.

The experiment was tried and worked. Injected into the soil, the fumigant—called "D-D"*—killed so many of the parasites that the pineapple menace, in the experimental area, was brought under control.

It was a triumph with a tragic side. For the Japs, meantime, had made *their* sneak attack, and no full-scale plant could be built to expand Shell's "pilot plant" output of the important materials.

Yet the need was growing with every season. In continental United States as well as Hawaii, nematodes, and garden centipedes—all found controllable through soil fumigation with D-D—were destroying carrots, sugar beets, lettuce, beans, tomatoes, peppers, egg plant, cucumbers, melons—even potatoes, alfalfa, and cotton . . .

With food shortage one of the gravest international problems, Shell was authorized, before V-E Day, to start building a plant for the purpose of bringing D-D into full-scale production with all possible speed.

Shell Chemical, 100 Bush Street, San Francisco 6, California, is prepared to give information on D-D, in answer to inquiries.

On the basis of known results, soil fumigation with D-D can become as important to the health of plant roots as spraying, dusting, and fumigation are to plants above ground.

Look to Shell Research for finer gasoline and motor oil . . . Shell's wartime leadership in petroleum research and technology is your assurance of the finest fuels and lubricants ever sold by your Shell Dealer. He will be glad to serve you.

*Trade Mark Registered U. S. Patent Office

SHELL

Horizons widen through Shell Research

Keeping Posted

A Little Slower . . .

WILLARD H. TEMPLE, who wrote THE COUNTRY-CLUB SET, on Page 16, feels there is a certain reciprocity in the fact that he found story material in golf.

"Speaking as one who has passed the summer hours brooding over nature at the bottom of various sand traps," he said, "I may say that this is the first nice thing golf ever did for me—and about time, too.

"In years of hard work," Temple says, "I hewed to the line, ever eager to accept the counsel of my betters. Among the pearls of wisdom I collected were the following:

"'You've got too much right hand in the swing.'

"'You ought to punch more with the right hand.'

"'You stand too close to the ball.'

"'You stand too far from the ball.'"

Each of these expert opinions Mr. Temple hopefully put into practice. He corrected that business of putting too much right hand into the swing. His new style didn't seem much better. He corrected that business of punching more with the right hand. That extra punch didn't seem to help much, either. He corrected that business of standing too close to the ball. Next he tried standing closer to the ball.

None of these suggestions made Temple the golfer he hoped to become, but there is no optimism more resilient than that of a man trying to correct his faults as a golfer. At the time Temple heard THE COUNTRY-CLUB SET was going to be in the Post, he was about to try another plan.

The solution came to him in the middle of the night, he said. The following Saturday, when his

nongolfing neighbors in Summit, New Jersey, would be working on their lawns, Mr. Temple was going to Canoe Brook Country Club again and try this new solution. The trouble would be remedied simply, he hoped, by a little work on the back swing. If he took it a trifle slower as the club is brought back, he would have it.

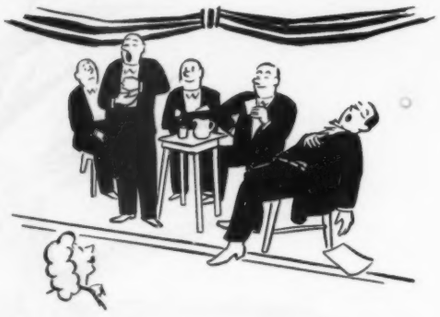
Come-Down

BEING a major figure in American shipping was in one respect more satisfactory in 1894 than it is today. In the 90's, important merchants in the export-and-import district of New York looked additionally important because they wore high silk hats. It was in 1894 that D. Stewart Iglehart went to work there, for W. R. Grace and Company. He began as an errand boy. One of the errands he sometimes performed for the company was to take a senior partner's silk hat out and have it freshly ironed.

The errand boy eventually became president of the company. He sets out his views on the role this nation should play in postwar shipping on Page 17, in an article entitled THIS TIME LET'S KEEP OUR MERCHANT MARINE.

How to Impress

FRANK P. BRECKINRIDGE, the author of A REPUBLICAN WORKER LOOKS AT HIS PARTY, on Page 14, has an interest in politics that partly may be explained as hereditary. He springs from the Kentucky family whose name appears so often in our history textbooks. He is an investment counselor, and precinct captain of Chicago's Fourth Ward.



Breckinridge listens intently to speeches, because he is interested in the way public speaking moves an audience. In 1940 Breckinridge was presiding at a meeting of the Chicago chapter of the American Statistical Association. A political opponent was the speaker of the evening—Mordecai Ezekiel, a New Dealer through and through. Breckinridge was giving every word his undivided attention, or so he thought. Later that evening he met a pretty redhead. She is his wife now, and remembers distinctly what her future husband was doing that made him a striking figure in this crowd. Breckinridge was sound asleep, and seemed likely to fall off the platform.

Do it Now

RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS, who writes about Florida deputy-sheriffing in GILT ON THE LILY, Page 21, began the story in 1937. He had gone to Florida for the winter. He would have got on with it in 1938, but the hurricane hit his home state, which is Connecticut, and he didn't go to Florida. In 1939 he went south to avoid hurricanes, and continued gathering material for his story. That winter he started building a beach cottage to house a typewriter, so he could write the story when he had gathered the material. In 1940 he was still in there working like a beaver on the story, and almost found no excuse for not finishing it. He was tempted to take a cruise to Maine on his yawl. This seemed like indolence, in view of the fact that he had this story to finish. It was the story that provided the excuse. Anyone writing a story with a Florida background, Watkins said to himself, needed to get up to Maine to get what he called a "distant viewpoint." So he took the cruise, while the story waited.

The year 1943, now, was a better year for the story. Watkins worked seriously at this project, or meant to. The housing situation made it a little difficult. He had an apartment so slender, he says, that he was writing in lower-case letters on onion-skin paper. In 1944 he would have finished that piece, except that he went to England. In 1945, however, he sat right down and got the story done.

New Holiday for Housewives

"MOVING DAY" is no longer the wearisome week it was. Today, moving across the street or across the nation is as simple as giving your old and new address over the telephone to a modern moving and storage company. Every detail may be left to professional experts and your most precious possessions will move in perfect safety . . . in the hands of bonded carriers and be there when you arrive.

One of the first White Trucks was the first motorized moving van and during all the years since, White has pioneered advances which have gone a long way to make possible the perfected transportation service provided by the modern moving and storage industry. Today, White Super Power trucks enjoy marked preference among leaders in the field.

White

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Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.
THE WHITE MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
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FOR MORE THAN 45 YEARS THE GREATEST NAME IN TRUCKS

REPORT TO THE EDITORS

"Go Ahead, Aleutians!"

IMAGINE having a chance to talk for five minutes with your family 6000 miles away after an absence of nearly two years! It's an experience fraught with strange mechanical and psychological obstacles. But the soldiers up in the fog-bound, wind-and-rain-swept Aleutians say the new radiophone service to the States, established in the last months of the war by Lt. Gen. Delos Emmons, head of the Alaskan Department, with the aid of the Alaska Communication System, is the only morale-building influence superior to mail from home. They're right—I know!

When I decided to phone my folks in Washington, D. C., the procedure was to apply to the nearest ACS office and report back forty-eight hours later to take the call. The charge for this Army-controlled service was to be $2.50 for the 3000-mile short-wave lap to Seattle, plus the long-distance cost computed by the Bell Telephone System from that point, collectible only if I had satisfactory connections. The calls are held to five minutes, and a maximum of thirty-nine daily scheduled to the States. I chose one P.M.—seven P.M. in Washington. "Be here day after tomorrow," I was told. "We'll notify your party what time you'll call." Later I learned my wife had been contacted ten hours ahead and had hovered around the phone all day.

And Then the Problem: What to Say?

For forty-eight hours I could think of nothing but what I should say. First, about the baby I'd never seen. Then about our vacation when I got back. And there'd be the intimate things I just couldn't give life to in a letter. Mom and Dad would be there. Yes, there'd certainly be more than enough to talk about.

When the wonderful moment at last arrived—after a three-hour wait when the weather blanketed out the line—I leaped feverishly into the booth, strained for the sound of that familiar voice, and a man's voice boomed, "You may be heard by the enemy. Please say nothing that will disclose military information." After that, a pause, and finally girls' voices, "Ready, Seattle. . . . Go ahead, Washington. . . . Go ahead, Aleutians!"

Then her voice came! "Hello, darling! Oh, it's really you! How are you?" From the sound, she might have been but a few miles away.

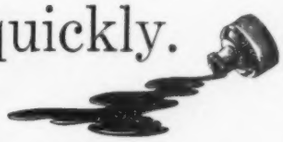
I shouted, "I'm fine! How are you?" She said, "I'm fine." And then, of all things, neither of us could think of a word to say, and there was a silly, embarrassed silence! Just when I so wanted to hear her voice, hear the music of her laughter.

She broke the silence with "Listen to your daughter!" There were sudden intermittent bawls, as though someone was pinching my baby. I felt so proud! "Hello, son!"—that was mother's unmistakable voice. "Hello, Bill!" Dad's deep, manly voice. And then Mackie herself came back on the phone, and suddenly the floodgates broke, and we both hurried into an eager, hurried pouring out of words, both at the same time. But right in the middle of it came: "Your five minutes is up!" And suddenly I wandered out of the booth, frustrated yet satisfied, wanting to shoot the person who cut off that bliss, but happy to pay the nine dollars it cost. Later my wife wrote, ". . . the world's shortest five minutes, but in them were packed a lifetime of thrills."

There had been so much more I wanted to say! Still, I'd fared better than another soldier who found that he and his wife could do nothing but croak "hello" over and over till the operator sharply told them it was a Bell Telephone rule that a conversation take place. And better than the G. I. whose wife gasped one "hello" and fainted dead away. But no matter how frustrating, those precious experiences are the next best thing to being home. Brother, I know!

—Lieut. William E. Adams, USNR.

Cancer has its hopeful side!

It starts small, as a malignant growth of cells at one point in the  body, and may spread quickly. 

But fortunately, cancer often sends out danger signals,  permitting early recognition, and if treated properly it can usually be  checked.

These are cancer's danger signals

1—Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.

2—Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.

3—Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.

4—Loss of appetite or persistent unexplained indigestion.

5—Noticeable changes in the form, size, or color of a mole or wart.

6—Any persistent changes in the normal habits of elimination.

Here's hopeful news. These danger signals do *not* invariably mean that you have cancer. They are signs that something is wrong, that you should have an immediate examination by a competent doctor.

At one leading cancer clinic, 88 out of 100 women who came for examination because they recognized a warning sign proved *not* to have cancer. The important fact is *they were examined and relieved of worry*, while the few who had cancer increased their chances of a permanent cure.

There have been tremendous increases in medical knowledge and skill, and many improvements in diagnosis and technical care. But remember, medical science can cure cancer *only* if it is discovered early, before it has a chance to grow or spread.

No medicines can cure cancer. Beware of quacks and those who promise to cure cancer with drugs or other unproved methods.

Only three things can check, destroy, or remove cancer . . . X-rays, radium, surgery, used singly or in combination. *There are no short cuts or substitutes.*

If you wish more complete information, Metropolitan will send you, upon request, a free booklet, "There Is Something YOU Can Do About Cancer."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 115-E, entitled "There Is Something YOU Can Do About Cancer."

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Distinction in appearance is genuine when it's the quality shining through.

The distinctive appearance of General Tires has long complemented the beauty of America's fine cars. But it is the distinguished performance of Top Quality . . . smooth riding, quiet running, quick stopping and extra-mileage protection that makes their presence on any car a compliment to the judgment of its owner.

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends .

MICK PEARLMAN

The Johnsons had to teach fear to their daughter Valkyrie to keep her alive. When she came home she had a fabulous vocabulary, although she had never seen ice cream, butter or another white child's face.

Swiss Family Johnson

IN THE PHILIPPINES

By MURIEL M. JOHNSON,
In Collaboration With PETE MARTIN

For nearly four years, this American family was trapped in the jungles by the Jap occupation. How they survived, and cared for their tiny daughter, is one of the epics of our time.

THERE is a saying that misery loves company. I never knew how much and why until I had spent three years and four months alone with my child and my husband in the Philippine jungles. Other Americans hid out from the Japs in the islands. Some of them kept on living; some died. But almost all hid in groups and had other white people to be with.

Those Americans cooped up in concentration camps were able to let their people at home know they were alive, but we had no way to send out word. Our people thought we were dead, and that was hard to take. Weeks went by in which I didn't see anybody except my husband and my baby, and, during those times, I was the only one they saw. I discovered why being "sent to Coventry" is the most terrible thing that can happen to a child. I found out why being shipwrecked alone or marooned on a desert island is one of the most horrible of fates. Under those circumstances, your brain begins to turn a little queer. You grow irritable with those you love, and your nerves get raw and edgy, until you wonder if you're losing your mind.

Unless you have something to do, you just stand, staring blankly at the wall of abacá trees and coconut fronds around you. You keep one eye on the nearest trail, hoping somebody will come along that you can pounce on and persuade to sit awhile and talk. If they can't speak English, even if they only understand one word in ten, you talk anyhow. And you think up flimsy excuses to keep them from leaving.

One of the things you find yourself doing is filling the vacuum inside of you by remembering the past. After we had been alone for a while, my husband, Frank, began to tell me about the various dishes his mother had cooked for him back in Wisconsin when he was a little boy, and about the places he had been before I met him, and the things he had done in those places. I learned more about him then than I would otherwise have learned in a lifetime. At night I began to dream about people I hadn't seen for years, even casual acquaintances. Then all the next day I'd make a game of remembering everything I could about them, and putting those things in sequence in my mind, as if arranging them in a filing cabinet.

We lived and slept with hunger. We had so pitifully little to work with that we began to think there was nothing but hunger and privation left in the world. But worse than the hunger, worse than no shoes, no adequate tools and almost no medicines, worse even than having the Japs always breathing down our necks, was the loneliness. It hurt sometimes until we ached with it.

One of my favorite childhood books was Swiss Family Robinson. The family in that

"They came and trapped us in our house. It gave me a queer, all-gone feeling to peer through the curtains into the face of a Japanese officer, goose-stepping around the yard."

book faced the same problems we faced of keeping themselves alive by their wits and making do with very little. We were like that family in another way too. I'm half Swiss, although the other half of me is a mixture of English, Irish and Spanish, and my husband comes of Swedish and Norwegian stock. But I can't remember that anyone in that story was ever lonely. Maybe loneliness would have made it too grim, and the author didn't want to run the risk of harrowing the feelings of the young fry who might read it.

Frank had worked in the Philippines for eight years. I had gone there in 1937, and had managed a resort hotel in Baguio for a year. It was at that hotel that I met Frank, and it was there that we became engaged. In 1939 he became superintendent of a coal mine on a small island off the southeastern coast of Luzon. Across from us was the island of Cagraray, thirty-five square miles in area. I'd never thought much about the fact that 10,000 people lived, ate, died, slept, laughed and had babies there. From our front porch, it seemed nothing but a sleepy mass of green vegetation, yet we were to live on that island for over three years.

When the war hit the Philippines on December 8, 1941, we were the only American couple on that island. We were isolated there with a small baby two and a half months old. I hoped our daughter might look like a Norse goddess when she grew up, so we named her Valkyrie. In addition to our child, we had six and a half cases of canned milk; Candida, our Filipina amah (nurse); our dog, Jemima, and assorted cats and poultry.

By day we listened to hysterical broadcasts from Manila. At night our sleep was broken by the roar of planes. We thought they were Jap planes, but we couldn't be sure, and we argued the merits of covering our house with coconut fronds to camouflage it.

At dawn on the twelfth of December, 1941, Frank and I rolled out of bed, still groggy with sleep. A Filipino boy was pounding on the front door, repeating in a scared voice, "Sir, there are many boats on the sea." Scrambling out onto our sloping lawn, we almost stopped breathing. A huge transport was anchored in the entrance to our harbor. Out in the gulf, submarines, destroyers, light cruisers, armed launches and other transports maneuvered. We sent Mamerto, the village lieutenant, out in a small boat to report. When he came back, he said that the fleet was British.

"What did the flag look like?" Frank asked.

"Sir," Mamerto said, proud of his knowledge, "it was a white one with a big red circle."

A tight, head-banging "I-want-out" feeling closed in on me then. It was to stay with me night and day for more than three years.

The roar of the Jap planes overhead stretched our nerves taut. At any moment we expected bombs or strafing. Nicolas, the mine carpenter, offered us shelter in a tottering, filthy shack on Cagraray, three miles away. Candida hid under a bed with the baby, then crawled out again. I got a few things together, stacked our cases of milk and planted myself on them while I waited for Frank to arrange transportation for us.

The Japs didn't bother to send in a landing boat that day. Small craft carrying escaping Filipinos skittered out from the shore, and when one more boat slipped away loaded with Candida, Valkyrie, Jemima and me, it wasn't noticed. Frank stayed behind. He hoped to destroy the dynamite and other mine equipment that might be useful to the Japs. The next night, when he joined us, he was weary and disgruntled. He had spent most of the day under cover in the rocks while Jap planes circled overhead.

That first month was one of our hardest. In it, we learned that a baby is a tough, pliable creature, capable of living under the most unsanitary of conditions. We learned to forget all the things we had taken for granted—bread, butter, coffee, tea, soap, meat, soft beds, money. And we learned to make things out of nothing. The sea was full of salt; all we had to do was boil it down and we had it. Our fire was the fires the Filipinos kept going in all the little sandbox stoves in the islands.

In Nicolas' shack we slept crowded together in one small room. High tide tugged at our house. At the end of the month, he told us that it had grown too dangerous for him to hide us, and we would have to get out. Guards from the mine had slipped across to warn us the Japanese were looking for us, but we decided to move back there anyhow. We were given a doubtful reception. Sheltering escaping Americans was no longer a healthy thing for a Filipino to do. They wanted to help us, but if caught doing it, the Japs would have punished them horribly.

The Japs solved that problem for us. One morning before we had a chance to run, they came and trapped us in our house. It gave me a queer, all-gone feeling to peer through the curtains into the face of a black-mustached Japanese officer, goose-stepping around the yard. They stuck a large sign on the coal stock piled on the pier. The sign said that coal now belonged to the Japanese Imperial Army. Throughout most of that day, they drifted here and there and asked if there were any Americans living at the mine. When the Filipinos told them "No," it seemed to satisfy them. By the time they got around to searching our house, we were gone.

The same evening we went back in a native sailboat to another nipa shack on Cagraray. A thundering surf piled up on the beach and we couldn't land. Frank managed to struggle ashore through the waves with the baby. The rest of us swam in.

Daily, Japanese launches nosed past us. We could see them examining the shore line where we were. Although they didn't see us, our imagination gave them eyes like binoculars, and we tried to make ourselves melt into the green around us.

One morning, Francisco, who had been our houseboy at the mine, made the trip across to bring us something to eat. All the medicines we had were back where we had come from, and I arranged to return with him to get the first of a series of cholera and typhoid shots I would need to keep me even halfway healthy if we kept on living the way we were living. His boat was leaky, and we had only one broken paddle. Francisco didn't know much about boats. The only water with which he was familiar was the stagnant water in the rice paddies where he had worked. We were a little more than halfway across when I glanced over my shoulder and saw light glinting on gun muzzles. Heading our way was a Jap launch loaded with soldiers. I yanked my straw hat down and huddled against the boat bottom. Prodding Francisco with my toe, I told him to do the looking. He looked, then wailed, "Oh, mam! Oh, mam!" and stabbed frantically at the water with his broken paddle.

My back felt enormous and vulnerable and I tried to make it shrink by sheer will power. On the shore, a silent group of Filipinos stood pulling for us. When the Jap launch swung wide to pull into the pier, we scraped bottom. My former *lavandera*—wash woman—Victoria, grabbed me by one arm while her sister grabbed the other, with my feet barely touching the earth. They pulled me through the barrio and into the jungle.

At dusk, when the soldiers left, I came down for my cholera-typhoid shot. I got the next two by walking three miles by torchlight, then traveling two more hours by boat with a native boy who crawled into the mine barrio ahead of me to make sure there were no Jap patrols there.

One night a Filipino warned us that he had heard a renegade who nursed a grudge against Frank say that he knew where we were and was going to turn us in to the Japs. The Japs had begun to operate the coal mine; we couldn't go back there. So we loaded everything we had into a boat and started through the narrow channel between Batan and Cagraray, toward the northern tip of Cagraray.

We had begun to feel as if we were the only white people left in the world. We had speculated as to

"Japanese soldiers were heading straight for our shack. They were viciously ramming their bayonets through bamboo houses as they came and burning every village they suspected."

"The Jap patrols began hitting the beach near our barrio. We spent all of one day and one night in a swamp. When the tide was in, the legs of Valkyrie's bed were under water."

what had happened to all the others we had known before the Japs had come. There were so few whites in the Bicol country, which was what our district was called, that we had known where each of them was. Then almost overnight they had all disappeared.

From an Igorot boy we had heard that there were white people at the end of the island. When we heard about them we were wild to get in touch with them. Landing, we struggled up into the hills through the jungle. Frank carried the baby's canned milk, his sweat staining the cases that held it.

The people we were looking for proved to be an English couple with two children, and a woman from New Zealand. We moved into a nipa shack already built. The British family and the New Zealand woman picked out a site and persuaded the Filipinos to build a new one for them.

What happened then sounds petty now, but it didn't seem petty then when we were hungry and afraid and were knocking ourselves out to keep living. We discovered that what little food there was was vanishing before it reached us. The trail passed the house in which the Britishers lived before it passed ours, and by the time we saw the natives who had an occasional chicken or egg to sell they had sold all they had to our neighbors. We had known a number of Englishmen and Englishwomen, and had liked them, but somehow we couldn't get along with these with whom we had thrown in our lot. Maybe it was because we were living under a strain and weren't in a mood to make allowances for the British temperament. To us, they seemed impossibly smug. We were always getting into arguments with them that couldn't be settled, because we had no World Almanac to prove our point. Frank would make what seemed to him a noncontroversial remark, such as "If airpower is the dominant factor in this war, we've got a lot to thank the Wright brothers for." And our English neighbors would take a dim view of that notion and blow Frank's statement out of the water. To them the Frenchman, Blériot, was the father of flying, and the Wright brothers were just Johnny-come-latelies, probably the products of an American publicity scheme.

We spent a Fourth of July with them. That is, we started to spend it with them, but the party broke up abruptly. In an offhand manner they asked, "Does anybody here know why the silly war of 1776 was fought?" Frank gave them the full treatment. Before he was through, he had told them about George III, Patrick Henry, the Liberty Bell, Valley Forge, the Stamp Act, the Boston Tea Party and Yorktown. I'd never admired him more. I felt like standing up and cheering.

Our English neighbors said, "Oh, yes. We remember now. There was some trouble on the Continent, and we didn't have time to bother with a colonial uprising."

Another thing that rasped our nerves was the fact that, in our opinion, the Englishman didn't use very good judgment. He had a flaming red mop of hair—one any Jap could have seen coming two miles away. In addition to the Japs, the country was full of Japanese spies who might have seen his strawberry thatch and followed it back to where we were. Frank tried to get him to wear a hat, but most of the time he didn't bother to do it.

Finally we got word that the Japs were about to send a patrol to bring us in, and our neighbors decided to go to another island. They didn't offer to take us with them. Nor would we have gone if they had. We were so fed up with them that we decided we'd rather take our chances with the Japs than wrangle and bicker any more. I'm sure the feeling was mutual. It was tragic that it had to work out that way. Not being able to see another white face was to be the one thing we missed most in the months to come. Eventually we heard that our former neighbors had surrendered. Mainly it was because Mrs. Britisher became pregnant, and what with one thing or another they thought it the best course.

Occasionally we would hear rumors that there were white people on another island, but they were only rumors and we couldn't depend on them. If it hadn't been for the baby, we would have tried to reach them anyhow, although to have done so would have been crazy and foolhardy. Thousands of Japs surrounded us, and the ocean was alive with their patrol boats and launches. We couldn't have gone very far.

The Japanese patrols began hitting the beach near our barrio. We spent all of one day and one night in a mangrove swamp on a narrow, thin ledge of earth with just room enough for the baby's bed. When the tide was in, the legs of her bed were under water. She played with pieces of bamboo, drank milk, chuckled at the monkeys. There were swarms of mosquitoes and we hunched over a small smudge and poled rice, camotes and fish into our mouths. Then we moved back into our house.

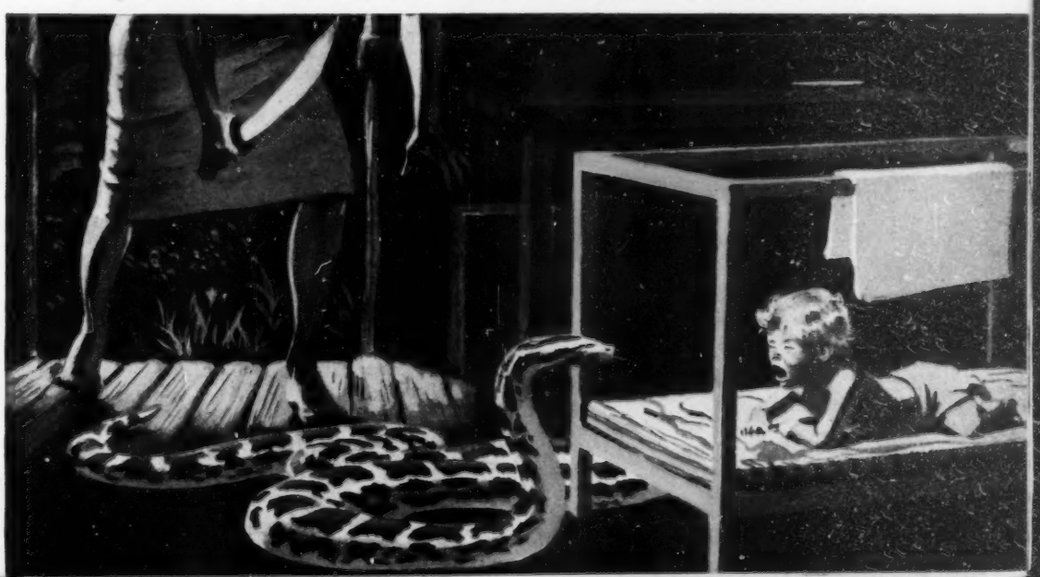
A week or so later, a Filipino runner staggered in with only breath enough left to gasp the word, "Retreat." A half hour away, Japanese soldiers were heading for our shack. They were ramming their bayonets through bamboo houses as they came, burning villages they suspected of hiding uncooperative Filipinos, and giving the water cure to the barrio leaders they caught. When they reached the shack we had just left, frightened hands had swept away all evidence of our stay. When we returned, we found the natives had remained outwardly calm. During the Japs' stay, naked brown babies had rolled in the dust, and peace and order had reigned.

One morning a guerrilla "colonel" came to our door and told us that our island would be his headquarters from now on. "Better come with me," he told us. We thought over the business of joining the guerrillas from every angle, but decided against it. It would have been impossible for us to take our baby and go with them. They were always on the run. In two and a half years, they moved more than a hundred times. Nor could we have taken the baby's bed with us—and that bed was almost a mania with me. They would have fed us, perhaps better than we were able to feed ourselves, but they wouldn't have been able to give us the kind of food a baby could eat and survive.

For another thing, we weren't certain whether they were guerrillas or outlaws. Later they became better organized, but at that time one of the local guerrilla sergeants was a man who had once worked for Frank, and Frank had had to have him put under indictment for murder. Such things made us wonder about their trustworthiness. In the beginning, there were six different bands of guerrillas in the four southern provinces of Luzon. None of them could decide which leader would be headman, and two guerrilla officers were killed in an argument over who should be boss. In those first few months, so-called guerrilla "colonels" showed Frank orders supposedly signed by General MacArthur. Frank had seen General MacArthur's signature reproduced on documents in the newspapers and he knew the ones he was shown weren't genuine.

I've said that I felt deeply about Valkyrie's bed. It was just an ordinary baby bed, but it folded in upon itself and it was portable. One Filipino boy could throw a rope around it and carry it, while another lugged the mattress that went with it. It had four sides made of screens, so the baby couldn't roll out. At first, the screens kept away the insects. Then, after a while, the wire netting acquired large gaping holes. We stuck plugs of rags and leaves into those holes, but it was a losing fight, for Valkyrie pulled them out as fast as we put them in. In addition, we had a net to throw over it. In spite of those things, she suffered tortures from mosquitoes. Most of the places we hid in were so wet that mosquitoes bred in great quantities. But to me that bed seemed a concrete pillbox of wood and screens that would turn danger away from *(Continued on Page 86)*

"I saw a python butting its ugly flat head against Valkyrie's bed. For a second my veins were packed with ice. Then I reacted. I snatched a bolo and hit its tail as hard as I could."



ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LUDEKENS

The Return of Jonesy

By DANA BURNET

This is the story of one decorated hero who lost faith in the future, until a small boy showed him that courage is intangible—something that defies war and time itself.

THE Bowen family had almost finished dinner when Georgie, looking up from his dessert, remarked casually that a soldier was reconnoitering the house. Georgie was nine, and given to military terminology. Barbara, his thirteen-year-old sister, twisted about in her chair and stared out through the dining-room window into the shower-streaked twilight. It was another rainy evening in the rainiest July that anyone in Glenfield, New Jersey, could remember.

"I don't see any soldier," Babs said.

"He's gone now. I saw him when he went by the gap in the hedge," Georgie said; then, with one of those leaps of logic that older minds find hard to follow, he added, "I'm not going to be just a soldier when I grow up. I'm going to West Point and be an officer, and then I'm going to be air-borne."

"What?" his mother said.

"Air-borne," said Georgie.

"You are not," Babs said automatically.

"Barbara," her father said, "don't contradict your brother like that."

"She doesn't know anything," Georgie said.

"George," Louise Bowen said, "don't be rude to your sister."

"Well, gosh, mom, all I said was I was going to be air-borne and she said ——"

"That will do," Louise said. Her voice was sharp, and she could feel the blood coming into her cheeks. At forty, she still had the kind of fair, transparent complexion that blooms readily. "This soldier business!" she said, looking across the table at her husband. "Georgie can't think of anything else. He lives with it, talks it, dreams it and even bathes with it. He ——"

"Bathes with it, Lou?" Ralph Bowen said.

"Yes! He can't get into the tub without practically drowning himself. He puts his head under water and keeps it there."

"Well, that's in case I ever have to bail out over the ocean." Georgie explained. "I have to see how long I can hold my breath, in case they might be strafing me."

Louise said, "Next thing you know I'll do some strafing—with a hairbrush."

"Really!" Babs said. "This conversation is too, too dismal." She got up from the table. "Mother, may I be excused? I told Ann Chapman I'd be over tonight."

Louise sighed and nodded. "Take an umbrella, dear."

"Yes, mother."

Babs swept out of the dining room. A burst of song dramatized her progress through the hall.

"She's Judy Garland tonight," Georgie said, lifting a copious forkful of apple pie to his mouth. "Sometimes she's Gene Tierney and sometimes——"

"George," his mother said, "put down that piece of pie. Put it right —— Oh, Lord," she groaned, as she watched the spasmodic response to her command. "Georgie!"

Her son was speechless, swallowing. Ralph said, "You told him to put it down, Lou, and he did."

Louise just looked at him.

Minnie, the Bowens' colored maid, brought in the after-dinner coffee. At the same moment Babs reappeared from the hall. She said, "There aren't any umbrellas in the closet."

"Why, that's funny," Louise said. "I thought there were two or three there."

"Take mine," Ralph said to Babs. "I left it in the vestibule."

"Okay. Thanks, daddy."

She made another sweeping exit and they heard the thud of the front door closing.

"Now that sho' is funny," Minnie said. "'Cause I been hearin' 'bout a rash of missin' umberellas on this street."

"Missing umbrellas?" Louise said.

"Yes'm. The milkman tol' me some umberella thief done rob mos' every house on our block. Folks all studyin' 'bout it an' ever'body riled up on account it rain so much lately. But whoever stealin' 'em umberellas ain't lef' scarcely a one on Park Street."

Georgie pushed back his chair and rose rather hastily. "Well, I guess I'll go upstairs," he said. "I've got something to do upstairs."

"Wait!" his mother said. One look at her offspring was enough to confirm the suspicion in her mind. "Georgie, what do you know about this shortage of umbrellas?"

"Speak up, George," his father said.

The boy squirmed for a moment. Then he blurted out, "Well, gosh, mom! We didn't steal anything. We just borrowed the umbrellas because we needed them for our parachutes."

"Your what?"

"Parachutes, mom. You know what they are, don't you?"

"Yes, of course, but ——"

"You return those umbrellas tomorrow," Ralph said; and then, with a start, "What on earth are you doing with parachutes?"

"Well, gosh, dad! We're paratroopers, aren't we?"

"I don't know," Ralph said a bit dazedly. "Are you?"

"Why, sure, dad," Georgie said. "Our whole gang's a paratroop and I'm the captain, so, naturally, I had to think up something we could use for our chutes. So, naturally, I thought of umbrellas, because you can open them, see, when you jump out of the plane. So, naturally ——"

"Lawd, chile!" breathed Minnie. "You ain't jumpin' out of no airplane with a umberella, is you?"

"Georgie," gasped his mother, "what have you been doing? Tell me this minute!"

"Well, gosh, mom, I'm trying to." Here the boy looked disdainfully at Minnie. "Of course we haven't got a real plane. It's just the hayloft of the Crawfords' old stable that Grampa Crawford used to keep his horses in. Only now they've got a cow, and they've got some hay or straw or something for the cow, and old Grampa Crawford lets us pile it on the floor, see, and we jump in it and ——"

The front doorbell rang three or four times, in sharp staccato stabs that betokened both haste and excitement.

"Now what?" Louise said, starting for the hall. Like all mothers, she could instantly replace an old worry with a new one. "I wonder if anything's happened to Babs?"

"Maybe she's been bitten by a mad dog or something," Georgie said.

"Nonsense!" said his father.

But Ralph followed Louise quickly to the door, and Minnie followed him, and Georgie followed the cook. Peering around Minnie's broad beam, the boy saw two figures framed in the dim rectangle of the open doorway. One was the figure of Babs, intact and tense as an exclamation point; the other was that of a tall, damp soldier in uniform.

"Mother! Dad!" The girl's voice was dramatic now without effort. "It's Jonesy!"

The name of the soldier fell into the ensuing silence like a pebble dropped into a quiet pool. Ripples of remembrance went out from the sound of it and they all remembered Jonesy. Their minds raced back to that time two and a half years ago when, by one of those chance encounters so common in wartime, a lonely young draftee from West Virginia had spent a week end in their home.

His own home had been a Midwestern country orphanage, his name was Donald Jones, and it was just before he went overseas. Now he was back, matured and indefinably hardened, but with the same shy grin lifting one corner of his mouth, and an air of loneliness, Louise noticed, still wrapping him like an invisible cloak. Except that now it was a different kind of loneliness.

Minnie said suddenly, "Ain't nobody goin' to ax 'at boy in?"

"Oh!" Louise cried. "Come in; come in, Jonesy!"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Jonesy, and stepped into the hall.

"Jeepers!" Georgie said. "A staff sergeant! He's a staff sergeant now."

Jonesy said, "Hiya, Georgie!" and he laughed. Then they were all laughing and shaking hands with him, and Ralph said, "Are you still in the Army, or out of it, or what?" and Donald Jones said, "I reckon I'm still in it, sir."

"Look at those service ribbons!" Georgie said. "Yi!"

"I found him standing out on the sidewalk, just staring at the house," Babs said, "as if he was afraid to come in."

"Afraid, Jonesy?" Louise said.

He had taken off his overseas cap and his straw-colored hair seemed almost white in contrast to his weather-tanned face. It was a lean face that showed the bony structure beneath the clear, taut skin.

"Ma'am," he said, in a mild Southern drawl that was poignantly familiar, "I lit out for yere from Camp Kilmer the minute my furlough came through. But when I got yere, I sorta lost my nerve. I only landed yesterday and it—it's been a long time. I thought likely you'd forgotten me."

"No," Louise said. There was no way to tell him that she had remembered him regularly in her prayers. "Oh, no," she said.

Ralph said, "We certainly haven't forgotten you."

"We wondered why you didn't write to us or send us your APO number," Babs said.

Sergeant Jones turned to her. "I never did learn to write very good," he said; and added, to dispel the slight embarrassment caused by this admission, "You sure have growed up and got purty, Miss Babs."

"Oh, do you think so? But I think I'm positively dismal! I mean I really do."

"She has to have her teeth straightened," Georgie said.

"Well, at least they're not my baby teeth!"

"Babs! Georgie!" Louise said mechanically.

Minnie had been gazing at Jonesy. Now she said, "'At soldier look hongry the firs' time I ever seed him, an' he still look hongry. I bet you ain't had no dinner, is you, son?"

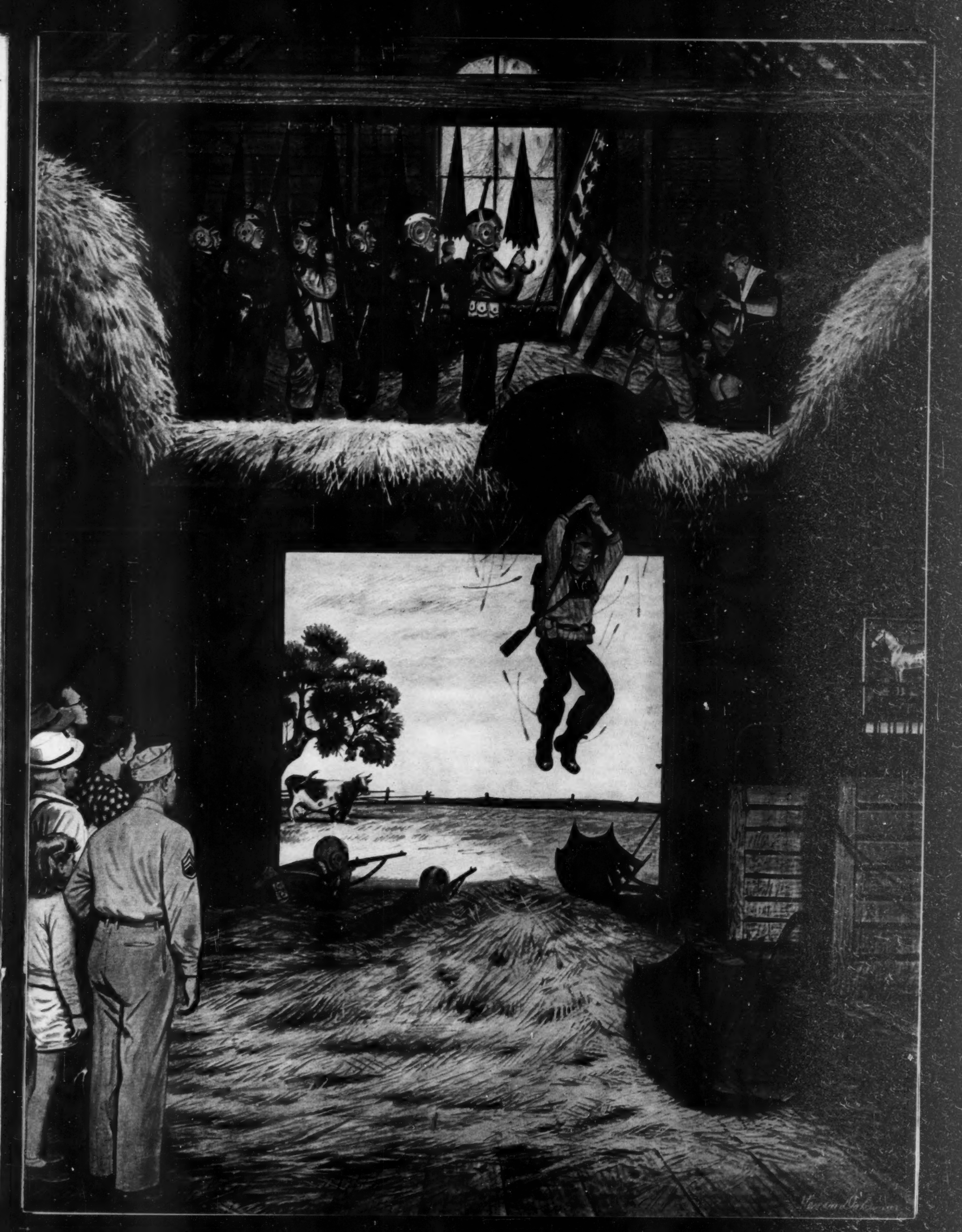
Jonesy looked at her, and Minnie nodded decisively. "You come on in the dinin' room till I fix you somethin' to eat right now. I declare," the colored woman muttered as she waddled away, "it ain't nobody in this house got any sense but me."

They started down the hall with Georgie, bug-eyed, walking backward in front of the group.

"Gosh," the boy said, reading Jonesy's ribbons. "Combat Infantryman's Badge, Good Conduct Medal, American Theater, European Theater, Bronze Star, Purple Heart ——" *(Continued on Page 103)*

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVAN DOHANOS

"Umbriago! Umbriago!" rang the shouts from the loft.



A Republican Worker Looks at His Party

By FRANK P. BRECKINRIDGE

A precinct captain deplores the way the G.O.P. organization has withered at the bottom and gives some blunt advice to national party leaders.

FOR sixteen long years I have been a precinct captain in the Republican Party, and I am fed up not with the party as such but with the lack of political know-how in the high command. If there is one thing that I have learned in those sixteen years, it is that politics is a business of emotions, rather than of intellect; and that the "common people"—Lincoln's common people—look to their party for help. These are old truths, but they have been forgotten by the Republican general staff, and disastrously forgotten, if only from the standpoint of sheer efficiency in election tactics. Let me explain what I mean.

One Sunday morning a young man, somewhat embarrassed, came to the door of my home in Chicago and stood turning his cap round and round in his hand, saying, "My brother-in-law is chasing my sister around the dining-room table with a hatchet."

"But what has that to do with me?"

"You're the precinct captain, aren't you?"

"Yes, but not hatchet-taker-away for this block."

"Oh, me and my five brothers, we'll take the hatchet away. We want you to get a strait jacket."

I called the County Psychopathic Hospital and the mad brother-in-law was carted away in the strait jacket. A day or two later, two of the brothers came to ask if I could arrange his commitment to a state hospital for the insane at Dunning, instead of to the usual institution at Elgin. After considerable effort and running around on my part, which included several interviews with the judge in his chambers, this arrangement was worked out, with the result that some member of the family was enabled easily to transport each week fresh eggs and milk to the hospital, adding considerably to the sick brother-in-law's edibles and hastening his return to health.

Since this particular madness apparently was caused by a period of unemployment resulting in lack of nourishment, in eight months the violent brother-in-law was completely restored and back at work. His old father-in-law called to give me the family thanks, and, incidentally, promised to work for me in every election thereafter. This one friendly service brought me six brothers with six wives, sister and brother-in-law and father—a total of fifteen faithful votes.

For the past ten years the Republican Party—with some notable exceptions, of course—has neglected the lowly precinct workers and has lost elections as a result. When James A. Farley had an elaborate catalogue of local leaders, the Republican National Committee—according to The New York Times of October 25, 1936—didn't have even a complete list of county chairmen to start with; in 1940, Willkie attempted to supplant precinct effort with his own waving personality; and Dewey, last year, placed so little trust in the precinct and county organizations as listening posts that he hired a national research organization to gauge public opinion for him.

In 1936 the Republican Party put together the most elaborate publicity machine in our political history. The best—or at least highest paid—talent of the advertising agencies, the radio commentators and other promotional and publicity services were concentrated toward one end: the election of Mr. Landon. But what stuff resulted!

These experts, having had little or no practical experience in house-to-house politics, turned out pamphlets useless to the precinct worker. At my own ward headquarters, we took quantities of such material in at the front door, and the precinct captains going out the back door threw it in the garbage cans. Republicans perhaps could not have won these elections in any case, but they failed to get the total votes they might have because they used the wrong methods. Admittedly there were exceptions, but—in my own state at least—these exceptions resulted from intelligent local and individual management, not from the efforts of the state or national high command.

Willkie never worked on an emotional level. He remained, up to the last radio program, on the intellectual level. As one businessman put it, "He never got close to his sales force." Dewey made the same mistake. He, too, depended on the radio and neglected the local workers. In Chicago a reception was arranged at which he would shake hands with those precinct captains who had made the best records in the past. This is the heart-warming kind of thing that percolates into the neighborhoods. But it was called off at the last minute—for what reason no one ever knew.

Blunders like this were repeated time after time, as, for instance, in the selection of the welcoming groups to meet the candidate's train. The people on the platform almost invariably were bigwigs of the party, whose functioning was perfunctory, if not

The elephant has been forgetting that the party is the people. The author, a Republican precinct captain, remedies his share of the fault by backyard conversation with Mrs. Frank Quayle.

bored. Yet to a precinct worker it means a great deal to wear a badge and be inside the ropes when the man he has been talking about comes to town. For it is the precinct captain who is the connecting link between the family and the party. He is the keystone on which the entire arch of the political structure depends.

Whether one likes it or not, it is the precinct captain to whom the war veteran applies for directions to the right agency; it is the precinct captain who helps the widow fill out the puzzling blanks required to secure the social-security payments; it is to him that the individual citizen turns when confronted with the vast and complicated mass which now makes up our local and national governments.

The Republican Party, allowing great sections of its local tentacles to wither away, ceased in many localities to have contact with the common man. Negroes, for example, were unable in 1930 to borrow money with which to buy homes; the Republican high command didn't even know it. The G. O. P. general staff overlooked the underlying feeling of insecurity that resulted in the Social Security Act. This deafness to lower rumblings, this lack of the so-called common touch—which both Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt possessed—resulted in a fumbling of those issues which get under the skin. The Republicans tried to flash words across the skies; the Democrats moved in on the voters through the pores. While the Republicans spent money on radio programs, the Democrats came to the front doors.

Can the Republicans now rejuvenate their foot soldiers by whom the victory must be won? This obviously depends upon giving the precinct worker an increased sense of position and responsibility, and the neighborhood a more favorable attitude toward him. The time is ripe.

Under the Office of Civilian Defense, the blocks in most cities and towns met and elected block captains who in turn appointed fire wardens and, in some instances, issued block news bulletins. Neighborhood unity was created; a tiny form of the town meeting appeared and each block felt a quickened sense of democratic teamwork.

The politicians were scared. The block captain, in many instances, whether banker or janitor, washed his hands of party politics. This would never do; such vital control could slip out of party hands. Chicago's Democratic Mayor Kelly fell all over himself to get into the driver's seat as head of the Chicago OCD and hastened to have as many of his henchmen as possible elected as block captains. His

PHOTOGRAPHY BY AL MOSSE

It never hurts to lend help on election day. Miss Julia Smale finds an escort—a Republican.

INTERNATIONAL

Picture of a man who made himself felt at the doorstep of the voter's home. Jim Farley was invaluable to the Democrats in the early days when the New Deal organized to get out the vote.

Tammany Hall knew that neighborhood service pays more dividends than the soundest argument or the biggest headline. Here the author helps Robert P. Sweeney, a janitor, work out his income tax.

opinion of the political importance of this organization in the postwar period is shown by his careful efforts to have the organization continued under a new name and at the expense of municipal taxpayers, after the President of the United States had declared the national organization was no longer needed. Republican party leaders in Chicago will be very stupid if they allow themselves to be outdistanced by the Democrats in building up this community spirit.

A good overhauling of the party machinery state by state could bring the National Committee down to the localities. At present a place on the National Committee is a reward for deserving collectors of campaign funds, not a high place to which a party worker can aspire. Party workers usually feel little sense of relationship to members of the National Committee, who formulate party policies and direct party machinery. Each state has its own particular conditions, but within that framework, either through elections or custom, the Republican national organization can pull the necessary levers to clear the track between the national committeeman at the top and the local party worker at the bottom.

At present the national committeeman usually is neither an ex-precinct worker nor an ex-county chairman or ward committeeman. Without firsthand experience of the problems of the worker or of the reactions of the voter, he can shove little value—except financially—across to the national organization, on the one side, or to the local candidates, on the other. In a vitally important state, like New York or Illinois, a national committeeman shoulders a full-time job, acts like—and should be—the biggest party boss.

In developing an *esprit de corps* among party workers, the Republican Party has ignored Rotary and lodge paraphernalia. Too often, no lapel button gladdens the eye of a fellow Republican club member. But in one Republican ward organization in Chicago, where precinct captains were given engraved cards of identification, several have taken the card with them to the grave, showing the importance of even trifling party tokens. Meetings for party workers only should be so interesting and important that attendance would be deemed a privilege. Instead they drag. Little feeling of underlying comradeship heartens workers; no fervor electrifies Republicans.

What is fervor? The warmth of a handshake: the "wave-the-hat and up-San-Juan-Hill" magnetism that T. R. possessed—three qualities mixed together, all equally essential—friendliness, generosity, sincerity. Friendliness is underlying, and loss of it—as in factional fights between personalities—is dreaded by party

(Continued on Page 37)

The Country-Club Set

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

When father joined the golf club, he said: "Golf's a simple matter of keeping your head down and hitting the ball." Then he got in the trap on the third hole.

WHEN I was a boy, I didn't think my father had much fun. On Saturday afternoons he used to work in the garden or do other outdoor chores, and thinning carrots or weeding wasn't my idea of a good time. Later I realized he enjoyed such outdoor chores, but at the time I couldn't believe it, and I was thrilled when we first thought about joining the country club.

It began with a stranger calling on father one evening. After the man had left, father came back from the hall and told us that a country club was being built over at the county seat and he had been invited to become a charter member. Country clubs were rarer in those days than now.

"They're not asking just anyone," father said. "It's very exclusive. Just some of the more prominent businessmen in the county." He puffed out his chest when he said it, and took a long draw on his cigar. He teetered back on his heels, the cigar in his mouth and his thumbs hooked in the armholes of his vest. "Like to join, Amy?" he said casually to mother.

He was bursting with pride, laying the country-club idea before her like a dog bringing an especially juicy bone to the female of his choice. Father had never got over being surprised at mother's marrying him. She had a college degree and was an ex-schoolteacher who dabbled at oil painting and could talk about books, and father had gone to work when he was fourteen. He felt that he was several cuts below mother.

"How much will it cost?" my mother asked.

"Well," father said, "it's quite expensive. And really, of course, it's out of the question. What would we do at a golf club? But it's nice to think we've been asked."

A gleam came into mother's eyes. She had recently been elected president of the Bentley Literary and Historical Society, and I knew she was picturing herself seated on a country-club terrace pouring tea for the ladies.

Father laughed aloud. "Imagine me," he said, "hitting a little white ball across the grass."

"Yes," said mother, "I am imagining it."

Father stared at her. "You mean you like the idea?"

"I think we should give it serious consideration," mother said. *(Continued on Page 79)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

Father let out a hollow groan, and then opened his eyes. "Ruined," he said.

This Time Let's Keep Our Merchant Marine

By D. STEWART IGLEHART

President of the Grace Line

The shipping shortage of 1942, which was a result of our blundering after World War I, brought us to the brink of defeat. Will we be stupid enough to repeat our mistakes?

WHEN the first World War ended, America was the strongest naval power on the seas, had built up great armies, a huge merchant marine and the basic industrial plant to back up its strength. But after the defeat of Germany we were sick of war and disillusioned with our foreign venture. We turned to an isolationism which took the curious form of attack not on foreign threats to peace, but on the military strength that preserved us from those threats—on the Army, Navy and merchant marine.

Our ally Japan had seized territory from our ally China and was trying to dominate that nation. Instead of standing by principles which we could then have supported, we appeased Japan by scrapping real battleships for Japanese paper plans for ships, plus her relinquishment of territory which she had wrongfully seized to begin with. We reduced our strength in comparison with this proved aggressor, and Pearl Harbor was the eventual result.

Having reduced our Navy, we later economized on the Army and the Air Force. At the same time we let our merchant marine begin to slide downhill through lack of an adequate or consistent policy of support and replacement, although we knew that it was our shipping weakness which almost lost us World War I.

But to keep a large merchant marine in operation and to build efficient tonnage to replace the low-quality war-built ships would have cost us money. Without a policy, we compromised and vacillated, and spent just enough to keep aging and inefficient tonnage in intermittent operation and not enough to insure adequate replacement. The certain result was that we would not have a modern merchant marine able to compete with foreign vessels, and that we would lose a maximum amount of Government money. Prior to 1937, the Government neither wholly supported nor wholly abandoned our shipping, and hence made the worst of both worlds.

The Ships That Never Sailed

IT was not until 1928 that Congress enacted a workable Merchant Marine Act. This produced some real progress in building new passenger liners. But the Act of 1928 encountered political storms in 1933 due to public misunderstanding as to the real purpose of the mail contracts, faulty administration and dubious practices on the part of a few operators. As a result, Congress canceled the ocean mail contracts before all the new ships which they called for were built, and ship replacement suffered another lag until after the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 established a new Maritime Commission. A far-sighted, long-range building program—fifty fast cargo vessels a year for ten years—was adopted in 1937 with the blessing of President Roosevelt.

By this time Washington was becoming conscious of impending war, but shipbuilding had begun only at the eleventh hour. The first ship was not commissioned until mid-1939; we still had too few for either commerce or defense until long after Pearl Harbor. Volume output came only in 1943. The chief gain between the two world wars, therefore, was not in the growth of the fleet but in the improvement of American shipping-company organization and the enlargement of our know-how.

If American shipping had had substantially more vessels in 1941, to make its operating skill effective, this war would have been over a great deal sooner. Had the long-range building program of fifty fast cargo ships a year for ten years been adopted in the 20's instead of in 1937, we would have had several million tons more of modern, fast vessels well before the war broke out. The cost in money would have been little more than half what we had to pay under war conditions. Also, by not building at leisure, in peacetime, a faster and more efficient type of ship, we had to concentrate in war on slow Liberty tonnage due to bottlenecks which limited the output of fast engines. For a long time our Lend-Lease supplies to our Allies and to our own forces overseas had to be borne mostly in slow ships, easily and numerously sunk by Axis submarines. Fast ships would have cut this loss of life and treasure. An earlier long-range program would also have brought into existence fast vessels, matching those disguised naval auxiliaries which had appeared prewar on world-trade routes under Axis flags, and our Navy would have gained potential auxiliaries.

Had we possessed a large and modern merchant marine, the course of history might have been different, for, by Axis statements, the enemy relied in good part for victory on our supposed inability to transport our armies and their supplies abroad. They nearly won that gamble, and General Marshall and Admiral King have both said that the shipping shortage brought us to the edge of defeat and delayed our war effort by many months, when we could otherwise have gone forward. Assuming that more adequate American shipping would have shortened the war by only three months, that would have saved $25,000,000,000, and would also have saved many lives. Penny wise and pound foolish.

At this time, just after World War II, twice almost lost because of inadequate shipping strength, certain persons have begun the trial of an alleged war criminal in some newspapers and magazines. This war criminal turns out to be our merchant marine. Last time it was our Army and Navy which were under attack as swollen and expensive, as sources of disquiet to our Allies; it was not until we had virtually disarmed ourselves that the attack on our shipping as a "waster of money" began in full force.

But to weaken this country by direct attack against our Army and Navy is not politically possible at this time. The people have learned their lesson and will not stand for such folly. The attack is therefore now concentrated on our merchant ships, as though the critics did not realize that if we have only a small merchant marine our Army and Navy are virtually paralyzed in any future war.

This war has demonstrated even more than World War I did that there are three essential elements of military power. Armies, navies and air forces, as such, constitute only one of these three elements. America is now conscious of the fact that the second of the three elements—industrial productive power—is a major factor in defense, but it still has no clear idea of the third essential element—transportation. Transportation is the heart and bloodstream that moves men and their supplies to the battlefields and keeps up the flow of raw materials to industry. The heart is a small organ, but a vital one, and a blow to it is a deadly danger.

Shipping is the key element in defense transport, for without a large merchant marine the only war which we can fight is one on American soil, with all the devastation and danger which that implies. For example, in 1943 our Army and Navy moved in their own vessels only some 4 per cent of the supplies needed overseas in this war; merchant ships had to move 96 per cent in the years 1943 and 1944. Without merchant shipping adequate for military needs, we are halted at our shores and cannot prevent some future Hitler from conquering the Old World and from descending on the Americas at a time and place of his own choosing. Experience shows that conquerors do not stop when there is anything left to conquer. We are outnumbered fifteen to one by the peoples of Europe and Asia, and at the same time we have nearly half the wealth of the world.

We are also a breeding ground for ideas of freedom and democracy, and hence no world conqueror can feel safe while we remain unsubdued. For our own sakes we must keep Hitlers from beginning their careers, and we have seen that appeasement does not stop them; nor does vociferously expressed moral disapproval. The only thing which will stop dictators is military force in this country to put them down when they rise, together with a known willingness in this country to employ that force when aggression starts. But if we do not have the ships needed to transport and supply our armies, an aggressor has a guaranteed period of two to four years in which to overwhelm his victims and be prepared for any onslaught that we may then make alone after our Allies have been forced into surrender.

The Need for a Standing Navy

BUT if it is to our interest to support the smaller nations, could not we depend on ships owned by them in case of future war? The answer is no. In this last war every major maritime power in Europe except Britain was overrun by the Nazis in a matter of weeks, or joined them, and about half the shipping of Continental Europe went into Nazi service and not into that of the Allied world. The shipping which escaped was left without crew replacements or adequate shipyards for building and repairing tonnage, and the families of crew members were in enemy hands. With the growth of the plane, rocket and atomic bomb even British merchant ships may not be available next time, and hence, in any future war, practically all shipping and shipbuilding not based in America may be willingly or unwillingly serving an aggressor rather than us. And furthermore, if we do not maintain a large merchant marine in time of peace, we shall lack skilled officers and trained men to man ships in time of war. It is possible to lay up ships for emergency use, but one cannot lay up trained crews to man them.

It is urged that to run ships will cost hundreds of millions annually in operating subsidies, since American wages are so much higher than those in European or Oriental lands. It is also said that if we expand our ship operations beyond the 1939 level, we shall reduce foreign shipping earnings. These earnings, we are told, pay for a good part of American exports, and hence running more American ships must decrease our sales of goods abroad. We are further told that *(Continued on Page 113)*

BRITISH-COMBINE

Prime Minister Clement Attlee leaves a party session at which his colleagues in the British cabinet were selected. "Good old Clem" did not include highly vocal Dr. Harold Laski among them.

Should We Finance the British Socialists?

By DEMAREE BESS

LONDON.

A Post editor asks various members of the triumphant Labor Party why they expect financial aid from free-enterprise America—and gets some impressive answers.

THE abrupt termination of American Lend-Lease to Britain seems to have proved equally shocking to the American people and to the British. The British were shocked because Lend-Lease was cut off so quickly, while Americans were shocked the British had expected anything else. Fundamentally, however, the problem is not how much money the United States should lend to Britain, or under what terms, or called by what euphemistic name. These are mere bookkeeping details. The essential question really is: Why should Americans, who believe in private enterprise, lend their capital to bolster up British socialist experiments?

For the British elections last July put into power the Labor Party, which frankly proclaims it intends to transform Britain into a socialist commonwealth. At the same time, members of this government admit that to carry out their socialist program they require tremendous financial help from free-enterprise America. Thus, in these first months of peace, the American people are confronted once again with the same kind of problem which bedeviled us during the war. In order to defeat Germany and Japan, we found ourselves giving maximum aid to Soviet Russia, despite its communistic form of government. Now we are asked to support British socialism in order to win the peace.

Discussing this peculiar situation with R. H. Crossman, a new Labor M.P. from Coventry, I remarked, "You know, of course, that most Americans are not socialists and that many of our people distrust and even fear socialism?"

"Yes," he agreed. "We know that."

"And yet you expect American believers in private enterprise to assist the Labor Party to socialize Britain. Isn't your attitude rather contradictory?"

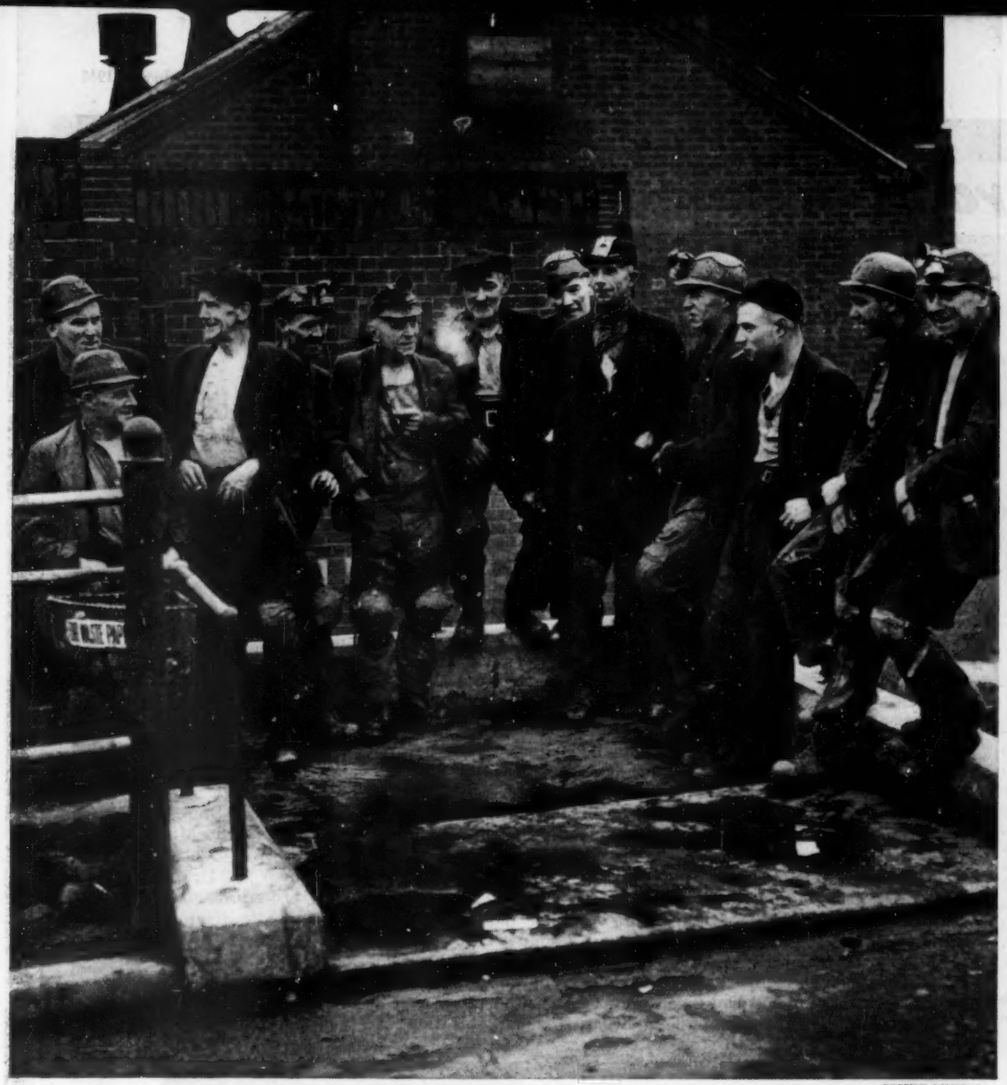
"Not in the least," retorted Mr. Crossman, who is a very cheerful and persuasive fellow. "I believe you Americans will help us because it is to your interest to do so. Most Americans believe in democracy, and the British Labor Party happens to be the foremost representative of real democracy today, not merely in Britain but in all Europe."

I began to understand why Mr. Crossman, who is no "workingman" in the British sense of that term, had been sponsored by the Labor Party and why he had defeated his Conservative opponent, a manual workman, to the tune of 34,000 votes to 15,000. For this editor on the socialist weekly, The New Statesman and Nation, had promptly put his finger upon the principal issue in Europe today. That issue is not between private enterprise and state ownership but between democratic government and dictatorship.

The truth is that private enterprise, as Americans understand this, has virtually ceased to exist throughout most of Europe. Under the strain of total war, Europe's private-business system has been shaken to its foundations, until it thrives today only in a few small, isolated countries. It is almost as obsolete in the American Army's zones of occupation as it is in the various liberated states under Russian control. Most Europeans, therefore, are less worried about the future of private enterprise—which they suspect has no future on their continent—than about the future of genuine democracy.

As Mr. Crossman put it, "You Americans want democracy and the British want democracy. What does it matter that we are following the socialist road while you are not?"

On this issue of democracy versus dictatorship, there certainly is no conflict between Americans and Britons. The British people, whether socialists or not, are as much opposed as we are to any form of dictatorship or police state.

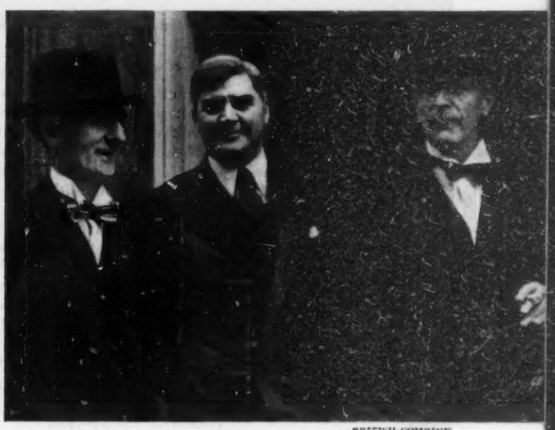


BRITISH-COMBINE

A high priority on the Labor Party's agenda is the nationalization of Britain's coal mines, which, along with the often unemployed miners, have been a perennial English headache.

BRITISH INFO. SERVICES

Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton. She sees no Moscow tag on Britain's third Labor government.



BRITISH-COMBINE

Tom Williams, Aneurin Bevan and Lord Jowitt. They won places in the new Attlee cabinet.

That is one reason why members of the Labor Party expect help and sympathy from the United States. Moreover, all the party's members with whom I talked in England sincerely believe that most Americans possess more things in common with them than with the British Conservatives. Thus, Capt. Francis Noel-Baker, who came out of the army after five years of service in the Near East to win a Labor parliamentary seat, told me that he thinks the wholesale presence of American soldiers in England since 1942 had a most important effect upon the election results.

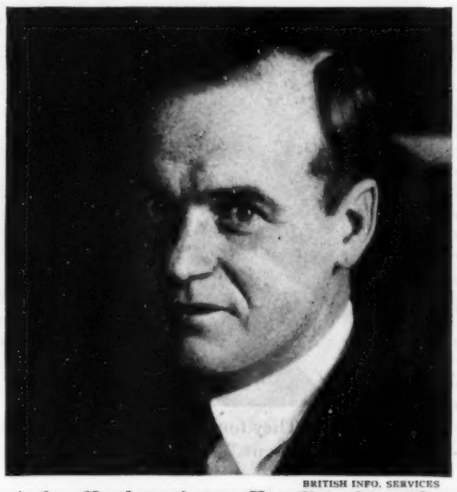
"But most Americans are not socialists," I said. "How could they have influenced Britons to vote for socialism?"

"They didn't influence Britons to vote for socialism," explained this twenty-five-year-old son of a prominent Labor Party leader, "but they did influence them to want a more free and abundant life. The voters turned to our party because they have more confidence that we will help them to obtain that."

A somewhat similar idea was expressed to me by Tom Williamson, a trade-union leader elected to Parliament from Brigg, in Lincolnshire. Mr. Williamson emerged from the first World War as a corporal and then went to work as an apprentice mechanic. He has worked all his life as a mechanic and trade-union official. I asked him to tell me why many British trade-unionists are socialists, whereas most American trade-unionists are not.

"It's a question of opportunities," he explained. "In the United States, your workingmen have had almost unlimited opportunities to better themselves. That has not been true in this country. It takes a very exceptional and lucky man here to step out of the class into which he was born. In order to break up our class system, our workingmen have had to organize their own political party, and that party has gradually become socialist because we have decided that socialism is the best way for us."

I pointed out that Russia also has become socialist, in that the state owns and operates all the factories, mines, banks, railroads and even the smallest shops. The Russians also have nationalized the land. Since Russia already is socialized, and the Labor Party aspires to socialize England, I asked Mr. Williamson if British labor did not feel more sympathetic toward Russia than toward the United States.



BRITISH INFO. SERVICES

Arthur Henderson's son. He will work out the party program on so-called democratic lines.

This sturdy Lincolnshire workman appeared shocked at such a notion. "Not at all," he protested. "We feel much closer to Americans than we do to Russians. The Russian leaders believe that the end justifies the means, and they defend their extremely ruthless dictatorship because it has achieved socialism. Most of the trade-unionists in Britain don't want anything—not even socialism—unless we can get it by peaceful, democratic means. I can assure you that we value democracy more than we do socialism. That makes all the difference."

Judging from later conversations with other trade-unionists, I believe that Mr. Williamson was correctly stating the British trade-union point of view. He probably also was expressing the viewpoint of the vast majority of the Labor Party. Its leaders and its members propose to socialize Britain, but they are profoundly devoted to their democratic traditions, and they are moving with great caution to make sure that these traditions are preserved and even strengthened.

Some American admirers of Great Britain, in their anxiety to maintain friendly relations with that country, have cited this moderation to imply that the Labor Party is not really intent upon socializing Britain. But I cannot see that this kind of subtlety serves any good purpose. For the first time, the Labor Party has won an absolute majority, and a very substantial one. Every Briton with whom I talked agrees that the party will remain in power at least five years, and that it has a very good chance of keeping its majority indefinitely. It is proper that Americans should realistically comprehend what this means for us, for our relations with the British Empire and for international relations in general.

After numerous conversations with party leaders and with rank-and-file *(Continued on Page 129)*

ROAD TO TOKYO By RICHARD TREGASKIS

Have We Given Japan Back to the Japs?

Concluding his story of how our original Military Government plan for Japan was shelved, a Post correspondent offers evidence to support his belief that we have.

PROBLEM NO. 2. Next to our reconversion to peace here at home, perhaps the nation's most nettlesome problem today is how we can rule Japan most effectively and economically until democratization there is achieved. In our September twenty-ninth issue, Harold J. Noble, an authority in his field, presented his idea of how we could do this through the existing Japanese-government machinery, and the article chanced to appear at the very time when General MacArthur decided to follow such a course. In this article, Post Correspondent Richard Tregaskis, who was in Tokyo observing the way things worked out, presents the case for closer American control. Because of the importance of the problem, the Post gives its readers the strongest cases for both sides. *—The Editors.*

WRITTEN IN TOKYO,
FILED IN SAN FRANCISCO.

IT was an indigo Monday when the American Military Government Section, advance echelon, finally arrived in Tokyo. For after all the slaving they had done to organize Military Government for Japan, and after all the disappointments and curbs on their authority, both in Manila and in Yokohama, they were finally to find Order No. 170 waiting for them in Tokyo. Order 170 was a kick in the choppers.

The tempers of the Milgov people were in particularly poor shape to receive the bad news after the physical punishment of this day. For, since early morning, officers and men had been enduring the usual vexing hurly-burly of a movement of Army personnel—the movement in this case from Yokohama to Tokyo with the rest of MacArthur's GHQ.

They'd traveled the vertebra shattering road between Yokohama and Tokyo. And then they discovered that enlisted men and junior officers had been assigned to dirty quarters in business buildings, with picayune sanitary facilities. There had been much understandable growling to this effect: "Who won the war, after all? Why aren't we in the best buildings in Tokyo?" After that they found their offices in a dirty building of the Japanese Forestry Department—a building which offered an unusually ripe assortment of the usual indelicate Jap odors. Then, to cap everything, came Order 170.

General Order 170 hit the body of enthusiastic officers and patient enlisted men who had thought theirs would be the job of governing fallen Japan, right where they lived. Order 170 prescribed the creation of a new staff section, to be called the Economic and Scientific Section. And it was very evident in the reading of the order that the new section would be taking over not only some of the functions but even some of the personnel of the Military Government Section. It seemed evident to many of the Milgov people that this would be only the first of a series of slices into the physical structure of its organization.

Military Government, starting from a puny unit of eight men, had gathered momentum with a roar and had given promise of doing great things in Japan. Gargantuan plans had been made in Manila, where the nucleus was born. Urgent orders had been sent to the States to bring out the first few hundred of the thousands of men especially trained for Milgov work in Japan. As Stateside contingents had begun to arrive in Manila on No. 1 air priority, work had been started at a dawn-to-midnight pace. Drafting of proclamations and procedures had started furiously, and an elaborate diagram of departments designed to take over administration of the various phases of Japanese life had been prepared, then expanded.

And then, step by step, the authority of the organization *(Continued on Page 114)*

LARRY KEIGHLEY

". . . They found their offices in a dirty building of the Japanese Forestry Department." Sergeant Roy E. Ward mops up, then distributes the signs.

Sam cracked him carefully, but hard, on the head with the clubbed gun.

Gilt on the Lily

When the deputy sheriff saw the fire in Jezebel's eyes and found the black swan behind her garage, he knew the missing man had been murdered.

By RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS

YOUNG Sam Robbins shook his head in private regret. Judging by the brusqueness with which his brother-in-law, Ben Dunn, was firing questions into that telephone, Sam would soon be bucketing off in his aged sedan to some distant part of Colusa County.

This dep'ty-sheriffing sho bows a man down, the sun-dried young man told himself. *I'm as wo'n-out's a woodpecker in a petrified fo'est.*

Sheriff Ben Dunn slapped the telephone back on the cradle. For three minutes, working his jaws, he thought. This was unusual. Ben went in for action, mostly. Sam felt curiosity creeping up on him.

Abruptly Ben turned his burning black eyes around his office. The eyes, frustrated, came to a full stop on the only other human occupant, Sam Robbins. Ben breathed heavily.

"I would be down to you when a chance like this comes along!" he said with genuine emotion.

"Well, Ben, a busted flush is O.K. till the other folks know it's busted," Sam said consolingly. He paused in consideration. "Though just me, I b'lieve I'm not busted."

Ben didn't even hear. He was shoving his gun into his shoulder holster, tearing a piece of cigar off with his teeth and putting on his linen coat.

"Move!" he said, and led the way out into the comforting hot Florida sun of a late afternoon.

"Do I ride my own ——"

Ben Dunn jabbed his blunted cigar at the shiny black machine with which Colusa County endowed its sheriff. He slid in behind the wheel. Sam composed himself restfully alongside. The car shot into motion. Ben always let the citizens know their sheriff was going places. He headed toward the coast. There a fringe of winter visitors added variety to the snap beans and eggplant that made the county its living.

"This is one I don't want you messing up," Ben Dunn warned as they whammed northward on the coast road. "I got a leak right out of the house of Mrs. Cedric Halpin."

ILLUSTRATED BY J. GRAHAM KAYE

"No!" said Sam, impressed. The Halpin house was as big as most down on Miami Beach's Collins Avenue.

"There's a good chance that that hard-to-take nephew of hers, Earl Halpin, has been kidnaped right here in my county," Ben Dunn said. Awe, pride and worry were all mixed up in his voice. "The old lady's been raising hell with Halpin Industries and her banks to shoot her fifty thousand cash in a hurry. Her nephew ain't been around since he threw some shock into her on the phone Tuesday. It must be a snatch." He kicked the motor in the pants with his right foot and added importantly, "I got it taped already."

"No!" said Sam. He crinkled his sun-dried forehead and rubbed his lean jaw. "I thought 'twas right queer o' that Jezebel Locke, the night-club queen, takin' a house this far away from Miami. Acquainted, weren't they?" *(Continued on Page 53)*

THE JAPS' LAST BITE

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

The Nips were on the receiving end, in one of the many byplays behind the scenes which escaped attention when the great drama of the surrender unfolded.

TOKYO.

THE vital surrender of a nation, its emperor, armies and citizens, has more to do with the theater than with war. Because the surrender of Japan was drama rather than war, the performance of Subic and Andy Cosgrove was no more out of place than is the entrance of comics or spear carriers in a stage production. In fact, if you observe the roles of Subic and Andy Cosgrove, I think you will be able to understand the historic surrender a little better.

Subic is a small, yellowish-white dog, with little hair and no ancestry, who has been a mascot of the United States destroyer Taylor since his discovery in the ruins of a Japanese military camp at Subic Bay in the Philippines. Andy Cosgrove is a tall Edinburgh man, who was a prisoner of the Japanese from the surrender of the Royal Scots at Hong Kong in December, 1941, until the Jap quit.

Cosgrove appeared on the surrender scene first, shortly after the first American troops arrived in Yokohama on August thirtieth. The stage set was on the fantastic side, and the other performers on it were a curious cast of characters indeed.

Officers of the 11th Airborne Division, staff people and a group of war correspondents, part of a convoy aboard broken-down Japanese trucks, had just arrived at Yokohama from the airport twenty miles away. They tramped into the New Grand Hotel, which had catered to foreign tourist trade in the piping days of peace.

A few employees waited in the lobby, and the big dining room was already set for lunch. Most of us had been at Okinawa in more or less temporary camps for two weeks, followed by eighteen hours of waiting for planes, riding in them, and waiting again. The ride into town had left our cotton uniforms caked with perspiration mud. In five minutes scouts discovered that the hotel's hot water still steamed. In another five, half the rooms of the second floor were occupied by people taking quick showers. Japanese maids in kimonos and obis—wide silk sashes bunched into elaborate bows astern—hurried to bring towels and soap. That the towels were only hand-wiping size and the soap a dark brown lye-type stuff was no more important at the moment than that there was no toilet paper.

Heavy boots of the Americans clattered on the stairways and their dust gathered on the hotel carpets while their pistols, helmets and canteens formed a pile in the lobby by the dining-room door. More obi-decorated girls hurried to serve a luncheon of canned salmon, potato salad and asparagus tips, with beer. The bowing waitresses brought more beer as soon as the bottles on the tables were emptied. Behind a screen guarding the kitchen entry, the headwaiter socked viciously a tray boy who did not move fast enough to please him. A small precise Japanese eating alone in a corner identified himself as the president of the hotel company. He said, "We are very glad to see you."

An officer said he could not understand why.

"Because it means the fighting is over," he replied. "You are the victors, we the defeated. Is good peace should begin." He said nobody need pay for lunch. "I think," he said, "the Japanese people should be able to stand that." He said his building had not been damaged in the air raid, suffering only some broken glass. He added, "I prayed all during the war that my building should be spared. I was successful." There was definite triumph in his myopic eyes. The asparagus tips, he said, had been grown in Japan and canned for export, but "recalled." "They are not as good," he admitted, "as those canned in America."

Into the dining room walked Pvt. Andrew Cosgrove, of the proud Royal Scots, now dressed in misfit khaki dropped from an American airplane to a prisoner-of-war camp outside Yokohama a few days earlier. His left eye was blacked and an ugly bruise extended down his cheek.

"I left the camp last night," he said; "just walked out. I couldn't stand it any more. On the way to town I ran into some Jap military police. They beat me up and then ran off and left me."

There had been about 500 Royal Scots at Hong Kong, said Cosgrove. Half were killed in the fighting. Of the others, he estimated that sixty were still alive. "The rest," he said, in his thick accent, "were beaten to death in prison or died of starvation and disease. There were only eight left in our camp out of two score," he remarked flatly. He looked at the meal in front of him and then watched the scurrying waitress mince toward the kitchen.

"This is a dream," said Cosgrove; "it's a dream. Carrot tops for soup, that's what we got." He looked at the waitress' plump back again. "Sure," he said, "they bow and scrape to you now, but I know them. The women are the worst. When Jap officers would bring them out to the camp, they'd have some poor devil brought out and beaten. And those women would yell for them to give him some more. I know them." Cosgrove picked at the food, but could not eat. "Do you think I'll have to go back to the camp tonight?" he asked. "I heard we would, but I don't think I could stand even one more night of it. Not now."

He was told that he could go to the airport on a truck, and probably could be out of Japan and on a plane to Okinawa before night.

"That would be nice," said Andy Cosgrove. "You know, I've never been on an airplane in my life."

But in spite of the bright present and brighter prospects for the future, the lean Scot could not put the grim past out of his mind.

"A B-Twenty-nine was hit one day and two fellows parachuted," he recalled. "Some civilians caught them and stoned one man to death. The other was almost dead when the police rescued him. That's one thing you had to say for the Jap police. They wouldn't let the civilians do anything to a man if they could get to him."

After lunch, a thin man in a white shirt and shorts stood irresolute among the officers in the New Grand lobby. "I am a German Jewish refugee," he said. "I have been in Japan nine years. I heard that the American Army might find some use for me." He said he had been an importer both in Germany and Japan, and had continued some business during the war, although he was ordered to a mountain resort, which he could leave only with a special pass. "America should do something for us," he said; "we suffered earlier than any of the others." He said he had a good house in Yokohama. "An American general," he added, with pride, "has taken the house next door."

A Japanese newspaperman appeared on the scene and was asked about the beatings of prisoners of war. "I do not know," he said, looking off into the distance. "Some, you know, were killed by the packages of food dropped from airplanes."

The emperor, he thought, should be left on the throne, although substitution of the eleven-year-old heir apparent would serve the same purpose. "The idea of the divinity of the emperor," he said, "is very deep in our people, especially in the rural districts. Myself, I do not believe—but what we need is a limited monarchy, perhaps like Britain. We are really very democratic."

Not long after, at a near-by bridge, two American guards, Sgt. James W. Glaser, of Cincinnati, and Pfc. Kenneth L. Hodges, of Sidney, Iowa, noticed a box of American rations protruding from the pocket of a cringing Japanese civilian. The filthy recesses of his other pockets and a cloth poke he carried yielded other rations. They also discovered an American grenade, toward which he had made a furtive, quick grab when they approached him. After this discovery of democratic behavior, Japanese police searched many civilians as they passed street intersections.

(Continued on Page 128)

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY KEIGHLEY

Dawn of Peace

This is the first and only publication anywhere of Post Photographer Larry Keighley's unparalleled color picture of the Japanese surrender aboard the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay on September 2, 1945.

In the foreground, General Yoshijiro Umezu is signing the surrender terms for the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters. On the Jap general's right, opposite side of table, is Lt. Gen. Richard K. Sutherland, General MacArthur's Chief of Staff. Back of microphones stands General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. Reading left to right, the first row of men facing the camera in back of General MacArthur are: Admiral of the Fleet Chester W. Nimitz; Gen. Hsu-Yung-chang, China; Adm. Sir Bruce Fraser, Britain; Lt. Gen. Derevyanko, U.S.S.R.; Gen. Sir Thomas Blamey, Australia; Col. L. Moore Cosgrave, Canada; Gen. "Jacques Leclerc" (Count Philippe de Hauteclocque), France; Vice Adm. Conrad Helfrich, Netherlands; Air Vice Marshal L. M. Isitt, New Zealand. The officer at the extreme right is Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright.

Rufus bellowed in pain and, with bloody flanks, charged off into the dusk.

Some Changes at Hell-to-Catch

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

MY father had a cook named Dulcie who was famous throughout the Panhandle. In the old days, men would ride miles out of their way to eat at our ranch. Dulcie has been cooking for us for forty-some years and she was still going strong the last time I was home on leave.

I've always thought, though, that Dulcie was a little overrated and that her husband, Will King Solomon, was the better cook. Even Dulcie admits Will King Solomon is the leading barbecue artist of Texas, and that means the world championship. The best food I've ever had over a long period of time was the summer Will King Solomon cooked for my sister Sabina and me at Hell-to-Catch pasture.

That summer I was only fourteen and Sabina was seventeen, but so many of our hands had gone off to work in the oilfields that we were having to do men's work. We had been plowing the wheatlands in Hell-to-Catch pasture since the wind-up of the harvest. And, even by working from daylight until dusk, the job was going to take a couple more months.

We had a grand time, though, with Will King Solomon taking care of us. King Solomon was a small, wizen-faced Negro. I don't know how old he was, but he was a grown man when he was hunting buffalo with my great-grandfather, Murdo Tolbert. And my great-grandfather used to brag about the wonderful things that King Solomon could do with a buffalo steak cooked over a cow-chip fire.

When he got to Hell-to-Catch, right after wheat harvest, King Solomon found Sabina and me baching in the little adobe house at the south end of the pasture. He cleaned up the house. He built an outhouse that we'd been needing. He fixed a barbecue pit. He made a cooler at the horse trough, so that cold windmill water flowed over our butter and cantaloupes and watermelons. He rode out on the range and found us a milk cow. When we were plowing, he'd come out in the middle of the afternoon with desert bags full of fresh water. And, at night, after he'd milked and done the dishes, he'd sit on the back gallery and tell us good stories about old days in the Panhandle. And he'd sing old cowboy songs like K-bar Dun and Strawberry Roan, and accompany himself on a twelve-string guitar.

The pasture seemed like home to King Solomon, for my Great-grandfather Tolbert had his headquarters at Hell-to-Catch when he first settled in the Panhandle. The pasture was so named because Great-grandfather Tolbert was a hard man to find at home—especially if the visitors were a sheriff and a posse. Hell-to-Catch was about twenty miles from the present headquarters of the Tolbert Cattle and Wheat Company, and about eight hundred acres of the pasture was planted in wheat, making it look like a dark island, surrounded by miles of sunburned, canyon-gashed grazing lands.

Sabina and Bud had plotted various ways of getting rid of Mrs. Whitharrel, but they hadn't counted on love—and the amazing technique employed by Goober.

Sabina was a pretty girl, and unusually well developed for her age. She didn't need any help refueling or cranking her tractor and she was faster than I with a grease gun. We were piloting stout little two-cylinder machines, pulling one-way plows. Sabina never could get the hang of adjusting a one-way plow, though she was a pretty good mechanic. So she always drove the lead tractor and I helped her set her plow when it needed readjustment. We'd start on gasoline, and then, when the engines had warmed up, switch over to kerosene. The right front wheels of our tractors rolled in deep furrows, so there wasn't much steering to do, except at the corners.

We were seldom bored, for the pasture was on a high plateau and we could see for miles in every direction. And off on the horizon were the purple mountaintops of New Mexico. On the south rim of the field, just across the barbed wire, there was a deep little canyon where fat Hereford cattle grazed among the plum thickets and where a family of coyotes had a den.

And then, there was Rufus to watch out for. Rufus was an ill-tempered, orange-colored Brahma bull. He belonged to our Uncle Charley Guadalupe and he was used to breed rodeo stock. You couldn't have found a meaner sire. Rufus had spent two or three seasons on the rodeo circuit himself, and he had returned very embittered and with an intense hatred for all mankind. He'd even attack you on a horse. Often in the early morning or around twilight when we were greasing our tractors, Rufus would appear out of a canyon and charge Sabina and me. And we'd have to scramble for our tractors or else dash for the truck. We loved Rufus, for he made life at Hell-to-Catch more exciting.

After King Solomon started raising chickens, Sabina and I had to do something about the coyote family in the canyon. We crawled into the canyon, armed with a strand of barbed wire and a Stillson wrench, and we caught the puppies—about six of them, and half grown—playing on a grassy pitch before the den. They ran for the den, but we fished them out with the barbed wire and killed them.

We'd just dragged the last one from the den and rapped him over the head, and Sabina said, "I sure hate to do this, but King Solomon can never raise any chickens at Hell-to-Catch with these little varmints growing up right next door."

Just then, two full-grown coyotes, a bitch and a dog, appeared over a little ridge in the canyon, and they started yapping at us. They'd sized us up, for coyotes seem to know whether you're carrying a gun or not.

"There's the mom and the pop," said Sabina. "I feel so sorry for them, but we'd better get out of here. One of them might have the rabies."

We climbed the canyon wall. The dog coyote sat on his haunches and just watched us, but the bitch, keeping about forty paces behind, followed us halfway back to the tractors. And she was making a noise that was more like a troubled and reproachful soprano wail than a bark.

At intervals, all the rest of the morning, we heard the she-coyote mourning from the canyon, and we felt as if she was watching us. She made Sabina and me feel like a couple of murderers.

That day, when we got back to the adobe house, we found that Will King Solomon had cooked us a particularly good lunch. We had barbecued beef with King Solomon's famous devil's sauce, and we had enchiladas with grated cheese on them, and fried okra, and black-eyed peas boiled with a ham bone, and sliced tomatoes, and little green onions, and hot biscuits, and cold, yellow-meated watermelon.

As we started eating, we could hear the coyote wailing in the south canyon. She shut up, though, when a big car drove into the yard. Uncle Charley Guadalupe got out of the car. He was managing our ranch while my father was in the East on business for a few months. Uncle Charley was a little man with a big bull voice, and he came in bellowing how-de-do's.

I guess Uncle Charley is all right, but Sabina and I never had any use for him. He was graduated from Harvard with a degree in divinity. After college, he spent most of his time roping goats at rodeos and drinking whisky, and he supported himself by trading cattle. Lately, though, since he'd gone to work as my father's business manager, he'd sobered up and rejoined the Baptist church. And sometimes he occupied the pulpit, preaching about how the Holy Ghost hit him one day and he turned a back flip over a bench and broke a whisky bottle in his hip pocket. And he said he hadn't taken a drink since, though if that was true he must have been using a funny-smelling shaving lotion.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT DORNE

"Grandfather Guadalupe spent thousands of dollars sending Uncle Charley through Harvard College," said Sabina, "and what does he get for his money? Nothing but a steer trader and a jack-leg preacher."

Uncle Charley's stomach was in such bad shape from long years of whisky drinking that he couldn't eat things like enchiladas and barbecue. So he started off by bawling out Will King Solomon about the food. And then he really dropped a bombshell. He announced that he was taking Will King Solomon back to headquarters and that he'd hired a trained dietitian from Amarillo, and she was to arrive that afternoon and start cooking for us.

"The Lord knows," said Uncle Charley, rolling his little red eyes, "that I wouldn't have you kids out here doing this kind of work if I could get any help at all. But things will not be so bad with Mrs. Whitharrel coming out here to take care of you. I met her at a Baptist social in Amarillo, and I was much impressed. She's a middle-aged woman, a widow and a nurse. And, most important of all, she's a woman of firm religious principles. If you get sick, she can nurse you. And she'll prepare you well-balanced meals—none of this chili and other junk that Will has been feeding you. . . . I'm ashamed of you, Will, and I'm going to tell Dulcie on you." And then Uncle Charley cussed King Solomon some more.

"I ain't make 'em no chili, Mr. Charley," said King Solomon. "This jus' barbeycue and enshill-lolly day on the menyou. Yestiddy, hit was po'k chops with collard greens and caw-un sticks. And I freeze up some peach ice cream and have plenty of cold sweet milk. I feeds 'em good, Mr. Charley, 'specially at breakfus', and not no chili, never."

Uncle Charley didn't answer this. He said, "You'd better clean up the place real good, Will, before we leave. Mrs. Whitharrel is a stickler for neatness, and I wouldn't want her to get a bad first impression of this place."

Will King Solomon shuffled around the kitchen with his head down. We knew how he felt. The bawling out that he'd got from Uncle Charley hurt because it was one of the few times that anyone had ever criticized King Solomon's cooking, and, most particularly, his barbecue. Most of all, though, the old Negro was sad because he was going to have to leave us. It had been like a vacation for King Solomon at Hell-to-Catch, for it was the first time in almost forty years that he'd got away from Dulcie for any length of time. Now he'd have to go back to headquarters and labor in the big kitchen all of the day under the lash of Dulcie's tongue.

Sabina was chewing sadly on a green onion top. Charley laughed his bellowing laugh and said, "I bet you wouldn't be eating onions now, young lady, if you were home with your mother in Amarillo, and with all of your boy friends calling on you."

"I eat onions any time I damn please," said Sabina crossly. I was sorry she'd said this, for I knew Uncle Charley would make a full report to mother, and say that ranch work was coarsening Sabina.

When we were in the truck and ready to go back to the field for the afternoon, Uncle Charley came out of the house, picking his teeth, and he yelled, "Good-by, kids! I know you'll like Mrs. Whitharrel! She's a fine woman! I'll be back tomorrow to see how you make out!"

Will King Solomon was tying some desert bags onto the truck. We *(Continued on Page 94)*

Mrs. Whitharrel screamed: "Get the rifle, Bud." But I just sat there while Goober grabbed her tighter and started fox-trotting around the room.

Football's Supersalesman

By STANLEY FRANK

A unique trouble-shooter is Fritz Crisler. Largely by his eloquence and smartness, and without using athletic scholarships, he has produced winning teams at Minnesota, Princeton and Michigan.

Crisler's celebrated charm has enabled him to captivate hostile alumni, promising high-school players and carping faculty members in a succession of tough jobs. Some say he is more salesman than coach.

AFOOTBALL takes a lot of funny bounces, and many football coaches do likewise. Fritz Crisler is one of those who don't permit chance or caprice to govern their careers. He owns a set of dog-eared notes, now in the third decade of use, which are calculated to eliminate the vagaries and doubts from an uncertain profession. That the notes have served him well is demonstrated by the handsome trade-in value of his tangible accomplishments and sentimental souvenirs. Crisler has won a Big Ten championship for Michigan, where, among other comforts, he is a full professor and head of the physical-education department.

He gave Princeton two undefeated teams and he is the chief political power among his colleagues as the No. 1 personality kid and high-pressure executive in the business. Last summer he could afford the luxury of refusing the cushy job of athletic commissioner of the Western Conference. None of these trophies of the chase are prized as highly by Crisler, though, as the well-thumbed notes he began to compile in the early 1920's.

In these memoranda to himself the young Crisler, already an expert surveyor of all the angles, set down the actions, speeches, coaching strategy and applied psychology of Amos Alonzo Stagg in any given situation. Stagg, the founding father of football in the Middle West, was Crisler's coach at the University of Chicago in the pre-Hutchins era when teams from the Midway were ranking powers in the Big Ten. Few careers have been handmade in another man's image as skillfully as Crisler's was by Stagg. Although Crisler was a star in three sports he was a scholarly youth—he missed Phi Beta Kappa on a technicality. After graduation in 1922, he was undecided whether to study medicine, accept a fellowship in psychology or make himself a hatful of money in banking or business. It should be mentioned right quick that Crisler, who never has applied for a position in his life, attracts fetching offers as easily as the reigning Queen of the May among show girls gathers admirers. The decision was made for him when Stagg designated him the heir-presumptive head coach and athletic director at Chicago.

Once the choice had been made, Crisler set out to acquire the attributes of a successful coach, and he did it with all the spontaneity of a man sitting down to construct a charter for the United Nations. He developed the trick, which he still practices, of going home after an important social or business function and writing down the names of all the people he met. The purpose of this is to fix the names in his mind, on the theory that one never knows when an acquaintanceship will be helpful. He started a regular series of soul-searching explorations in which he analyzed himself for personal weaknesses. This was done for the purpose of selecting assistants able to cover up his own deficiencies. A shy, inarticulate farm boy, he has become a persuasive public speaker, even though his addresses are variations on one theme—the character-building virtues of competitive athletics.

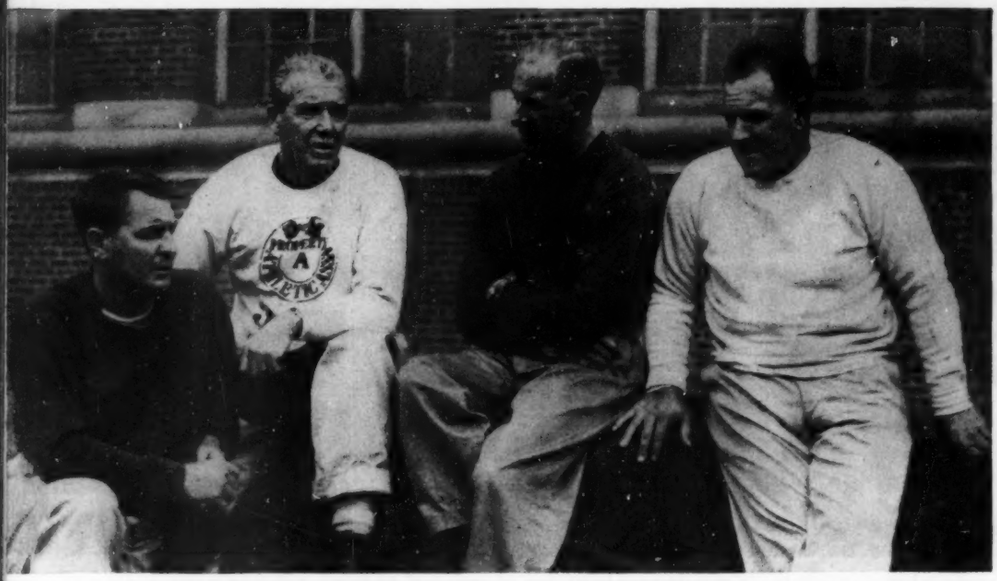
For eight years he took notes and studied Stagg, the Old Master. The product of this self-modeling and intense eye-on-the-ball business is a unique personality and ability. The celebrated Crisler charm, which has been known to captivate hostile alumni, promising high-school players and carping faculty members, has carried him brilliantly through a succession of tough jobs leading to more money and a mounting reputation. Three times in nine years he waded into situations at Minnesota, Princeton and Michigan which had been snarled by losing teams, lagging alumni support and free-for-all intramural backbiting. In each instance his appointment was opposed strenuously—almost frantically—by factions of influential alumni. Within two seasons, each school regained all its lost prestige, with Crisler embellishments, and the procedure involved something more than the mere matter of winning games.

Although Crisler's record is highly respectable—ninety-three games won, twenty-seven lost and eight tied in fifteen years against top-drawer opponents—he never will be known as a football genius. Crisler is more a salesman than a coach. The special service he performs for a university is selling renewed loyalty to the glorious destiny and traditions of the old school, and when Prof. Herbert Orin Crisler dons his evangelical robes and really winds up, he sounds like the guy who founded the good old school and invented its cherished traditions. Above all, he does a superlative job of selling himself, and the technique hasn't failed him yet. In all fairness to a most capable citizen, it should be noted that Crisler never has failed to come through as required, either.

Minnesota wanted a big-name man, not an obscure assistant coach, when Crisler went from Chicago to Minneapolis in 1930. Crisler promptly confounded the anvil chorus by announcing that football practice sessions would be open to all comers and that he would hold meetings with Monday-morning quarterbacks to hear suggestions and criticism. To appreciate the shrewdness of that move, it must be understood that football at Minnesota always had been mysterious, inner-sanctum stuff. Dr. Henry L. Williams, who introduced the Gophers to football, once picked up and ejected bodily Charley Johnson, Minneapolis Morning Tribune sports writer, for crashing a practice.

After charming the home guard, Crisler climbed into his car and spread the gospel of the university

Some of Crisler's early pep talks were among the corniest tear-jerkers ever delivered. At Michigan, however, they have been supplanted by technical discussion in a distinctly minor key.



This is the Crisler brain trust. *From left:* Bennie Oosterbaan, Michigan's famous three-time-All-American end; E. T. Martineau, backfield coach; Crisler; Clarence Munn, line coach.

as the citadel of culture of the great Northwest. In his first five months he made 103 speeches plugging Minnesota and, incidentally, the idea that it would be a dirty shame if the school's football teams were not on a par with its academic standards. Crisler didn't remain at Minnesota long enough to capitalize on his efforts, but he did such a tremendous job of whipping up sectional pride that in the decade preceding Pearl Harbor the Gophers under Bernie Bierman, whom Crisler picked as his successor, had five undefeated teams and unquestionably were the outstanding football power in the country.

"It's unnecessary to have elaborate staffs recruiting high-school players," Crisler explains. "You can't miss if you have solid alumni support. That's the only farm system a school needs."

The oldest tradition in intercollegiate sports exploded in a puff of orange smoke in 1932, when Crisler went to Princeton as the first non-alumnus head coach in the treasured history of the Big Three. Yale, Harvard and Princeton since have hired outsiders, but the furor Crisler's appointment provoked couldn't have been louder if a Russian-born Communist became chairman of the National Association of Manufacturers. Old grads regarded it as the crowning indignity of a calamitous sequence in which Princeton had won only its opening game with Amherst in the two preceding seasons.

Crisler again placated the school-tie crowd by turning on the charm. Even the stuffed shirts conceded that the fellow comported himself as though he could have been a Princeton man. As Pres. John G. Hibben said in announcing the appointment, "I met Mr. Crisler and was immediately impressed by his manly personality and was convinced that he would adapt himself to our life here in a wholly satisfactory manner." There are eighty-five Princeton alumni clubs throughout the country and Crisler visited all of them, delivering the stirring Nassau-shall-rise-again speeches his audiences wanted to hear. The honeymoon was beautiful while it lasted, but Crisler presently outraged the boys in the back room by advising former Princeton football heroes that their assistance would not be required in preparing the team for the Yale game. That almost broke it off.

Old grads considered it their inalienable right to return to the campus and kibitz the coaches the week before the Yale game; no custom was rooted deeper in the school's tradition. Annually, the old stars descended with a whoop and a holler, trying to recapture their lost youth and exhorting the kids to emulate the spirit and deeds that made up their historic legacy. In 1931, the year before Crisler arrived, there were, by actual count, fifty-one old-timers on the field in uniform three days before the Yale game. As someone later observed morosely, there was one old guy for each point scored by Yale in the 51–14 defeat, the most disastrous ever absorbed by Princeton.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOE KALEC

Beneath his urbanity, Crisler is a very tough-minded gent who knows exactly what he wants and is in the habit of getting same. His precise mind was reflected in the careful organization of his Princeton practices; he wanted no part of the hysteria and confusion engendered by the visiting firemen. He diplomatically tempered the rebuff by issuing special invitations to former varsity men for the pre-Yale workouts, which were closed to everyone else. He further indicated he would be very happy indeed to listen to advice—off the field. Crisler beamed enthusiastically upon all suggestions, ignored them and held favored Yale to a 7–7 tie.

By 1933, Crisler no longer had to make explanations to anyone. His teams gave Princeton its most spectacular winning streak in forty years. The 1933 outfit was unbeaten and would have gone to the Rose Bowl but for a Big Three agreement banning postseason games. Columbia, triumphant over Stanford by 7–0 in the upset of the ages at Pasadena, had been given a sound 20–0 drubbing by Princeton during the regular season. In 1934 Crisler lost only to Yale's Larry Kelley, 7–0, and in 1935 he won everything in sight.

Pigskin Economics

DIE-HARD critics were brooding in frustrated silence, rich alumni were remembering the university in bequests and there were two years to go on a good contract when Crisler suddenly resigned, in the winter of 1938, to accept the Michigan post. The basic reasons that impelled him to buck the politics and prejudices of Princeton, then switch to Michigan, a coaches' graveyard for fifteen years, are typical of the man.

"Princeton offered me a good deal more money than I was getting at Minnesota," Crisler says, "but to be perfectly honest, I fell for the glamour of the Big Three. I was flattered as hell that Princeton came after me, a corn-fed yokel, to be its first non-alumnus head coach. What really clinched the decision for me, though, was the obvious fact that all business, publicity and prestige faced East in the early Thirties. Princeton football was in such a mess that it couldn't possibly get worse. It had to improve and I would get a large share of the credit."

Six years later the social and economic structure of the country had changed, subtly and profoundly. Crisler never has waited for a trend to hit him in the face before he recognizes it.

"Athletics in the Big Three were on the decline," he explains. "The depression exerted an important influence on colleges which they were just beginning to feel before the war. The high tuition of privately endowed Eastern schools did, and will, turn many kids toward land-grant state institutions. There is another economic factor that will continue to react against private schools. The days of large endowments and big returns on invested capital are gone. Inheritance taxes will rise steadily, and high income taxes, cutting into money which could have sent boys to the rich social schools, will turn them to state colleges with cheap tuition. Reduced registration and endowments add up to curtailed sports activity. I thought it best to leave Princeton while my reputation was worth something."

Crisler had special talents to sell in 1938, and Michigan wanted them urgently enough to persist in beckoning to him, after two refusals, and finally to ask him what he wanted. "I thought my terms were so far out of line that they would be unacceptable," he confesses. "I haven't got over the surprise yet." Crisler was surprised the same way General Eisenhower was caught off guard when the Germans sued for peace.

He knew there was no other candidate in the field with the qualifications Michigan needed and he made certain the setup was foolproof. He asked for more money than any coach ever made in the Middle West, a sum since boosted—after the offer of the Big Ten

(Continued on Page 39)

Mike put a finger against Thompson's chest and pushed very lightly. "Get onto your horse and go away and be tough somewhere else."

Land of the Torreones

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS

A pack-train prospecting trip into the rough, little-known Four Corners country of northwestern New Mexico was no jaunt for a girl, but KELSEY BOBBS insisted on going. She said her father, MR. BOBBS, president of the International Copper Company, needed looking after. Over the protests of MIKE BRONSON, the young mining engineer who was to lead the expedition, her father agreed. Mike had obtained from BIG-NOSE KELLY, an old prospector, samples from a rich molybdenum deposit to which Kelly was to guide them. Mike, interested as much in archaeology as mining, was excited by Kelly's report that in the same wild country he had seen several "torreones," the square stone towers built by a vanished race. PETE SKILLMAN, interested in Kelsey, but more interested in locating the deposits for his rival Potosi Mining Company, learned of their plans.

When Mike returned to Phoenix, after making preliminary arrangements for the trip, he found that Big-Nose Kelly had been shanghaied by Skillman's men.

The only chance to beat Skillman would be to start first, waylay his party and abduct Kelly. Mike, Mr. Bobbs and Kelsey took the train to Gallup, where Mike had arranged for the rest of the party to meet. There they were joined by the cook and JACK MAXWELL, one of Mike's assistants, and salty old LINK POVAH, a prospector who knew the country.

There also they found an Englishman, RUPERT CAVENDISH, who tried to join their party. After proving he was a good man in a fight, he was allowed to do so, becoming "the Limey" to all.

Up in the canyon country they were caught by a cloudburst and holed up in a cave. During this time Kelsey believed she saw the Limey signaling to someone out of sight. She reported this to Mike, who didn't believe it.

PART FOUR

FOR three days, waiting for roads to dry and become passable, and for streams to subside, the expedition lived as cave dwellers on their shelf of rock. The weather was clear after the rains and the air so crisp that it seemed almost powdery to the touch. There was little to do. Mike Bronson found it difficult to invent tasks to keep the men busy, and they whiled away the time with a dog-eared pack of cards. The Limey and Jack Maxwell sought Kelsey Bobbs' society, and by the end of the second day they commenced to regard each other with unfriendly eyes. Kelsey read the signs and raised a protective barrier. It was the old thing starting over again. Even here in this fastness she could not escape from it. For days she had known a sense of freedom and of serenity and of tremendous relief. But now, again, she was the pursued.

Maxwell was young and intense and direct. The Limey was adroit and devious in his approach to her,

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

but supercilious to his rival. It was a game that almost any girl would have enjoyed, but Kelsey did not enjoy it. It offended her, revolted her. She was aware that it was not herself, her own peculiar and individual attributes, that attracted the two men. It was simply that they were men and she was a girl—the only available girl. They were not individuals; they were males whose primitive urge was to bay after any female who came within reach of their voices. It went further than that. She felt that she was at fault; that, unconsciously, against her will, she gave off some peculiar emanation, more alluring than that of the ordinary girl, that attracted men to her. And she hated herself for it.

She was oddly grateful to Mike Bronson, who remained aloof from her, and, much as she fancied she disliked the young man for his gaucheries, she came to regard him as a sort of refuge because he had not succumbed and because he appeared to be impervious.

So she avoided the Limey and Maxwell to the point of rudeness, and actually sought and found opportunities to be with Mike. Cavendish and Maxwell played a sort of game of chess to detach her and be alone with her. Mike was obvious in his determination to avoid her. Old Man Povah watched the comedy with sardonic eye.

She followed Mike to the portal of the canyon, where he stood leaning against the sandstone wall, looking anxiously at the country below. He was eager to be started, impatient of delay. He turned his head as she came up behind him and his eyes contained no warmth of welcome.

"When can we start again?" she asked.

"You have," he said, "asked me that four times today. The answer is the same. You know it. Why do you follow me about?"

"It is not," she said, "that I love you more, but that I love the Limey and Maxwell less."

"Maybe," he said, "you can see why I was not enthusiastic about your presence in this party. I have enough troubles without being compelled to cope with biology."

"I'm not begging you to cope with anything," she said shortly.

"Next," he said distastefully, "we'll have old man Povah and the other men sitting in a circle around you with their tongues hanging out. Men get on one another's nerves when they are compelled to put up with one another for weeks and months. That's bad enough. But when it is complicated by the presence of a woman, the danger is multiplied. Next thing they'll be flying at one another's throats."

"It's not my fault," she said in weak defense.

"It's your fault for being where you don't belong," he answered.

"At least," she said bitterly, "you don't join in the hunt."

"I hope I make that apparent."

"To my great satisfaction," Kelsey said.

"You don't really have to make it worse," he told her.

"How," she asked, "do I make it worse? I do everything I can to repel them. I hate it."

"So," he said with sarcasm, "you spill oil on the fire by adding a touch of mystery."

"Mystery!" she exclaimed.

"Those damned dark-lensed spectacles," he said. "You have every man wondering why you wear them, and what is hidden by them. They can see how tall you are and how wide. It is apparent that you have a feminine figure which a great many men would consider attractive. The bottom part of your face looks as if you might be rather pretty. But you wear a mask, so they have to guess about how pretty you are and what your eyes look like. A dratted mystery." He frowned at her. "What's the big idea? What's the matter with your eyes? Are they cocked?"

Kelsey resorted to flippancy. "*Si ton ami est borgne,*" she said pertly, "*regardez le profil.*"

"I understand French," he said, "even the more trite aphorisms. This one does not apply. 'If your friend has only one eye, look at his profile' has nothing to do with the case. I'll make up one myself that fits: 'If you want to set people hunting for something, make it evident you have hidden it.'"

Her hand went up to her glasses, and for an instant it seemed that she was about to snatch them off. But she compressed her lips and let her hand fall. "No," she said. "No. No." And then, "Listen, Mike"—it was the first time she ever had called him Mike—"let me stay here. I won't talk or bother. Just let me stay here. They'll leave me alone. I won't ask questions. I won't say a word. Just let me stay."

He turned his body slowly and stared down at her.

"Is this," he demanded, "a pass?"

"It's not. I promise it's not. I—I detest you. I wouldn't make a pass at you. If you were the last man alive, I wouldn't."

He continued to stare at her in puzzled silence, and then he shrugged his shoulders. "All right," he said. He spoke colloquially for the first time in her hearing, and not with that touch of the pedantic that marked his common speech. "All right. Stick around. But keep your trap shut. I want to think."

A strong breeze stirred the gnarled cedars. From the talk of the men, Kelsey knew this would help to dry the roads and make them passable. Not, she thought, looking through the portal, that there was much road to dry—a track over which unshod Indian ponies had passed or Navajo wagons carting wool to the trading post.

"Your friend Skillman," Mike said after a time, "will be on his way to Kayenta. He has a decent road, passable to motorcars. It's the entrance to Monument Valley. You can reach Betatakin Cave and the ruins from there. But at Kayenta he will have to take to horses. It is possible he will arrive there before us."

"Then what?" she asked.

"They will head to the northeast, following the general line of Tyende Creek toward Mexican Water. Somewhere in that region they will leave the train. Prospectors do not scratch for minerals along the roadside. If there were mysterious *torreones* along a path even slightly traveled, they would have been reported. Only Big-Nose Kelly knows where that spot may be. If Skillman has left Kayenta when we arrive, we must keep on his heels. If he has not come, we must wait for him."

"With," said Kelsey, "the strictly legal intention of kidnaping Kelly back again."

"Exactly," Mike answered.

"Whereupon," Kelsey speculated, "they will have to snatch him from us, and so on and so on, back and forth."

"Once we get possession of Kelly," he said grimly, "we will keep him."

"But what is to stop their following us?"

"That," he said, "is precisely the point I am considering. I shall have to devise an expedient to discourage them. An ore body worth, perhaps, millions of dollars is the prize in this contest. I've heard of men getting rough with one another when much less was at stake."

She studied him and was doubtful. "Just how rough, crude and uncultured are you prepared to become?" she asked.

"I fancy," he said, "I shall be able to cut my manners to fit longitude and latitude. I see nothing resembling a drawing room in our vicinity. My acquaintance with the book of etiquette is so slight—as you once pointed out—that I shall be able to forget it."

"What makes you think," she asked, "that you can come up to such specifications? Oh, I know you had a dandy fight in Gallup. But outside of that, what war were you ever in? I once heard a wise man say that no man is grown up until he has struck his enemy and kissed his woman."

Kelsey regretted this as soon as she had said it. It was provocative, and she had not meant to be that. Far from it.

He, however, chose to answer seriously. "It is not necessary," he said, "to strike a man in order to know that you can do so if required. It is equally unnecessary to kiss a woman in order to know, if you desired to do so, that you could kiss her thoroughly."

"You've thought about it then?" she asked curiously.

"I," he said, "am introspective by nature. I have spent many hours alone and have found it profitable to study myself.

(Continued on Page 65)

Mr. Povah said, "Take me, I was into one of them bathtubs once. Felt kind of ridic'lous."

POST SCRIPTS

The Mog in the Danger

MODERN SPOONERISM
BY COLONEL STOOPNAGLE

EARLY in the signteenth netchury, long before the Wivil Sore, it seems a dasty nog was mying in a lainjer on some nice high dray. He might have been a Poaberman Dinscher, or a Spocker Caniel, or even a Baint Sernard, but he wasn't—he was a cross between a tull barrier, a Bench frull and a Papanese joodle. Now the slay on which he was heeping was for attle to keat, not for slogs to deep on, and when four gentle Coalstein hows came in to hibbie on the nay, the snog dapped at them until he almost croave them drazy. "What a belfish seast," said a gert named Cowtrude. (Imagine a spow keaking!) "Here, indeed, is a kasty naracter! Feat is his mood, yet we, to whom hay means dife or leth, must stand here and practically herrish with punger."

And the storal to this mory is: If you happen to be hond of fay for sunch or lupper, you are cobably a prow; but if you like it for purping sleeposes only, then you are either a dan or a mog.

Dillingham Sawbumble Catches 1,652,440 Winks

THE Dillingham Sawbumbles hadn't been married long when Letitia Sawbumble discovered that it was just the weensiest bit difficult to awaken Dillingham in the morning. About as difficult, say, as it would be to get Tutankhamen up on his feet and ready to catch the 7:56 Interurban.

Alarm clocks had no effect on Dillingham. Letitia had twenty-two alarm clocks stashed around the bedroom. At night she wound and set all of them to go off at 6:45 A.M. People living four blocks away would leap from bed at 6:45 yelling where was the fire? Must be a dinger with all those bells and sirens! Not so, Dillingham. "Love Wagner's music," he'd mumble, and slumber on.

The weather was cold, so Letitia tried yanking all the covers off Dillingham, figuring that when icicles formed on his toes, he'd hit the floor. Unh-uh! He curled up like a two-dollar permanent and muttered, "Never make Nome in this snowstorm! But the serum's gotta go through! Giddap, Rover!"

Once Letitia dumped a bucket of water on her drowsy spouse. He spluttered, "Man the lifeboats, boys! Abandon ship! No, not me, lads. Captain goes down with his ship!" So Dillingham went down with his ship, and saved himself the trouble of paddling ashore and having to wake up.

Letitia was getting desperate. Next morning she built a fire under Dillingham's trundle. She succeeded in scorching one perfectly good mattress and wringing from her mate's smiling lips the words, "Again! Kiss me again, Hedy!"

As a last effort, Letitia fired a pistol not a foot away from Dillingham's head. Her aim was poor and she missed him. But between snores he gasped, "Ya got me!" Then, dreaming he was dead, that's what he slept like.

Letitia gave up. "He can sleep," she said, "until the cows come home."

As a matter of fact authoritative sources report that any number of cows came home that day without disturbing Dillingham.

Hours later, Letitia went into the bedroom for a pin. Dillingham and Morpheus were still in a huddle. Letitia found the pin, but accidentally dropped it. It landed on the floor, "Plink!"

Dillingham came to with a howl. "Whut'sat noise?" he demanded. "Howya specta manta sleep with that racket going on? Huh? Whutim'sit? Whyncha call me?"

—GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH.

Clang, Clang, Clang, Went My Folly

THERE are a number of different kinds of bells, including sleigh, fire, dumb and school. There are also two-mile bells, but until I saw the Government advertise them for sale as surplus at five dollars each, I didn't know what a two-mile bell was. Also I didn't know when I was well off.

I hesitated to bring up a thing like this while the war was on, as it might have interfered with the war effort, but now I can say that I have been badly taken by the Government. Oh, I admit that the advertisements didn't come right out and say that a two-mile bell was the kind of thing you couldn't have too many of, but it was implied all right.

"Use it to bring in the cattle," the advertisement said. "Use it as a decoration or have it on hand for celebrations." But no warning, mind you, that it had an effect on your neighbors. A terrible effect.

I rang it the first time in the living room of my apartment, and though it didn't bring in any cattle, it did bring in a series of threatening telephone calls from the people above and below me. I could tell that the man downstairs had been reading too much about the atomic bomb, because the first thing he did was to complain about the "secondary radiation."

"I didn't mind the sound when it first rang," he said excitedly, "but it's been echoing now for forty-five minutes, and the windowpanes have started vibrating, and my cocker spaniel has begun to howl, and you know how my wife gets when things like this ——"

I interrupted him at this point. "You're still having a hard time giving up stimulants, aren't you, old man?" I said very calmly.

That seemed to upset him more than ever, and after muttering something to the effect that an insane person could escape detection for years if he lived in our building, he hung up.

The lady upstairs called, but she was so incoherent that I don't know yet what she was trying to say. It sounded like she was blowing bubbles or perhaps breaking in a new set of teeth, but I couldn't be sure. I tried to reason with her, but I didn't get to first base.

The manager called too. "Shall I send a little truck to get that bell or a big truck to get your furniture?" he asked. "Just say which, and don't bother to waste words."

Later that evening, my doorbell rang and when I answered it, I found a small man standing there, obviously upset and shaking like a palm tree in a trade wind.

"They told me the bell is here," he said haltingly, "but I don't believe it. I live over in the next block. My ears are still ringing."

I glanced at his ears and then remarked jokingly, "They don't appear to be." It's surprising how easy it is to misjudge the strength of a small man.

I haven't rung the bell since, and tomorrow the whole episode will be closed when I drive out in the country and toss the bell into a ravine. And do you know how far I'm going to drive? Two miles or more.

—CASKIE STINNETT.

"Surely you don't believe *him?*"

"WOULDN'T I BE SILLY TO MAKE IT MYSELF?"

"Go to all that bother . . . when Campbell's is so homey and nourishing? Not me!"

"When I was a little girl I remember we always made our own vegetable soup. Mother used to devote just hours to it. But one day when she was rushed, she tried Campbell's Vegetable Soup. My dad's not so easy to please, but he ate a bowlful, and then another. Since then Mother has served Campbell's . . . and Dad's been as pleased as a kid!

"I'm married now myself and — well, we young-marrieds all feel that same way. I mean why bother to make vegetable soup when Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so wonderful — a grand-tasting beef stock and all those fifteen garden vegetables. Why, every time I serve it my husband says: 'Gosh, darling, this is really swell!' And what better music can a wife hear than that? Now I ask you!"

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

He let her alone, beyond giving her what he termed a perfectly good shoulder to weep on.

THE YELLOW ROOM

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

PART EIGHT

DANE had obtained Marguerite's former address from Mrs. Gates before he left. Now, because he felt that action—any action—was imperative, he drove there. It was a typical boarding-house, with a pleasant little rotund woman in charge.

"Yes, she lived here," she said. "I told the police all I knew. There's no use going up to her room either. They searched it, and I have a nice schoolteacher in it now."

"I don't want to look at the room," he said, to her evident relief. "I'd like to talk about Marguerite Barbour herself."

She led him into a small neat parlor and sat down.

"I'll tell you all I know," she said. "I didn't like her. I keep a respectable house, and she—well, I had my doubts about her. But when she came she was going to have a baby." The landlady flushed delicately. "She's dead," she said. "I'm not saying any evil about her. Anyhow, she had money of her own. She said it was an allowance from an uncle, but when I think of it, that's queer. No uncle has turned up since."

"I see," Dane said thoughtfully. "This uncle—did she ever say anything about him?"

"No. I think he came to see her once about two years ago. I wasn't here, but the maid told me."

Dane considered that. "Old or young?"

"She didn't say."

"This sum of money every month—she might have been blackmailing somebody," he suggested.

The landlady had never thought of that, although she wouldn't put it past her. Asked as to where the letters came from, she said she hadn't noticed, but the last one had arrived about the first week in June. She thought it came from Maine. There had been none since.

As Dane limped out to his waiting cab he realized that under his veneer of cool impassivity he was excited. The dates, the clues all fitted. He needed only one fact to complete his evidence, and he got it by long distance that night.

IT was Monday night when he got out of the plane and saw Alex's disapproving eye in the glare of the car's headlights. The heat, even at that hour, was appalling, New England going through its brief but annual hot spell. It was like being plunged into a Turkish bath, and he said so as Alex stowed away his bag.

"Better over by the sea, sir," Alex said dryly. "What you been doing to that leg?"

"The leg's all right. I'm tired, that's all."

Alex glanced at him. Dane's lean, stern face looked tired and there were new lines in it, but Alex thought it best to ignore them. In answer to questions, he made his usual brief replies. Nobody had been seen around Crestview. The redhead had gone home. Mrs. Hilliard was still in the hospital, but he'd heard she was up and around. Hilliard himself had gone. As for Floyd, he was strutting around so puffed up he'd had to let his belt out.

It was too late to see Carol. But Alex's statement about the heat had proved erroneous. He did not go to bed. Instead he changed into slacks and a thin sleeveless jersey, and went out of the house. For some reason he felt uneasy. He lit a cigarette and, wandering over to Crestview, found Tim near the lane. He was standing there gazing up the road, and Dane's silent approach made him jump and grab for his gun. He smiled sheepishly when he saw in the starlight who it was.

"Hell!" he said disgustedly. "My nerves are about shot. How long am I to keep this up?"

"Anything new?"

"I think we've located Greg Spencer in New York the night of the murder. Not sure yet, but it looks like it."

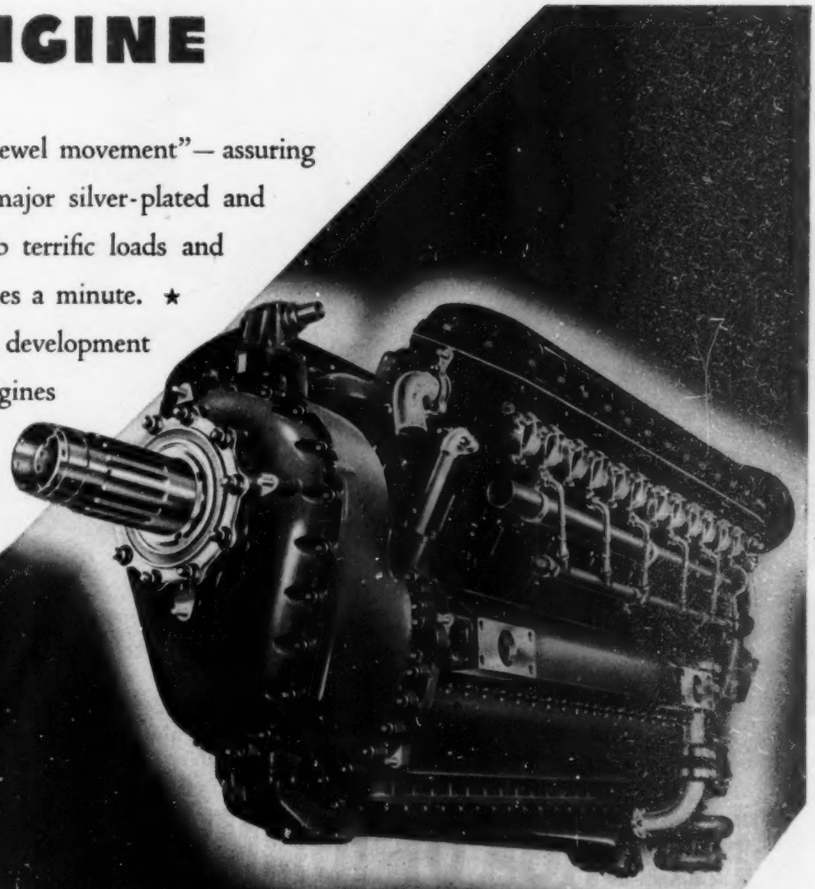
Dane nodded. "That's a big help," he said. "What were you watching when I came up?"

(Continued on Page 119)

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

21 JEWEL ENGINE

Like a fine watch, the Allison engine has a "21-jewel movement"— assuring dependability and long life. The jewels are the major silver-plated and copper-lead cast sleeve-type bearings, which absorb terrific loads and high temperatures from shafts revolving 3,000 times a minute. ★ Twenty years ago, Allison engineers pioneered the development of higher-precision sleeve-type bearings to enable engines to develop higher horsepower. Today, installed in virtually every aircraft engine made in this country—as well as Allison—these bearings have made good—at horsepowers far beyond the dreams of the Allison pioneers. ★ Now Allison bearings are available for other fine engines and machines to serve a world at peace.



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INTERNATIONAL

Corcoran used to say that if you keep a husband in a conference until 1 A.M. he will agree to anything. Now married to the former Margaret Dowd, Tommy presumably is a target for his own dictum.

THE SAGA OF TOMMY THE CORK

By ALVA JOHNSTON

As one of President Roosevelt's policy makers, Thomas G. Corcoran was once a talented baiter of big business. Now he is the recipient of some of its richest rewards.

III

TOMMY CORCORAN'S greatness was foreseen twenty years ago by his contemporaries in the Harvard Law School. Born at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, on December 29, 1900, he was graduated from Brown University in 1922, and spent four years at Harvard, taking an LL.B. degree in 1925 and an S.J.D. in 1926. He impressed both his fellow students and his professors with his ability and his astonishing industry. He had no false modesty. When he was Note Editor on the Harvard Law Review, he said, half jocularly: "I just wrote a Note that will be quoted by the Supreme Court someday."

He told cronies that his original ambition had been to be a great writer, but he decided it was more sensible to become a great corporation lawyer. He had complete confidence that he was destined to be one of the greatest directing brains of American finance and industry.

After his final year at Harvard, Tommy spent a year in Washington as secretary to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes—a coveted honor. In 1927 he joined Cotton & Franklin, a big corporation law firm in New York, and distinguished himself by his industry and legal promise.

In New York, Tommy played the stock market. At one time he told friends he was $250,000 ahead. But he outgambled himself and was taken to the cleaners. There has always been a tendency to ascribe some of the ferocity of Tommy's leadership in the New Deal's long war against business to his suffering in Wall Street; but that belongs to the science of mind-reading. Corporation law was in a lugubrious slump in 1932, and Tommy was glad to become a lawyer for RFC under the Hoover Administration.

Tommy's fortunes took a sudden upturn one day in 1933 when Justice Frankfurter, then a Harvard professor, introduced him to Dr. Raymond Moley, one of the President's chief advisers. On Frankfurter's recommendation, Moley made Tommy a sort of confidential assistant. Tommy was dynamite—an idea man, a dogged worker, a singer, piano player, and absolute maestro on the combined harmonica and accordion. He was equally equipped to be the life of an evening or the spark plug of a cause. On one fateful day Moley introduced him at the White House. Within a fairly short time Moley was out, and Tommy was in.

Soon, as a close adviser to President Roosevelt and a trusted trouble shooter and fixer, he became one of the most powerful men in Washington. And when, in the end, he was gradually discarded as a White House policy maker, he became instead the greatest wirepuller in history. He told the Truman Committee that he had tried to be helpful to as many as fifty people in a day in their efforts to gain one objective or another.

There was an interim period when Tommy had no job, yet was busier than ever. He would flash into conferences in Government offices and hotel rooms, deliver a muffled rat-tat-tat of instructions into a few important ears, and disappear, leaving everybody sparked up and the atmosphere crackling. A slight electric storm always preceded, accompanied and followed him. A restaurant or hotel lobby would buzz with routine dialogue: "He's on his way here," "He's just outside," "Here he is," "That's him," and Tommy would come Paul Revereing in, followed by key men, protégés and favor seekers.

In time it occurred to Tommy that he might as well be a professional good Samaritan instead of an amateur, and he went into the commercial production of good deeds—largely for big corporations. Several such good deeds were described in the two previous articles of this series. In his early thirties, Tommy had given an impressive demonstration of what a young man can still do in America—skyrocketing to a position high in the command of the ship of state.

In his early forties, he gave another impressive lesson to ambitious youth—skyrocketing to the top rank of the high-paid lawyers of the nation.

Both in and out of Government, Tommy's career is a textbook on the science of getting ahead. It is doubly valuable because, as Tommy himself has been in the habit of emphasizing, it contains startling chapters on what to avoid as well as on what to do. Its strongest warning notes are "Don't have too many irons in the fire!" and "Don't annoy the senators!" Tommy safely walked all over congressmen, but he was nearly ruined when he annoyed senators.

Tommy's good Samaritanship has been suspected of having a basis of self-interest. Some of his critics think he practiced systematic helpfulness with the idea of cashing in on the gratitude that would be due him. This theory is rejected by those who have known Tommy for a long time. Tommy was always helpful. It was an instinct with him. He spent much of his time at the Harvard Law School helping puzzled students.

A New-Deal Moses

BY constantly clarifying the law to his baffled classmates, he became a master clarifier. In his last years at Harvard, he was practically a professor. He supported himself by giving lectures to students at two dollars a head on the art of examination passing. He could take a four-pound treatise on law and cover the high spots in an evening. Tommy had hardly landed a job for himself in a Wall Street law office in 1927 when he started operating a free employment bureau for other law graduates. He resembled Alexander Woollcott, who found life dull unless he was managing the lives of flocks of ugly ducklings.

Tommy blossomed into importance when he, with the help of Benjamin V. Cohen, wrote much of the first New Deal legislation and then devoted his charm and energy to driving it through Congress. He was a master of the technique of getting things done. Washington veterans regard the early Corcoran period as the golden age of the New Deal. You still hear them say: "Tommy ought to be back in the Government. Things were better when he was here."

Besides riding roughshod over Congress, Tommy found time to sing chanteys and Gilbert and Sullivan for the President, and to "Corcoranize" Washington by appointing Tommy Corcoran men to key posts in the new agencies and old departments.

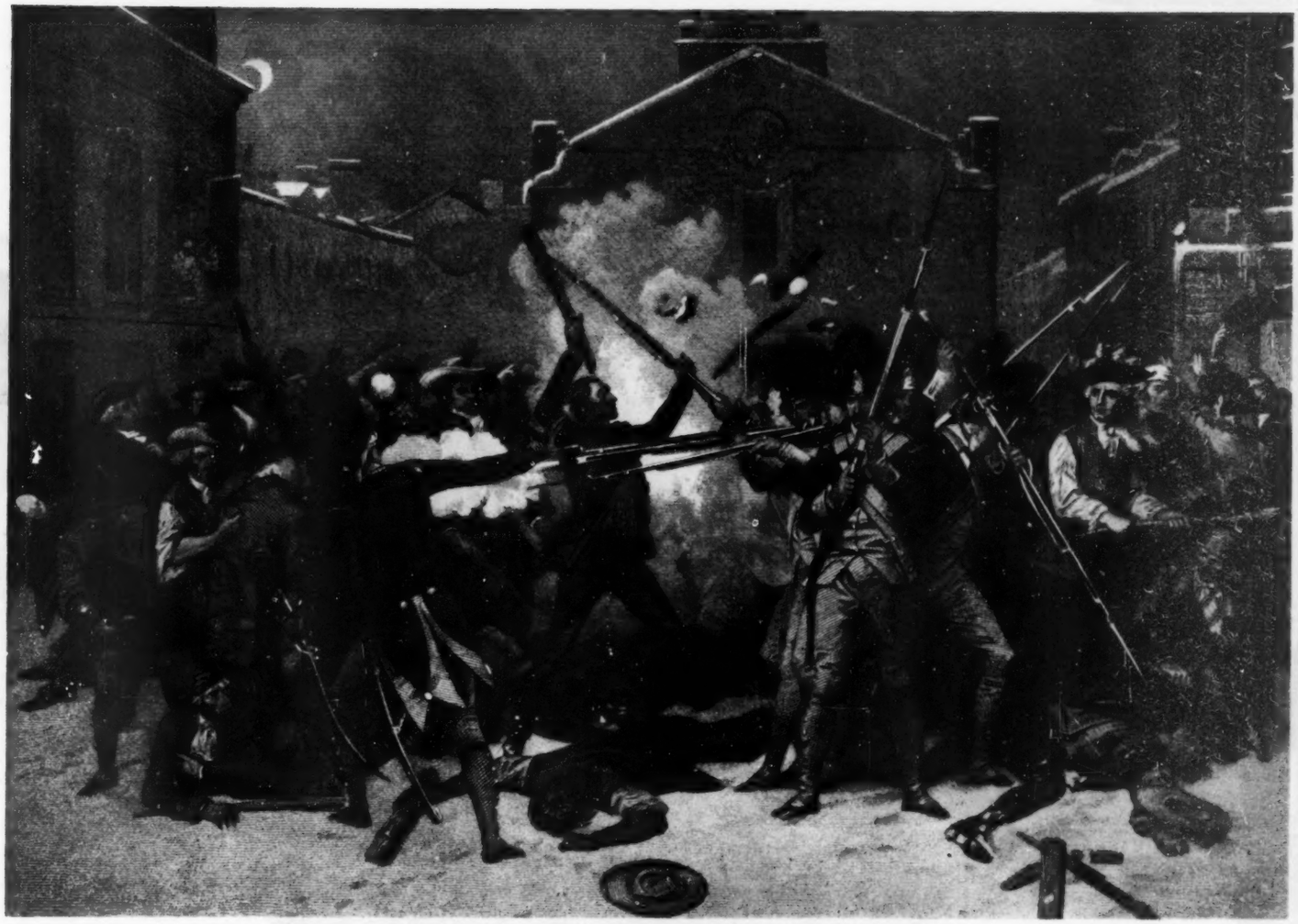
Tommy had a message. In his own person and in those of his followers, he taught the gospel that America needed young, highly trained public servants. In a way, the Corcoranite movement exposed the fact that the nation had not evolved the proper educational institutions to train men for Governmental careers. Tommy recruited his new public-servant aristocracy mainly from law schools—young men with a highly specialized and somewhat one-sided training, which did not prove to be the ideal equipment for Government officials.

The worst of the young appointees were the vocabulary-proud youth—the boys who expressed themselves in a kind of learned baby talk full of technical terms picked up in their college courses.

Congressmen and businessmen complained that you needed an interpreter to make out what some of the new talent were trying to say. Most of the youngsters got over the infantile passion for long words. On the whole, the young Corcoranites were conceded to be better than those cleared through the regular political machinery.

Crusading for New Deal causes in the '30's was a twenty-four-hour-a-day job, as Corcoran saw it. He regarded marriage as a debacle, because domesticity gummed up the twenty-four-hour-a-day schedule. "You can't marry and

(Continued on Page 47)



Before Boston fought with snowballs, he fought for jobs!

WHEN DOCTOR BAKER STARTED his chocolate-grinding business way back in 1765, you would have said he had every right to be discouraged. Massachusetts was just beginning to dig itself out of the depression that followed the French and Indian War. And anyone with a New England nose could smell plenty of trouble ahead . . . the Tea Party, the Boston Massacre, where patriots pitted snowballs against muskets, all were predictable in the gale of rebellion that raged over tyrannous "Taxation without representation."

But Doctor Baker went ahead, and somehow, kept his head and his business throughout these times that tried men's souls.

Thus, Baker's Chocolate began. It was a small beginning, true; but one which helped provide jobs where no jobs existed before, jobs for Washington's Continentals home from Yorktown. Here began a business that grew to make work for exporters and importers, shippers and stevedores, wholesale and retail grocers, cooks, bakers, and candymakers.

Here were jobs that meant pay and purchasing power, that contributed to a prosperity that gave America a standard of living without equal in the world.

With the end of the war, making jobs . . . employment for all who want to work . . . is our most urgent problem. Will these jobs be made the American way, by enterprise and initiative in expanding going businesses and starting new ones?

They can be, if the necessary rules and regulations which govern business encourage enterprise and promise fair rewards to the Doctor Bakers of today. If not, the alternative would probably be Government relief projects to make up the jobs, perhaps yours among them.

How jobs will be made is, in the final analysis, partly in your hands. For, through your opinions as expressed to friends and neighbors, and through your vote for your elected representatives in government . . . you help make the rules and regulations under which business operates.

So, inform yourself on proposed legislative measures which might affect jobs. Ask yourself, "Will this measure result in making more jobs the way America wants jobs made?"

Upon the decisions you make and the action you take may depend the future of your country and the future of your job.

A Step Toward Making Jobs

Do you know about C. E. D.—the Committee for Economic Development?

It is a nonprofit, nonpolitical organization, formed three years ago by American businessmen. Its purpose is to encourage every business, large or small, to plan boldly and prepare *now* for the production and distribution of needed civilian goods . . . and thus to speed reconversion and provide post-war employment without serious interruption.

General Foods is working with C. E. D., and urges that you do, too. There are C. E. D. committees in 2,900 counties and communities. Whether you have a factory, store, or other business, your local committee will give you all possible help in carrying on your post-war planning. Check with C. E. D. *now*.

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE  IS A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS—AND AMERICAN ENTERPRISE

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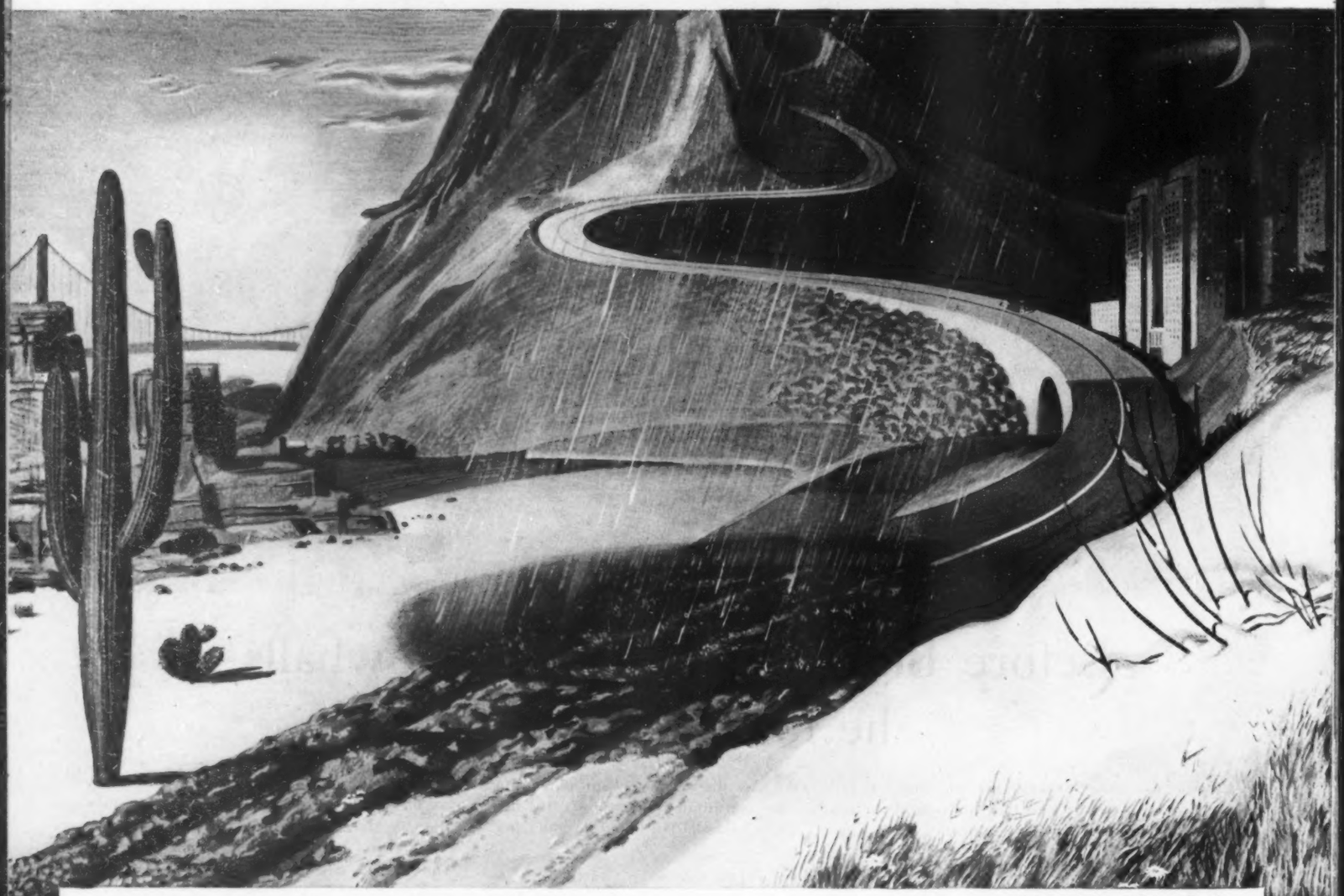

An artist telescopes into a single picture many different conditions under which road-testing is done

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Imagination never stops testing, improving, developing. You'll see its results in our new cars and trucks—better performance, safety, comfort and value.

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A REPUBLICAN WORKER LOOKS AT HIS PARTY

(Continued from Page 15)

politicians as circus people dread fire and wind. Above all, friendliness is the touchstone in the precinct. One of Lincoln's stories illustrated it exactly, ending: "If you want to get somebody to do something for you, you must first convince him that you are his friend."

Republican lions, growling at the ringmaster, have eyed one another suspiciously. In Congress, the tendency of each individual to run off on his own way has been marked. In Illinois, the Republican state ticket was not advertised as a unit; each candidate had his own billboards. Whether it was true or not, the Democrats in Chicago twitted the head man on the Republican county ticket for not allowing himself, in his speeches, to mention any candidate but himself.

This business of generosity—of bringing coal, Christmas baskets and real assistance to those out of luck—has always been the trade of the local politician. With the overwhelming depression and large-scale relief in the 1930's, much giving was taken over by social workers, but the theory is still the mainspring of politics. In the noses of most people, relief payments, social security and minimum wages vaguely smell of the Democratic Party. The Republicans fouled themselves by throwing mud over all legislation of the helping hand without presenting alternative schemes to accomplish the same ends. Many voters believe that the Democrats tried to pass something to the underdog, and the Republicans tried to block them. Thus the Republican Party, to many emotionally minded, is the "corporation" party of the selfish.

During the great depression, if President Hoover, instead of ordering the jobless veterans out of Washington, had walked through their camp passing out bills and had offered to finance their transportation out of Washington at his own expense, he would have relighted the halo he originally secured by feeding the multitudes in Europe after World War I. Though it might not have been successful, this attempt would have taken the sting out of subsequent events.

Instead, he handled the situation by force and thus made millions feel that—regardless of the merits of the controversy—he was cold and hard. An expenditure of some thousands of dollars from his private purse would have been the best public-relations expenditure in history, for that story of a President's generosity would have gone around the world and into every schoolboy's head, like Abraham Lincoln's pardons. In any event, Hoover's attitude—which to many of us seemed too uncompromising—shut him out of many American hearts forever.

As to sincerity, the Republicans have got to do something to prove they are honestly anxious to help. And this is why I complain of the know-how of the present Republican leaders. After many Republican congressmen had bayoneted war measures such as Lend-Lease, Governor Dewey's speeches, though quite sincere, sounded hollow when he spoke out for these measures and asked for leadership of the war-making effort. After many Republican senators had turned thumbs down on social legislation, many people did not believe Dewey when he approved the whole program just before the 1944 elections. Precinct workers cannot convince their voters of the sincerity of the Republican Party if Republican leaders act as Hoover did against the veterans. The prima donnas are not singing from the same hymnbook as the party workers.

An attempt now to outdo New Deal spending by handouts of cash or by larger subsidies than those now in existence would be a serious mistake. Since 1932 the drift, under Democratic left-wing leaders, has been toward the Government supporting the individual. This is contrary to what has been the underlying philosophy of this country since its political infancy under the guidance of George Washington. The individual and not the Government has been the big boss. The Republican Party stands for this original American theory that the individual citizen supports himself first, and then the Government, and this philosophy can be carried further to meet the economic postwar problems *sans* doles or public ownership.

The attitude of the Republican high command toward social legislation has been contrary to the underlying current of popular feeling. A change in leadership, however, should not mean greater almsgiving.

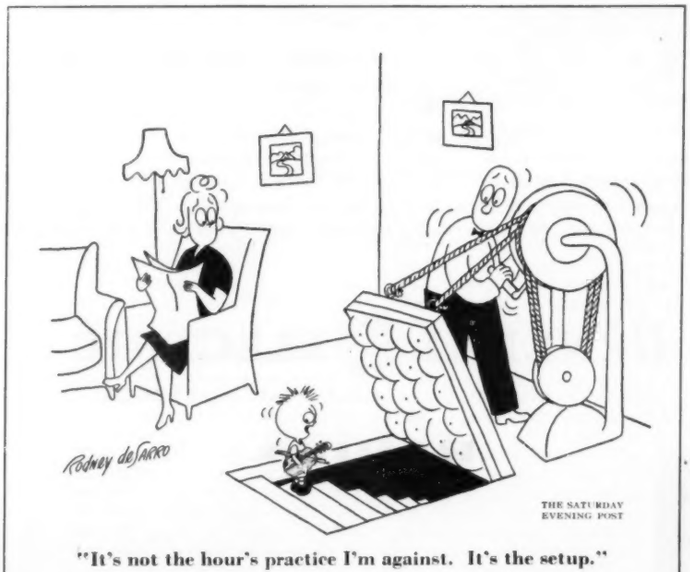
The Republican Party needs leaders who are willing to listen to sounds from below; who can feel the human emotional currents agitating the voters; and who can build listening posts in precincts and counties. Such are the characteristics of political know-how lacking in the Republican high command. It is humble-mindedness that is so rare. In some places, a new man—often a young man, dazzled by sudden power—has come to the conclusion that he alone has all the answers and requires the advice of neither the ward and county committeemen nor the precinct captains. In others, an old man walled in by self-satisfaction has brushed aside evidence, clear to ward and county workers, that the electorate holds opinions which do not coincide with his personal prejudices. There are still Republicans with party authority who term all persons supporting any unemployment compensation "Communists."

If Republicans want to regain the confidence of their fellow citizens, they cannot follow that leader who deliberately sets his own prejudices above the obvious preferences of the great mass of voters.

This is just ordinary practical politics. Here is an example from the facts of election history. Chairman Farley, before the election in 1936, was able to predict accurately that the Republicans would lose all the states except Maine and Vermont, because he knew the Democratic state chairmen, his county chairmen and thousands of local leaders who, day after day, sent in reports on conditions they knew at first hand. In that same campaign, Chairman Hamilton tried to substitute oratorical efforts for thoroughgoing local organization. He did not build up listening posts; he did not feel the emotional currents inside the voters—and he lost every state but Maine and Vermont.

Of course, this organization of ward and county workers is only political technique—important because there is a major program which can be put through only by this technique. That major program cannot be discussed adequately here; it requires separate treatment. Emphasis on local organization cannot substitute for intelligent handling of issues. The Republican Party must put forward a definite, progressive, understandable program. This program must discharge the obligation of the country to the veteran without pauperizing him; it must solve the problem of unemployment without making the worker the creature of the state; it must correct the abuses of business without prescribing an operation from which the patient dies. But no matter how good such a program may be, it can be put into effect only by a technique adjusted to the democratic process. The precinct worker must carry something in his mind as well as in his heart when he walks up the front steps to the doorbell.

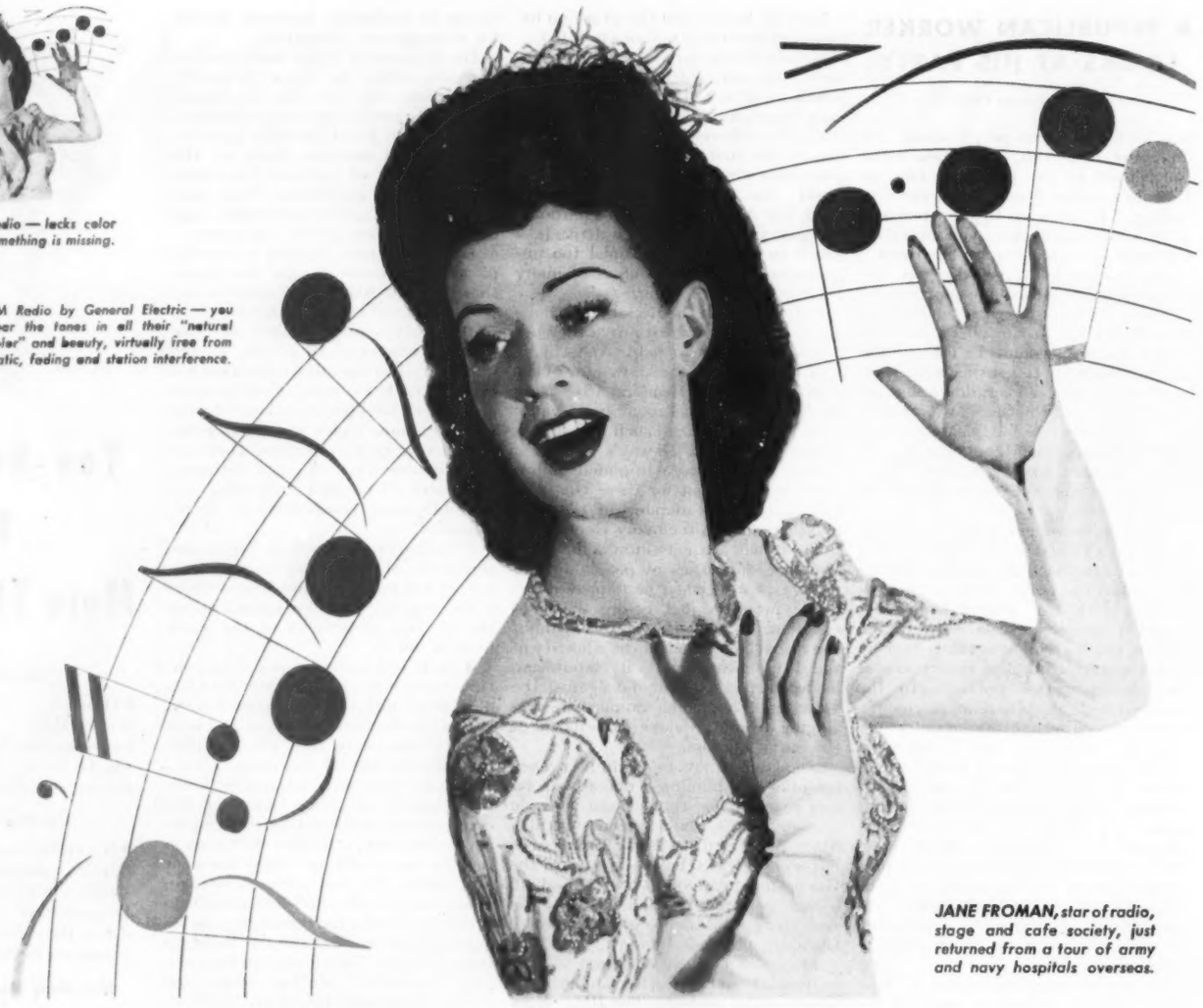
The Republican Party will have to spend much time and money to build adequate county and precinct organizations, but unless it does, it will not regain the confidence either of the returning veterans or of the all-important housewives. Without sympathetic contacts with local workers, it will never gain a friendly understanding of the needs of the neighborhoods. The Republican Party can win only if it can live and breathe from top to bottom a generous and sincere desire to help the individual voter.



"It's not the hour's practice I'm against. It's the setup."

Conventional Radio — lacks color and richness. Something is missing.

FM Radio by General Electric — you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty, virtually free from static, fading and station interference.



***JANE FROMAN,** star of radio, stage and cafe society, just returned from a tour of army and navy hospitals overseas.*

Lovelier than ever—Jane Froman in natural color tone on a great new radio

AT LAST, all the charm—all the irresistible appeal of Jane Froman's voice will be yours to enjoy. On the coming General Electric radio, you'll hear her as though she stood within the very room.

Revolutionary New Developments

In the revolutionary new General Electric, new electronic discoveries—new G-E developments fling wide the gates to a new world of enjoyment. Never before have there been such radios . . . responsive to every delicate shading of voice and instrument . . . recreating every note and syllable with a new vibrancy . . . a glorious new realism.

"Natural Color" Tone Gives New Realism

Now you will hear music in all its radiant beauty. You'll marvel at the miracle of General Electric "natural color" tone — bass deeper than conventional radios can reproduce—full rounded middle register—delicate shimmering overtones. All that the composer dreamed is yours through the magic of General Electric FM, just as the artists interpret it. And this glorious "natural color" tone comes to you unbelievably freed from the annoyance of static. Fading and station interference, too, now are reduced to the vanishing point.

Whether you want a radio or radio-phonograph—an attractive table model or a fine period console —you'll discover that the coming General Electric radios surpass your greatest expectations.

Everything in Radio and Television

Coming also are the revolutionary self-charging G-E portables, radio-phonographs with the amazing new G-E Electronic reproducer that reveals new beauty in recorded music, and television receivers by General Electric with pictures large enough for the most spacious living room. You'll want a General Electric because you want the finest.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-910

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

RADIOS

FOOTBALL'S SUPERSALESMAN

(Continued from Page 27)

commissionership—to an estimated $15,000 a year. There was to be no check on his selection of assistant coaches—the men who are largely responsible for the head man's tactical success on the field. And he demanded, and got, a firm hand free of Fielding H. Yost's interference in football, as well as the promise that he would be appointed athletic director when Yost reached the retirement age of seventy in 1942.

Yost's dominating influence at Michigan for almost forty years was actually the deterrent that made Crisler hesitate to accept the bid.

A strong, commanding personality, Fielding Yost was the power behind the three football coaches who succeeded him after 1923 and he made certain that they played his football and followed his policies.

Yost, fighting Crisler's appointment, tried to see that the job went to George Veenker, one of his old boys who became athletic director at Iowa State College. The alumni angle, as usual, was dragged in by the heels. There was a lingering resentment among old Michiganders against any Chicago man. In the dim, dark ages, Stagg's 1905 team broke Michigan's remarkable undefeated streak of fifty-six consecutive games by winning, 2–0, and that game still rankled in aged bosoms at Ann Arbor. No one had to brief Crisler on all the implications of the job while Yost still occupied the front office, and he demanded that the old man clearly understand he was to be the boss.

Michigan acceded to every condition because it had a peculiar public-relations job which only Crisler could handle. Michigan always has had higher academic standards than any other school in the Western Conference, with the exception of Chicago. To matriculate at Ann Arbor, a high-school student must have "done work appreciably higher than the average." In practical application, this means a student must be in the upper third of his class with an over-all average of 83 to 85 per cent. Such rigorous requirements eliminate many outstanding athletes, and competition on and off the field is intense in the Big Ten, perennially the toughest football league in the country.

Another factor complicating life for Michigan coaches is the nature of the alumni, who make up a more cosmopolitan group than the alumni of most Middle Western colleges. The majority—55 per cent of 115,000 graduates—live outside the state, and they do not leap off tall buildings when the team happens to lose a game. They'll become aroused at a protracted slump, as they did when Harry Kipke, Crisler's predecessor, had four straight bad seasons, but, in the main, their attitude toward football is pretty sane. There are exceptions, of course, but Michigan's lily-white purity keeps them in line.

Dr. Ralph Aigler, dean of the law school and the university's faculty representative on the Western Conference, is an indefatigable bird dog in tracking down skulduggery and sly evasions of the amateur code.

An uncompromising attitude toward football tramps taking snap courses in dendrology and appreciation of music

(Continued on Page 41)

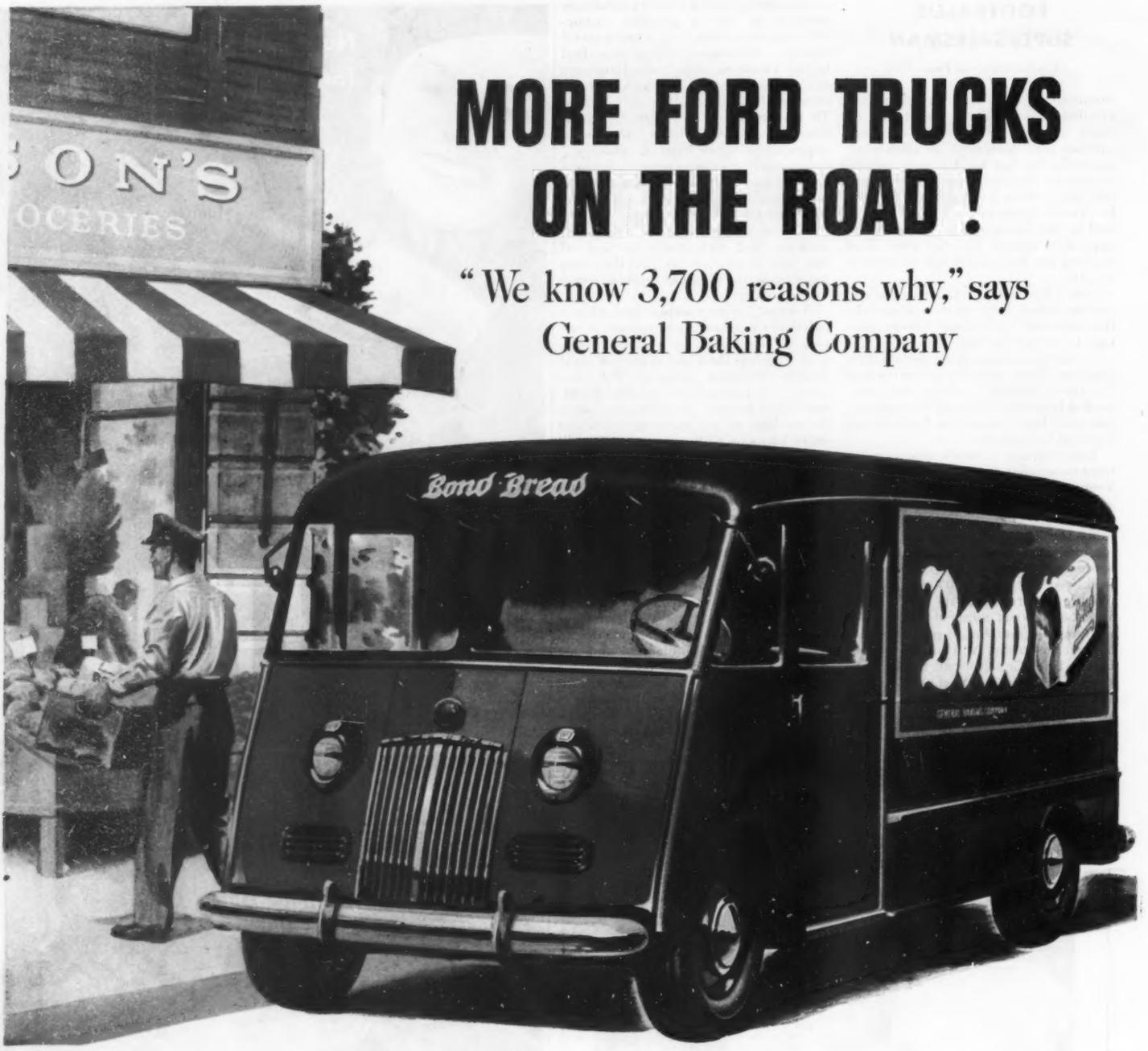
My Favorite Movie Scene

By ELIZABETH TAYLOR

I ESPECIALLY loved that scene in Lost Angel in which Mike (James Craig) and Alpha (Margaret O'Brien) are reunited after the reporter has decided he wouldn't be responsible for taking care of the little girl and has made her go back to the institution from which she has run away. You remember that Alpha had been brought up by some scientists to prove they could make her know more than most children do. They taught her all about history and arithmetic and foreign languages and such things, but wouldn't let her have pets or believe in magic or fairies or have any real fun. Then Mike comes to interview her, and tells her about flying carpets and magic lights and other enchantments, and afterward she runs away alone into the city to see these lovely things, and she finds Mike and he takes her to stay in his room that night. But Mike wants to be free of anybody who depends on him, doesn't even want a wife and home, so that he won't admit he loves Katie (Marsha Hunt), who loves him. So he takes the little girl back to the institution. But the faith and love he has taught her won't let her believe he'll never return, and when he does come for her, I had wanted him to so much and it was so beautiful that it made me cry.

MORE FORD TRUCKS ON THE ROAD!

"We know 3,700 reasons why," says General Baking Company



DELIVERING BREAD through most of the Central and Eastern half of the United States, General Baking Company operates 3,700 Ford Trucks out of their large number of big bakeries. You may be sure it wasn't anybody's whim, but strict cost-accounting, that put those sturdy, thrifty Fords to work in this great fleet. A General Baking Company official sums it up this way:

"We standardize on Ford Trucks because, first of all, the original cost is right. Second, Ford parts are easy to get. Third, the cost of maintenance is lower."

Those plain facts are the reasons why, year after year, official registrations show more Ford Trucks on the road than any other trucks in existence.

The advanced Ford Trucks being built today, in large quantities, bring you traditional Ford economy, reliability and stamina in greater measure than ever, enhanced by many important engineering advancements. Your Ford Dealer will be happy to tell you all about them.

FORD ADVANCED TRUCK ENGINEERING

MORE ECONOMY • MORE ENDURANCE • EASIER SERVICING

A STILL GREATER 100 HP V-8 ENGINE with NEW Ford steel-cored Silvaloy rod bearings, more enduring than ever in severe service • NEW aluminum alloy cam-ground pistons with 4 rings each, for oil economy • BIGGER, more efficient oil pump and IMPROVED rear bearing oil seal • NEW longer-lived valve springs • NEW improvements in cooling • NEW efficiency in ignition • in carburetion • in lubrication • Far-reaching advancements in ease and economy of servicing operations.

IMPORTANT FORD CHASSIS ADVANTAGES: Easy accessibility for low-cost maintenance • Universal service facilities • Heavy-duty front axle • Extra-sturdy full-floating rear axle with pinion straddle-mounted on 3 large roller bearings • 3 axle ratios available • 2-speed axle available at extra cost • Powerful hydraulic brakes, exceptionally large cast drums • Long-lived needle bearing universal joints • Rugged 4-speed transmission with NEW internal reverse lock.

FORD TRUCKS

Ford

TRUCK-ENGINEERED
TRUCK-BUILT • BY TRUCK MEN

(Continued from Page 39)

was beginning to have the inevitable result on the football field. The authorities realized that a new approach, or gimmick, had to be found for tapping sources of material, and Crisler, with his talent for organization and applying the techniques of big business to football, had the answer.

Crisler operates a unique correspondence school for high-school coaches in need of big-league advice. The coach who wants a new play to win a big game, doesn't know what defense to use against a certain offense, has a morale problem with his kids, needs pointers in conditioning a squad or wants a once-over-lightly in general strategy, can have his questions solved by writing to Crisler. He has corresponded with more than 200 coaches in Michigan and the surrounding area, and the pay-off should be obvious. In return for services rendered, coaches are expected to steer likely prospects to Ann Arbor. The war has disrupted the arrangement, but it should return big dividends when boys can plan on college again.

The war also interrupted another Crisler-inspired community service which will be resumed. Each year, at the end of spring practice, all high-school coaches and players were invited to attend Professor Crisler's clinic, in which he freely demonstrated his plays and methods. Between 1200 and 1500 attended the clinics, and Crisler kept no secrets from his audience.

"The coach who draws diagrams full of confusing *x*'s and arrows, and who spouts a lot of double-talk, is a phony," he says. "There's no harm in telling coaches everything you've got, as long as you don't let them know when you're going to use it."

Crisler is not a beloved character in many football quarters. Some people look upon him as an opportunist and others question his sincerity, but there is one word everyone invariably uses in prefacing an appraisal of him. That word is "smart," and it is the enduring attribute that has given direction to his entire career.

The farm boy who was born at Earlville, Illinois, on January 12, 1899, needed a high degree of intelligence to get out of the plow rut. Crisler's folks were poor and his only hope for college was a scholarship. He earned free tuition at the University of Chicago with a high-school average of 94 and, to keep it, he had to maintain a *B* average. He did it with something to spare in a premedical course while he was participating in three sports and working at all sorts of odd jobs after school. Crisler would have been awarded a Phi Beta Kappa key except for an unnamed freshman fiend. A total of 144 academic points was required for Phi Beta Kappa honors. Crisler finished with 146 points, but was penalized three points for cutting chapel. It was customary for Chicago seniors to corner a freshman and get him to occupy an appointed seat in chapel for attendance check-off. Crisler's freshman never filled in for him.

Romantic biographers have spread an amiable fable to the effect that Crisler was such an unathletic kid that he and a cripple were the only boys among seventeen in high school who did not play football. The story is about half true. The Crisler boy did not go out for football at Earlville High in 1913; he weighed only ninety-two pounds. But the following year his family moved eleven miles down the road to Mendota, and young Herbert reported for the team. Handicapped by his weight, he never made the varsity, but he was a pretty fair sand-lot baseball player.

Entering Chicago in 1917, Crisler had absolutely no intention of playing in any sport. He had no time for frivolous pursuits. He wanted to see the gymnasium, which was near the football practice field. As he walked along the side lines, a sweeping end run was called, and Stagg, following the play,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Excuse me a minute—I hear the front-door bell."

crashed into Crisler with an impact that toppled both of them.

"I can see you're a freshman," Stagg snapped. "Why don't you get a suit and come out for the team?"

A suggestion from the great Mr. Stagg was practically tantamount to a royal edict, and the freshman dutifully got into a suit. He went out on the field, and presently everything went black and blank.

"They put me into a scrimmage with the varsity and damn near murdered me," he says with a reminiscent shudder. "When I dragged myself off the field, I took a quick look at the gym and turned in the uniform. I never wanted to see it again. A few days later, Pat Page, the freshman coach, met me on the campus. He asked me why I hadn't shown up for practice, and I told him I wanted no part of his vile game. 'I get it,' Page said. 'You're a yellow quitter.' I was naïve enough to fall for that line."

Before another season came up, Crisler was at Camp MacArthur, in Waco, Texas, in an infantry officers' candidate school. The war ended before he heard any serious shooting, and he was discharged shortly before Christmas, 1918.

When he arrived home, a telegram from Page, asking him to report for varsity basketball, was waiting for him. Crisler never had played basketball and had no desire to learn the game. He ignored the wire. Page called him on the phone. Crisler told him to take a flying jump. When the winter semester opened in 1919, Page tracked down his man and firmly led him to the basketball court.

Page was eager to get the crude, awkward kid out for practice because he remembered one characteristic which is difficult to associate with the bland Professor Crisler now. As an athlete, Crisler was a tremendously aggressive competitor who reveled in physical contact.

In Chicago's first game of 1919, Page's team had a comfortable lead over Iowa when Crisler was sent in for the last five minutes. He exceeded his quota of four personal fouls before the final bell. But Page stuck with him, and Crisler was a starting regular in every game during the next three years, playing on the Big Ten champions of 1920 and captaining the team in his senior year.

"I hold a scoring record that never has been equaled anywhere in the world," Crisler laughs. "In three full seasons I scored the grand total of six points. At that, I had a swell average. I took eight 'In God We Trust' shots and made three. I was a standing guard—the guy supposed to knock down the opponent with the ball—and I was warned I'd be yanked if I went past the middle of the court. My basketball career was featured by the humiliation of getting the ball from the net after the other side scored and giving it to the referee for the center jump."

As a ballplayer Crisler was a pitcher, with hitches at second base and the outfield. He was good enough to be offered a contract by Ed Walsh, a White Sox scout. In 1920 he went to Japan with the varsity and picked up interesting observations on Japanese psychology, some of which may be valid.

Of the trip, he says, "We beat Imperial University, four-three, in fourteen innings, and after the game the pitcher who opposed me committed hara-kiri. In another game, with Waseda, I thought I had fanned the third out in the eleventh inning, but the umpire called the pitch a ball. I slammed my glove on the ground and put on a big beef which shocked the crowd. It seems the Japs are not supposed to question the authority of the umpire. Count Okimo, who later was a cabinet member, was the umpire and

(Continued on Page 44)

"But, darling, what will the postmaster say?" laughed Elsie

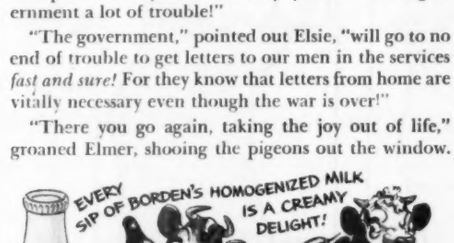
"WHAT'LL HE SAY!" roared Elmer, the bull. "He'll say I'm a smart guy! He'll pat me on the back! He'll say my idea of flying mail to the boys still overseas by pigeons is *colossal!*"

"Pigeon mail!" smiled Elsie, the Borden cow. "Why, Elmer *dear,* haven't you ever heard of *V-Mail?*"

"Aw, that old stuff!" snorted Elmer. "Look at all the red tape. First, you gotta walk to the letter box. Then, the postman has to walk to the post office. *Then,* the letter has to have it's silly picture taken before it gets on a plane. I tell you, woman, my system saves the government a lot of trouble!"

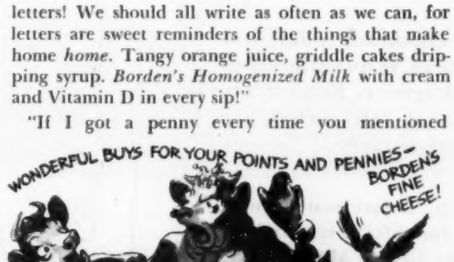
"The government," pointed out Elsie, "will go to no end of trouble to get letters to our men in the services *fast and sure!* For they know that letters from home are vitally necessary even though the war is over!"

"There you go again, taking the joy out of life," groaned Elmer, shooing the pigeons out the window.



"Oh, no!" protested Elsie. "I'm all for putting more and more joy into the lives of our servicemen in foreign lands with tons and tons of short, *cheery* V-Mail letters! We should all write as often as we can, for letters are sweet reminders of the things that make home *home.* Tangy orange juice, griddle cakes dripping syrup. *Borden's Homogenized Milk* with cream and Vitamin D in every sip!"

"If I got a penny every time you mentioned



Borden's," sighed crestfallen Elmer, "I could throw a party for returning servicemen every night."

"If you're planning a party," reminded Elsie, "don't forget to serve *Borden's Fine Cheeses.* Men love them. They taste so wonderful, and they're hearty eating. Full of body-building proteins, you know."

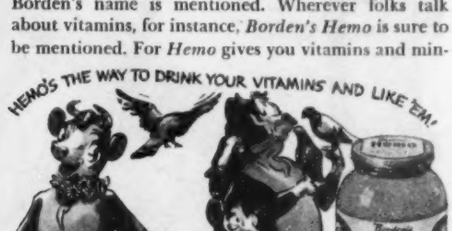
"What're you going to do next," sneered Elmer, "send proteins by V-Mail?"

"No indeed!" exclaimed Elsie. "You can't put *any* enclosures in V-Mail. What you can put in is news the boys are starving for. Homey news about Junior's football team, and Mary's party, and baby's first tooth. Which reminds me that *Borden's Evaporated Milk* is helping babies all over America to grow strong teeth and bones. It's fortified with Vitamin D, you know! And it's *sterilized* for babies' protection."

"Somebody's going to need protection," warned

Elmer, "if somebody doesn't quit dragging the name Borden's into every discussion that starts in this house."

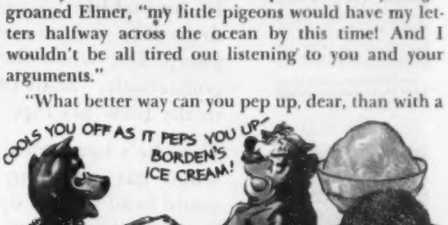
"It's not only in this house," sparkled Elsie, "that Borden's name is mentioned. Wherever folks talk about vitamins, for instance, *Borden's Hemo* is sure to be mentioned. For *Hemo* gives you vitamins and min-



erals in a real *food* drink. Do you *more good* that way, according to dietetic experts."

"If *you* weren't such an expert on everything," groaned Elmer, "my little pigeons would have my letters halfway across the ocean by this time! And I wouldn't be all tired out listening to you and your arguments."

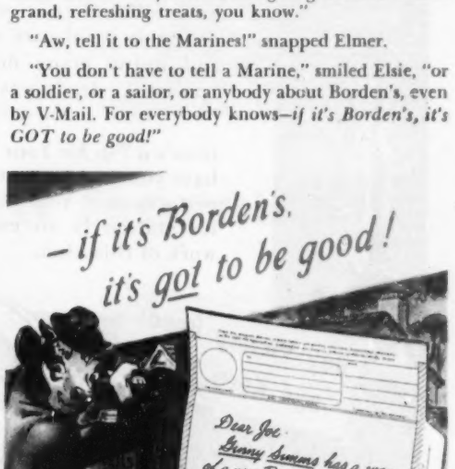
"What better way can you pep up, dear, than with a



nice big dish of *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbet?*" asked Elsie. "They're fine, *energizing* foods as well as grand, refreshing treats, you know."

"Aw, tell it to the Marines!" snapped Elmer.

"You don't have to tell a Marine," smiled Elsie, "or a soldier, or a sailor, or anybody about Borden's, even by V-Mail. For everybody knows—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"



(Continued from Page 42)

he regarded my protest as a personal insult or something. He refused to continue until the coach, captain and I apologized.

"When the rumpus was settled, the little monkey that I had struck out scratched a single and went around on a walk and an error for the run that beat us, two–one. That was the only game in the twenty-four we played on the tour that we lost.

"The Japs are lousy in team games because they're more concerned with saving face than they are with winning. It was a cinch they'd try the squeeze play to bring in a run if they had a man on third base with less than two out, even though they were ten runs behind in the last inning. Jap soldiers, like the Germans, are good physical specimens and they're well trained, but they crack badly as competitors because they haven't the emotional discipline which the tough, body-contact sports give our kids."

Basketball and baseball were only the trimmings on Crisler's main dish, football. In his first varsity scrimmage, Crisler fouled up the same play three times.

Stagg, who was ordinarily a mild-mannered man, blew his whistle and demanded to know the culprit's name. He then asked whether he was related to the violinist.

"Kreisler is a gifted, talented artist," Stagg said. "I'm going to call you Fritz for reasons of contrast, not likeness."

Crisler soon was Stagg's fair-haired boy, but the nickname stuck permanently.

An aggressive, resourceful competitor, Crisler was a hard man to beat on the gridiron. His best position was at end, but he filled in at halfback and quarterback in emergencies. The performance that made him nationally—and was a vivid memory at Princeton eleven years later—was the harrowing afternoon he gave Stan Keck, Princeton's great tackle.

Keck, a 228-pound gladiator, entered the arena with a fearsome reputation and a forty-five-pound pull over Crisler.

On the first play, Keck committed interesting atrocities on Crisler, playing opposite him, and belted his man five yards behind the scrimmage line.

"Milt Romney, our quarterback, picked me up and gave me a look full of reproach," Crisler recalls. "'You're an end,' he told me. 'You're not supposed to be in the backfield. Stay where you belong.'"

Crisler dispersed the bats in his belfry and went to work on Keck. He handled the Princeton terror so artfully that John Thomas and Bob Timme roared through Keck's slot for the yardage that gave Chicago a 9–0 victory and Crisler a place on the second All-America team.

In 1921 Crisler was short of money and had been forced to forget, temporarily, his plans for medicine. He took his degree in psychology, cramming all the required courses into his senior year, and was offered a fellowship in the department.

Morris Rosenwald, the banker, whose son Richard he had tutored, made an attractive proposal and a tobacco company put in a bid for his services, but the chance to try on Stagg's halo for size was a temptation that could not be resisted.

He accepted Stagg's offer with the understanding that he would quit when he earned enough money to enter Rush Medical.

Two years later, when he had the money, medicine had lost its appeal for

(Continued on Page 47)

"Where do you think *you're* going?"

He barely made it — back to Koroseal

Even if you have a Koroseal raincoat, shower curtain, garment bag — you haven't seen anything yet!

THE war ended just in time to save a lot of babies from going pantsless. But now they'll soon be in the pink again, with baby pants of Koroseal . . . and their parents will have a hundred other things of Koroseal, too.

Koroseal is the flexible material developed by B. F. Goodrich from limestone, coke and salt. For several years it hasn't been available in quantity for home use, but it will be very soon.

Koroseal—Reg. T. M.

Koroseal can be used as a film or thin flexible coating on fabrics. Because it is permanently waterproof, Koroseal is ideal for raincoats, shower curtains, umbrellas, upholstery for outdoor furniture. Because it is proof against most acids and stains, and can be washed easily, Koroseal makes better baby pants and crib sheets, wall coverings, tablecloths, food bags and packages.

Koroseal resists sun and air for years, too, so it can be used for awnings, beach chairs and umbrellas, tents and camping equipment of many kinds.

Koroseal handbags, traveling bags and upholstery are virtually scuffproof, and can be washed fresh-as-new in a few moments, just with soap and water. Because it is mothproof, Koroseal will be used for garment and blanket bags. In industry, Koroseal's resistance to acids, oils, greases, sun, air and wear gives it scores of important uses where it can save money and improve products and processes. Koroseal can be made in any color, any form from a soft jelly to bone hardness.

A few Koroseal articles are appearing in the stores; more are on the way. Every one bears the Koroseal label, for only B. F. Goodrich makes Koroseal. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Koroseal
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B.F. Goodrich

(Continued from Page 44)

Crisler. Stagg was giving him intensive training in the executive phase of the sports business. Crisler was first assistant football coach, head baseball and frosh basketball coach; he conducted interscholastic basketball tournaments and track meets and was assistant director of physical education.

When, in 1924, Minnesota offered him the jobs of head football coach and athletic director, Crisler returned from the interview breathing heady draughts of winelike air. He told Stagg that he intended to leave. The old man snorted indignantly. "You're like a bird without feathers or wings," he barked. "You're not ready to fly."

The bid was repeated in 1930, and this time Crisler's first impulse was to turn it down. Stagg had only five years to go until retirement and Crisler knew he himself would be the big boss of his alma mater's athletic setup. But by this time Stagg saw that big-time sports were doomed at Chicago, and he told his protégé to grab Minnesota's offer.

In his early years as head coach, Crisler had several faults which he since has curbed. He was inclined to play hunches which often backfired in his chagrined face, and he made such impassioned speeches that his squad was thrown into emotional tizzies that impaired its efficiency. It was a standing joke at Princeton that Crisler had the Yale-game jitters worse than the most rabid old grad.

Success and experience have given Crisler more restraint. His tear-jerking, corny pep talks have been supplanted at Michigan by technical discussions in a minor key, and even his appearance, curiously, has changed. Although his weight has not varied a pound, his figure seems to have become more lithe and his face has taken on the brooding aesthetic look prized highly by lady impresarios casting Hamlets in amateur theatricals. He will deny it, of course, but he is a confirmed fretter during the season and he dies on the side line, regularly and excruciatingly, during close games. Last year he had the shakes so badly every time Illinois' Buddy Young ran with the ball that he couldn't light a cigarette.

In preparing for a game, Crisler goes into interminable huddles with his staff, planning for every contingency that may arise.

The one charge that will crack his studied poise is the implication that he goes out and gets the boys when he is moving into a new job. His advent at Princeton coincided with the greatest influx of football talent the school ever saw, and Tom Harmon providentially was on hand to make a simultaneous debut with him at Michigan. Actually, it has been established that the stars of Princeton's unbeaten teams were, in the main, related to alumni and had come to the school through normal, accepted channels. Only one of Crisler's varsity players failed to graduate from Princeton. Harmon had finished the first half of his freshman year before Michigan made overtures to Crisler. If the fellow happens to be lucky, it also is true that he works the legitimate side of the street.

On infrequent occasions Crisler does a bit of missionary work among unconverted high-school kids and seldom fails to convince adolescent muscle-on-the-hoof. His most notable selling job was a boomerang, however, that probably cost him a Big Ten title. During Christmas week, 1935, Crisler met young Dave Allerdice, whose father had been football captain at Michigan in 1909. Allerdice was all set to go to Ann Arbor, but Crisler talked to him for five hours on the cultural advantages to be found at Princeton. Three years later Crisler was at Michigan and Allerdice was the best forward passer in the East. It staggers the imagination to think what Allerdice, collaborating with Harmon's power running could have done for Crisler, but he has cause for few regrets.

Michigan likes the high-scoring football he teaches—a welcome relief from the dull punt-pass-prayer tactics Yost insisted upon. A shrewd gent for adapting his system to his players, Crisler favors the single wing as the basis of an offense predicated on a running game, but he will throw in the T formation to keep the other side guessing. When he has a Pepper Constable or a Bob Westfall, he features the spinner for deception. A first-rate passer will be welcomed with gladsome cries, but Crisler frowns upon the crazy, open-air basketball stressed by the brethren in the Southwest.

His success against Minnesota and Ohio State, the Wolverines' chief rivals, further has strengthened his popularity. After a drought of a decade, Michigan has won the last two games from Minnesota and has thumped Ohio State four times in the last seven years.

The scope of Crisler's ambition is reflected in his postwar plans for expanding Michigan's physical-education and intramural programs. Some people fear that he is strangling himself on ambition in scheduling this season both Army and Navy, which figure to knock the brains out of any civilian school, especially one that started its season with an upset defeat by Indiana. The professor knows what he's doing, however. The games this year launch home-and-home series with the service academies which will assuage, in gate receipts and publicity, any pain felt on the field. The professor makes few false moves.

"He's a cold, calculating fish with a good reason for everything he does," a former colleague says. "It's a wonder he ever makes any mistakes at all."

["Fritz" Crisler is a member of the American Football Coaches Association—one of the 350 coaches who will select the All-American team that will appear exclusively in the Post at the completion of the current season.]

THE SAGA OF TOMMY THE CORK

(Continued from Page 34)

keep your intellectual honesty," Tommy used to say. He claimed that a bachelor could always outwait, outmaneuver and out-negotiate a husband, and he always wanted the New Deal represented by celibates, while Big Business and other New Deal opponents were represented by benedicts.

"The way you deal with a husband," said Tommy, "is to schedule the conference for the evening. Then you come late and dawdle. Around midnight he is anxious to get home, and probably afraid of being scolded. By one o'clock in the morning, he is ready to agree to anything."

In 1940 Tommy flew in the face of his own philosophy by marrying Margaret Dowd. They now have three

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انا مسافر الى جدجلي لاكسب ثروة

ALI: (*According to our translator*) What say you, Ahmed?

AHMED: I said that I am off to Djidjelli in Algeria to make my fortune!

HASSAIN: (*Shocked*) You would forsake the calling of your fathers to try a new venture?

AHMED: Yes, but it is a highly honorable venture. I go to work for the Armstrong Cork Company.

ALI: But that company is of Casablanca. With my own eyes I have seen their warehouses there.

AHMED: True, but Armstrong is a company of many places—of Tunisia and Algeria and Spain and England and the great United States—and of other countries, too.

HASSAIN: He speaks with the loose tongue of a young man.

ALI: (*To Hassain*) But perhaps, my friend, you speak with a tongue that is too quick. Sometimes the truth has a strange sound. I have heard that there are companies that have offices and factories on the shores of many seas.

AHMED: (*Gratefully*) You speak wisely, venerable one, for Armstrong is indeed such a company.

YES, THE SHORES OF MANY SEAS are needed to bound the activities of the Armstrong Cork Company—the organization that you probably know best as the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum, Quaker Rugs, and Asphalt Tile. It is truly an "international" company. Armstrong men and women speak many tongues, live under many flags.

Armstrong makes many things in many places. For example, factories in Palafrugell, Algeciras, and Seville, Spain, make Armstrong's Corkboard for the insulation of refrigerated storage rooms in many countries, just as factories in Camden, New Jersey, and Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, make Armstrong's Corkboard for the same use in this country. As another example, factories in England and Canada make metal and plastic bottle caps, serving the users of glass packages abroad just as Armstrong's closure factory at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, serves them in the United States.

Many of our widely diversified products are made only in this country, but there are few indeed that do not have some foreign connection. Cork comes from the Mediterranean area where men like Ahmed help us buy, process, and pack it. Other important raw materials come from India and Scotland, from Mexico, Brazil, and Argentina, from West Africa, the East Indies, and China.

The far-flung Armstrong organization helps assure the quality of our raw materials, aids us in the making of better products.

Now that the seven seas are again open to peaceful commerce, Armstrong men are traveling those seas—buying, selling, exchanging ideas and technical information, doing their part to bring to all of us the benefits of world trade.

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children, and Tommy is presumably an easy mark for footloose bachelors.

It had been a Harvard tradition to deplore the caliber of our modern statesmen, and to contrast them with the wealth of great public men a century and a half ago. The orthodox explanation was that the cream of young Americans were going into business, leaving only the skimmed milk for public service. The early New Deal days seemed to be a favorable time for reviving the age of giants. Law and business were in comparative beggary. A young genius could eat more regularly in a modest Government berth than at a desk in Wall Street. The "Corcoranization" of the Government became a conscious back-to-Washington-Franklin-Hamilton-Jefferson movement.

As the law business regained some of its former prosperity, the back-to-Hamilton-and-Jefferson idea was partly succeeded by the British-ruling-class idea.

This implied that the ideal public servant needed a million dollars behind him as a guarantee of independence and of freedom from money worries. The new philosophy was, "Make a pile, and then give your life to the people." Many of the Corcoranites left the Government with some such idea in mind. Tommy has explained to friends that he is out to make a cleanup so that later on he will be free to improve America some more.

It used to be fashionable to regard Corcoran and the Corcoranites as creations of Felix Frankfurter. Some of them did absorb theories from Frankfurter; but many were influenced by Roscoe Pound and other distinguished teachers.

One of the characteristics of the great luminaries of the Harvard Law School was that of teaching law with a prophetic touch—forecasting the changes necessary to adjust the law to mid-twentieth-century conditions. Because of this training, Tommy's followers were ahead of their time. They caused great alarm by their efforts to make America over according to Harvard blueprints. They were called revolutionaries, and some of them probably did have a mild non-eruptive type of revolution in their systems at the time.

People like Dr. William A. Wirt mixed with some of the boys and thought that the country was facing what has been called "the imminence of immeasurable insurrection." But a few years produced great changes. Many of the young Robespierres have become graying economic royalists in Wall Street and other swivel chairs. Tom Girdler and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., are more likely to lead a revolution today than are Tommy and his middle-aged fat cats.

Tommy was a victim of his own superhuman activity. Ideologist, practical politician, White House entertainer, one-man employment bureau, dynamic busybody in all Government departments, he began to have too many irons in the fire. Instead of being the master of any field, he became the amateur genius, the inspired dilettante, the glorified dabbler. He made things happen in so many directions that they sometimes canceled each other. His identity became a little miscellaneous. Politicians took him for a cocktail-party philosopher, and cocktail-party philosophers took him for a Mark Hanna.

A sort of college-yell leader and eternal sophomore in politics, Tommy could sometimes beat the veterans because he commanded fervent loyalty from his disciples. His victory in the "Death Sentence" fight against utility holding companies in 1935 was the triumph of the amateur over the professional. In the inside politics of the first two terms, Tommy the Amateur beat Jim the Professional all over the place. All Federal appointments were supposed to be cleared through Jim Farley. During the first year of the New Deal,

(Continued on Page 51)

"Is it okay to start using swastikas again?"

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(Continued from Page 49)

this understanding was pretty well observed. Tommy started with "exceptions." The SEC and some of the other new agencies obviously needed specialists instead of political hacks. The "exceptions" multiplied. Tommy was soon "Corcoranizing" the Washington landscape.

While Farley was touring the country calling the whole population by its first name, Tommy was quietly taking over the rich new patronage—the lifeblood of politics. Friends told Jim that Tommy was undermining him, urged him to have a showdown and pry Tommy loose from the appointing power. Jim's stock answer was "I'll handle it in my own way," but he allowed himself to be gradually undermined to such an extent that he was unable to assert himself effectively when he tried to oppose the third and fourth terms.

Though he confiscated much of Jim Farley's patronage, Tommy was never able to use it effectively for his own political purposes. He has had a natural ambition to be a Warwick and create his own presidents and vice-presidents. In 1938 he unveiled his 1940 presidential model—Robert H. Jackson, of New York. This was an amateur move. Farley was still in the saddle in New York, and it was a pleasure for him to annihilate the Corcoran entry.

Tommy later came out for a third term and mapped a big part in the campaign for himself. He set up a La Guardia-Norris organization with headquarters at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York. Word was sent to the papers that Tommy was going to hold a press conference. Tommy had been the Harpo Marx of politics; silence was his mother tongue. The newspapers looked excitedly forward to the maiden interview with a professional sphinx. The conference was set for eleven A.M. Then it was postponed to one; then to three; later to four. Then it evaporated completely, and so did Tommy. Edward J. Flynn, successor to Farley, gagged the young sphinx before he could break his silence. All Corcoran activities were stopped by Flynn.

Last year Tommy tried to have himself a vice-president, which would have been a very timely thing. He put a whole stable of Corcoran candidates into the field. He was a beehive of amateur activity in behalf of the candidacy of Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House and the greatest of all good Samaritans. In 1935 Rayburn twice saved Tommy from being blasted by congressional committees for his bare-knuckle fighting for the "Death Sentence" bill. Since then Rayburn has repeatedly saved Tommy from other scrapes. One of the most powerful and best-liked men in Washington, the Speaker has rescued more Democrats from jams than any other man in history.

The young good Samaritan used to turn up for breakfast nearly every morning with the old good Samaritan and help lay plans for the campaign for the vice-presidency. Tommy had an almost pathetic belief in the magic power of magazines. He thought that a good magazine article on the Speaker would cause the political walls of Jericho to fall and let Sam walk into the second place on the ticket. Tommy conferred furiously with writers and had article after article outlined. But his timing was amateurish; he had the articles written after the go-to-press time of the weeklies. Then he tried to get the articles into Sunday newspapers.

That failed, too. Corcoran's entire library of Rayburn literature finally boiled down to one letter to a newspaper.

The Rayburn headquarters was a little surprised to find that Tommy, in one of his outbursts of universal helpfulness, was loyally backing candidates besides Sam. The second-best bet of Corcoran vice-presidential timber was Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas.

Tommy was apparently hopeful of shoving him over in case of a deadlock. After the convention, Tommy went to Senator Wheeler and said: "Burt, why didn't you take the vice-presidential nomination? We had it all fixed for you. Didn't Dave Niles tell you about it?"

Bascom Timmons, of Texas, the perpetual candidate for vice-president, complained bitterly that he was the only man in the race that Tommy failed to back. Bascom was wrong. Tommy also failed to back Truman and Wallace. Wallace and Tommy have had a long-standing feud, because members of the Corcoran clique maintained that Wallace was not a genuine inner-circle New Dealer. After missing out on Truman's candidacy, Tommy started to cultivate the new Vice-president with great ardor.

Tommy's greatest political achievement was the enactment of the "Death Sentence" bill in 1935. This gave him something of a conquering-hero complex and made him think it would be child's play for him to drive the court-enlargement bill through Congress. Tommy did not write that bill, but he refused all face-saving compromises and led the Administration to defeat. Towards the end of the fight, a publicity man connected with the Democratic National Committee said, "Tommy, don't you know when you're licked?"

"You're crazy," said Tommy. "Don't you remember how we whipped them on the 'Death Sentence' just when things looked blackest?"

The publicity man said that legislators changed their votes on the "Death Sentence" because it was only a political luxury, but would never change on the court bill, because their strongest convictions were involved. Tommy regarded this as high treason. He kept saying that all the Democratic senators opposing the bill were out on a limb and would be driven from public life. This caused him to be regarded as the real sponsor for the purge.

Tommy used to recommend the reading of Machiavelli because of that writer's realistic views on power, statecraft and human nature. In the purge he violated one of Machiavelli's cardinal rules. The Renaissance Italian taught that it was unwise to injure persons in any way short of crushing them utterly. He advised against making half-martyrs who, after recuperating, would seek revenge. Tommy left half-martyred senators scattered all over the political scene. He didn't succeed in purging them; but, after recuperating, the senators went to work on Tommy and did succeed in purging him.

The Senate is one big happy family. It swears an eternal enmity against any man who wilfully wrongs one of the brethren. After the purge the whole Senate was lying in wait for Tommy's name to be sent to it. He was talked of for Solicitor-General and for Assistant Secretary of the Navy, but it was found he wouldn't have a Hottentot's chance of Senate confirmation.

Tommy needed an important office in order to keep his franchise as a White House favorite. The trouble with being an unofficial favorite is that the moment you are discarded, you become a John Doe. It takes a great upheaval to enable a John Doe to become a favorite again. Towards the last, Tommy had to find himself a new upheaval every time he got back into the White House. If Tommy had obtained a high Washington post, he wouldn't have been compelled to work at the favorite business so hard, and he might have lasted longer. Tommy gained White House favor when he was connected with victories; he lost it when he was connected with defeats. The bad effects of the court fight and purge became more apparent as time went on.

Various small things also were reported to have given the falling courtier a timely shove downwards. An alleged remark about the ghostwriting of the President's speeches is said to have given offense. The chief ghost during the first Roosevelt term was Dr. Raymond Moley. In his book After Seven Years, Moley quoted Tommy as saying, "You write the music; he only sings it." There was always somebody around to show the President a crack like that, laughingly.

Tommy is alleged to have caused irritation on one occasion by having his own ideas about who should be invited to the White House dinner to the King and Queen of England and to have caused irritation on other occasions merely by showering White House personnel with uncalled-for helpfulness. A dynamic personality takes up a lot of room even in a comparatively large mansion. Tommy was superseded by Harry Hopkins, who had qualities which lasted better. One of these was restfulness.

Tommy achieved his original importance by hewing and hacking at Big Business. Hopkins was for peace between Government and business, but Tommy was a business baiter to the end. He was hailed by left-wing New Dealers as the man who defeated the Big Business preparedness program in 1939. This program was instigated by Assistant Secretary of War Louis A. Johnson, a right-winger himself and an associate in the preparedness movement with notorious right-wingers like Congressman James W. Wadsworth, Gen. Hugh Johnson, Senator Burke and Henry L. Stimson.

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The C. G.'s Fightin' Bear Cub

A POST WAR ANECDOTE

THIS bear Tiddles wasn't much more than a two-pound ball of fur when he first waddled into a Coast Guard camp at an isolated Alaskan base. He was jet-black, lonely and an extrovert. With no instruction and very little persuasion he did somersaults, walked on his hind legs and applauded himself with his front paws. Twelve captivated Coast Guardsmen promptly named him Tiddles and gave him a home.

As Tiddles grew up he became particular friends with the bos'n's mate in charge of the station. And even after he became a bear-sized cub, Boats used to cuff him around and romp with him. One day Boats took Tiddles with him on a hike through the Alaskan woods. They hadn't gone far when Tiddles, who was loping happily along behind, was unexpectedly attacked by another black bear of approximately the same size. Tiddles, the gay extrovert, was also no slouch with his paws, and quite a battle developed. Boats, unarmed, was forced to stand by helplessly and watch. Finally, Tiddles managed to overpower the other bear and with one resounding belt sent his attacker high-tailing it back into the woods.

Tiddles sat down and began to lick his ragged fur. Boats wanted to get him back to the station as quickly as possible so the pharmacist's mate could dress his wounds. He called, but Tiddles didn't budge. He pulled gently by the scruff of the neck, but Tiddles growled and showed his teeth. Finally, Boats was forced to twist his ears, cuff him across his muzzle and almost literally drag him home.

Back at the station, all hands turned out to help patch up their pet and listen to the proud bos'n brag about his mascot's left hook and flying hug. Suddenly, the pharmacist's mate, an iodine swab in each hand, got rapidly to his feet and, without so much as a backward look, beat it out of the sick bay. A few seconds later, three other Coast Guardsmen fell all over each other trying to get out the door. In one minute flat the entire sick bay was empty except for Boats, who continued diligently to swab iodine on the large patches of torn white fur beneath the bear's throat.

Then the awful truth dawned on him and he, too, lit out—on the double.

Boats had brought in the winner, all right. But it was the wrong bear. The Coast Guard pet had been solid black!

—ALPHEUS C. BRUTON, Y2/c, USCGR.

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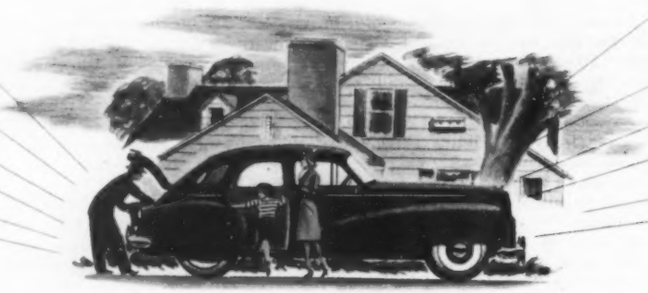

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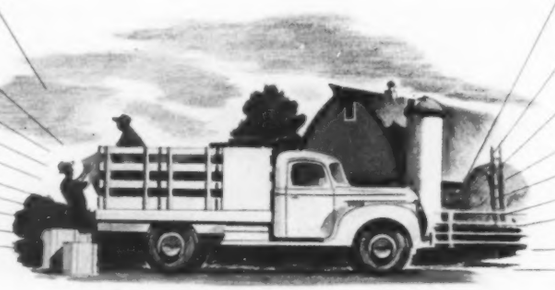

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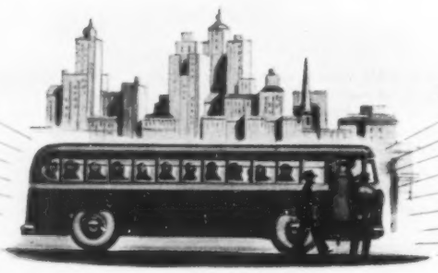

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(Continued from Page 51)

Louis Johnson's plan for putting America on a war-production basis was worked out by Edward R. Stettinius, head of U. S. Steel; Walter S. Gifford, head of A. T. & T., and other economic royalists. In those days it was still a part of the extreme left-wing religion that war was only an armament baron's hobby and that the secret of peace was to remain unarmed. Tommy was not a pacifist. He had been an enthusiast over the quarantine-aggressor-nations speech. But the Johnson plan would have put Big Business back on the pedestal from which Tommy had dislodged it. The plan went into the pigeonhole and Tommy got the credit.

The plan itself was never taken out of the pigeonhole, but after the fall of France, Stettinius and others were called back to do the work over again. Big Business had to take over because it alone had the production experience. The only effect of the sidetracking of the Johnson plan was a few months' delay.

Corporations have no soul, but they have the sweetest dispositions in the world. Big Business always forgives and forgets. As soon as Tommy left the Government, Big Business clasped him to its bosom and poured fortunes into the hand that had so often cudgeled it.

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles by Alva Johnston.

GILT ON THE LILY

(Continued from Page 21)

Ben Dunn gave him an extremely dirty look for deducing his deductions so easily.

"But kidnaping's too serious, what with the FBI . . . and us ——"

"You don't want to go jumping to conclusions," Ben snapped.

"Now, you sho' are right theah," Sam said. Politely he pointed seaward, where, on the edge of the very blue water of the Gulf Stream, a destroyer was knifing southward, bright in the late afternoon sun. "That's the kind I was on," he said. "I like to wear out."

Ben Dunn continued to demolish his cigar. "The old lady would spend any amount to get back Earl Halpin," he said at last. "He's her only male kin."

Sam nodded. He had done considerable sitting, looking and listening in Colusa County.

"Earl likes bein' seen with a performer with the crust to bill herself as Jezebel," Ben Dunn muttered. "Tough an' throaty, this Jezebel Locke sings. And dances. Belts a guy at one table and kisses another for makin' a pass at her. Works in clip joints. A rough baby who don't care how she collects. And runs with thugs who'd try snatching J. Edgar out of the FBI."

"Don't sound like a lady, somehow," Sam agreed. "Been readin' Miami papers, Ben?"

"In the line o' duty," the sheriff said, and was silent.

They crossed the bridge where the inlet of Boca Angosta was gulping in a hurrying green flood tide, and for a few hundred feet ran on along the narrow, expensive arm of land between the inlet and the thundering beach. The folks who had rented to Jezebel Locke knew houses better than tenants; this place, small, sand colored, lifted graceful balconies with wrought-iron rails high enough above the dunes to look seaward.

A generous green outside living space, coral-walled and protected from the sea winds, spread behind the building and down to the rushing waters of the inlet. Coco palms swayed and murmured around it.

Sam's eyes moved on beyond Jezebel Locke's house five hundred feet, to where the Halpin beach house, a much magnified and glorified cabaña, fronted the sea. Five hundred feet. Nothing in between. The beach was being held for hair-raising prices.

Ben Dunn parked across the driveway, blocking two cars, and drummed on Jezebel Locke's front door. He strode in almost before the opening widened to the breadth of his shoulders, with Sam Robbins, abashed, close behind. Ben confronted three people.

The woman in a short-skirted play suit who had opened the door and been brushed aside was now turning on Ben Dunn wide, smoky eyes almost on the verge of fire. Her broad face was slathered with lipstick, eye shadow and temper. Jezebel Locke, and tougher than her pictures. Rather battered, somehow, for beauty, but the figure was still there. Twenty-four—or maybe thirty-six. Her hot eyes switched to Sam Robbins. Though sun-dried, Sam could feel a dew of perspiration start forming on his forehead. He sagged against the door, looking elsewhere.

"Sheriff o' Colusa County," Ben Dunn said. "On business."

"Why not come in, sheriff?" Jezebel Locke asked. Her voice was husky, unafraid, and maybe, like her eyes, working up to something.

"Who're these?" Ben Dunn demanded, turning to the two sizable men beyond her in the foyer.

The taller and leaner man looked hard into Ben Dunn's face and spoke promptly, "I'm Thorne Becker, proprietor of the Cockeyed Cockatoo—Miami night club."

Middle-aged, close-cut mustache above firm lips, narrow head with every straight brown hair glossily in place. Double-breasted, tropical suit, cut right, and the man knew it.

"Miss Locke entertains in my place," he went on. "Thorne Becker."

Ben Dunn's eyes shifted to the other, the bulkier, a baggy-eyed person of thirty-odd, gray above the temples, loudly dressed, even for Florida's gold coast. The loose-lidded eyes were sharp when you looked a second time. The fingers were long, slim and white.

"Robert Quinn," the man said, and stopped.

"A racing man, when there is any, and like me, a friend of Miss Locke," Becker added.

"Seen Earl Halpin lately?" Ben Dunn asked Jezebel.

The taut-lipped girl raised an arm to point northward. "He hangs out at his beach house between bats," she said. "Hasn't been around for days. Brother, what is this?"

"He's missing," Ben said, shooting his eyes around.

Jezebel linked arms with Thorne Becker. Clinging to him, she turned up the corner of a rug with her slippered toe and elaborately looked under it. "Why not search the joint?" she asked. "He might have crawled under something."

Ben Dunn's eyes gleamed. "Thanks, I will," he said quickly. . . . "Stay with 'em, Sam."

He started. Taking a mighty high line.

The three looked at Sam as if he had been dead a long time and showed it.

(Continued on Page 56)

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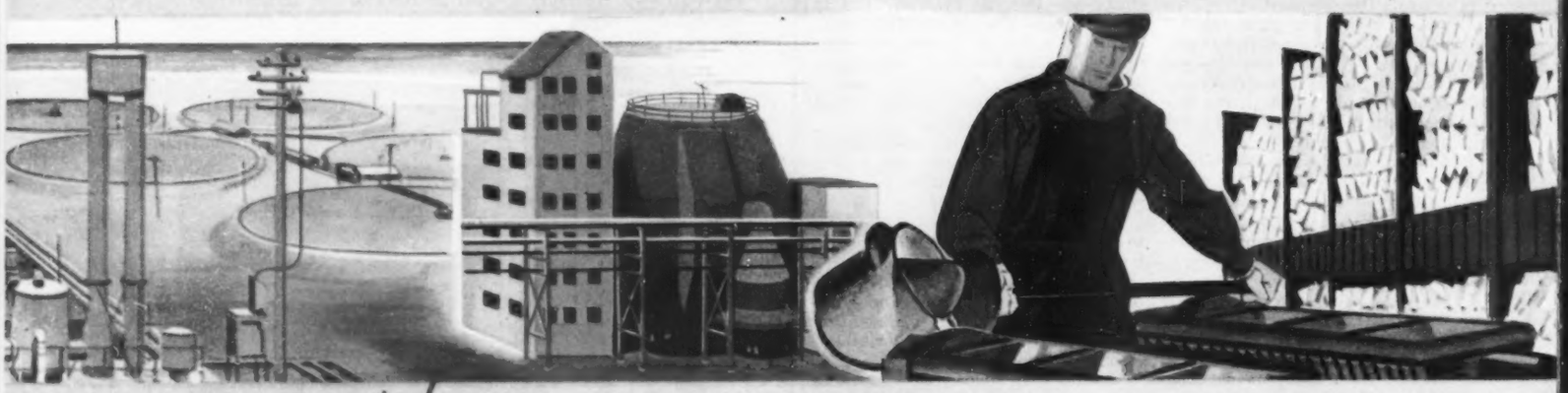

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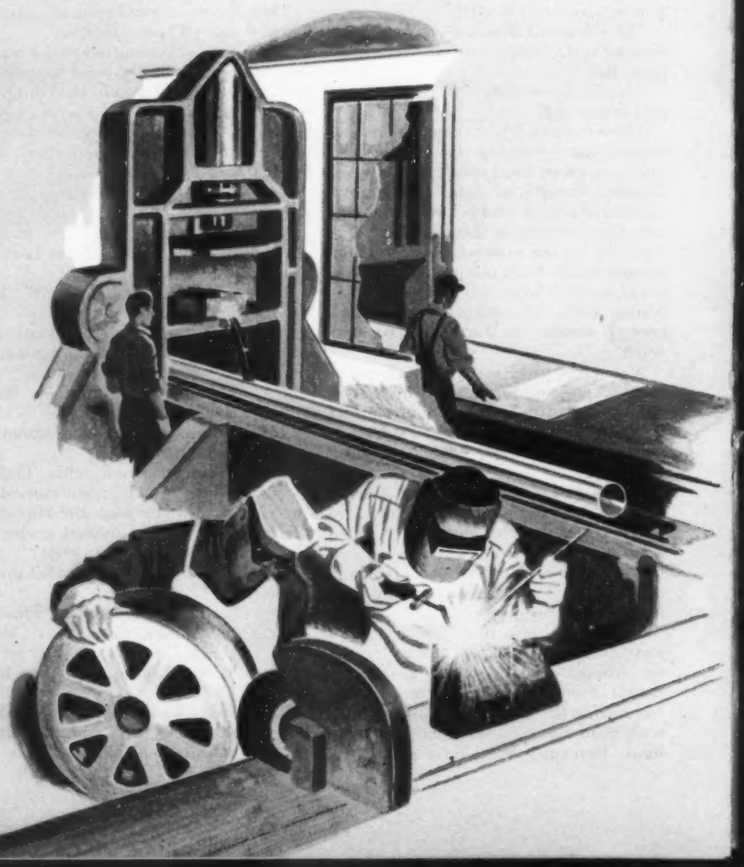

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We were obliged to increase our estimate somewhat to cover an unforeseen item."

(Continued from Page 53)

Ben was slamming doors, making a job of it.

"Well, sit!" Jezebel said.

"Thank you, ma'am," Sam said gratefully. He sat.

The three followed Ben's search with their ears, in silence, and each stole looks at the others, as if there were something new to be seen in their faces. It puzzled Sam.

'Course I've never seen a kidnaper, but kidnaping don't fit 'em, somehow, he told himself. *Miami night people, they are, tricks and stuff, but kidnaping, no.*

After a while, Robert Quinn settled down mostly to glancing at the girl. Thorne Becker looked at his feet. The girl's angry eyes drove Sam's away from her. He was relieved when Ben Dunn came back, not pleased.

"Come out in the grounds and enjoy our Florida sunshine before it gets dark." His sarcasm was sharpened by disappointment. "I'm not through."

Jezebel Locke moved over to a table and picked up her leather handbag and car keys. Ben Dunn shepherded them to the front entrance.

"And don't fade away in your bashful way," he said sharply.

Jezebel paused on the slab outside the door. "Just because I love your manners," she said softly to Ben Dunn. Her slim-muscled body whirled swiftly and she dashed her heavy handbag into his face. It was a powerful blow; she meant it. She'd been saving up her wrath.

Ben Dunn roared. He recovered fast and grabbed her arms. Though her eyes were still shooting fire, she stood still, relaxed, and let him feel that he was attacking an unresisting woman. Furious, he let her go and pawed at his bruised nose.

Sam watched Jezebel with bright interest. "That sho' is remindin'," he murmured.

"I hope it bleeds like a faucet!" Jezebel blazed. "You Cossack! You funny-paper clown! How dare ——"

"I told you to watch 'em!" Ben Dunn barked at Sam.

"I had the men covered right sharp," Sam explained. "You were closer to the lady yo'self."

"Lay off, Jess," Thorne Becker said.

"I suppose they're doing their duty," Quinn added.

Jezebel gazed in silent happiness at Ben Dunn's puffy nose.

Unbidden, Sam Robbins moved after Ben Dunn toward the two cars blocked in the driveway.

"Now, that's right interesting, her belting you thataway," Sam said softly. "Never made a pass at you inside her house. But once outside, whee! Wallop! Reminds me o' my Aunt Emma Anne, home in Geo'gia."

"Blast your Aunt Emma Anne!" Ben snarled, nursing his nose.

"A fo'thright, triggery-tempered lady, Aunt Emma Anne," Sam said placidly. "Boy broke her window with a baseball one time and snuck in her back door when Jed Lane, the cop, was lookin' fo' him. She neve' gave him away, though she knew he was hidin' right there in her own pantry. But when he slipped out into the road again, swish, swash! She like to ruin her broom on him. Y'see ——"

"Shut up!" snapped Ben Dunn.

"But I'm tellin' yo'!" Sam said, aggrieved. "Under her roof he was safe. Outside —— Ben, it means somethin'! She waited till you were outside befo' she got rough! Jez'bel wouldn't mess round keepin' a kidnaped man in her own house ——"

Ben Dunn stamped out of range to examine the ornate coupé in the garage. Sam trailed along, distressed at Ben's unreasonableness. The registration showed the car was Thorne Becker's. Nothing in it or in the luggage compartment. Nor in the convertible, behind it near the road, which was Jezebel's. Ben was sunk, but not ready to quit. "Herd 'em round to the back," he said.

The men followed willingly enough, and Jezebel sauntered after them, toying meaningly with her handbag.

Here behind the house the sun was just dipping down over the bean country to westward, where the Everglades began. The green lawn, walled in on either hand, stretched without a blemish to the edge of the green tide now running more slowly up the inlet.

Sam halted directly behind the garage. He peered with stupefaction through the lattice that screened a small drying yard. On a rough table in there somebody had been painting a big rubber water swan, the kind guaranteed to duck any would-be rider. And painting it black.

"Well, now!" said Sam. "Ben, look at that!"

(Continued on Page 58)

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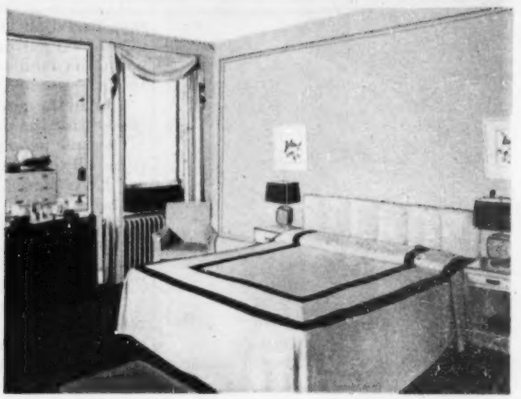

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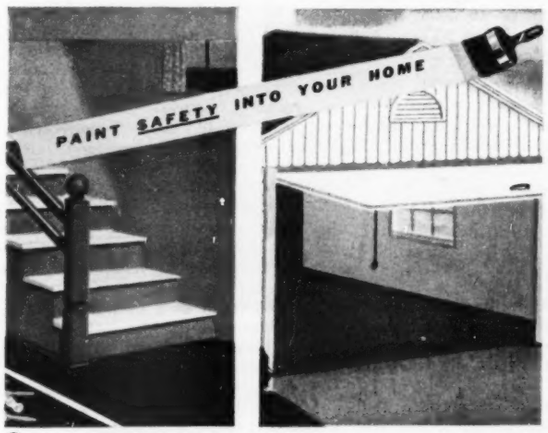

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(Continued from Page 56)

"What's wrong with it?" Thorne Becker asked stiffly. "They haven't made any of those since Pearl Harbor. The rubber's about shot and I was painting it over to preserve it while I was waiting for Jess—Miss Locke—to come home."

"What a dumb color, Thorne," Jezebel said. "Black!"

"It's unusual," Becker said.

"You can see there's nothing back here," Robert Quinn said to Ben Dunn. "Aren't we wasting time?"

Sam Robbins went into the drying yard and stared, fascinated, at the black swan.

"Come here, Sam!" Ben called.

Reluctantly, with eyes turned backward, Sam obeyed. Ben Dunn was standing over by the southern wall, looking down silently into a deep hole. Beside it, on a large piece of canvas, earth from the excavation had been neatly piled.

Jezebel Locke laughed loudly. "It isn't a grave, Sherlock," she said, and Ben Dunn scowled. "I guess that's where another coco palm the landlord's putting in is to go."

"I had the gardener dig it before he quit for the day," Becker said. "The tree people won't bring the palm till tomorrow."

"Live here?" Sheriff Dunn jabbed at him.

"I spend a few hours here sometimes when I'm invited," Thorne Becker said. He nodded at Quinn. "So does Bob. Unlawful?"

"Who arranged about renting this house?"

"It was done for Miss Locke through my office," Becker said.

"You know your way around in the place," Ben said. . . . "Here! Don't try anything with that bag, sister!"

Jezebel Locke's fingers loosened on the handbag. "I'll get you when you don't expect it, constable."

"Next time, I'm pulling you in," Ben warned. . . . "Sam! Will you quit gawking back at that swan and ——"

"Sho does look like a grave, sheriff," Sam said quickly. "Which is why it ain't, most likely. And t'other way about."

Ben Dunn climbed down into the hole. The sand at the bottom was undisturbed.

Sam got up on a bench and looked north over a bougainvillaea near the coral wall. He could just see the Halpin place.

"Git down," Ben Dunn said curtly. "We're going there."

"I told you Earl Halpin hadn't been around there for nearly a week," Jezebel said. "It's always locked up. The old lady never uses it." Her face caricatured elderly disapprobation. "Afraid of what she might come on. Earl's lively."

Ben Dunn grunted. "Come on, Sam." He nodded curtly to the watching three and stalked away around the house toward the road.

"I want to give 'em a chance to break for it," Ben muttered. "I've got their cars boxed in with mine. If they try a quick getaway across the grass, I'll grab 'em and shake it out o' them. Even if they weren't guilty as blazes, they aren't the sort that dare squawk about cops getting tough."

"Me, I'll work on the men, Ben," Sam said mildly. He rubbed his jaw. "You know, my Aunt Emma Anne keeps crowdin' into my mind. She had the old-fashioned notion o' hospitality that made her house sort of a sanctuary, like."

"If she was anything like that,—that Jezebel back there, I'd keep quiet about her!" Ben Dunn said fiercely.

"Not at all like, other ways," Sam Robbins said hastily. "'Twas just that in her house ——"

Ben's furious eyes stopped him.

Though the sky was still blue enough, the quick Florida dusk was rising up out of the ground.

"I'd like to stay behind heah, Ben, and ——"

"You come with me!" Ben commanded. He walked rapidly up the road, stopping only when he got behind the hedge of Australian pines at the Halpin place for a look back. No activity around the cars.

THE OLD HOUSE IN THE CITY

By Anderson M. Scruggs

How many years it had withstood
The summer's fire, the winter's cold,
I could not say. In youth I knew
The house was then already old.

Day after day, as I passed by,
I sensed, beyond its darkened doors,
Age like an illness channeling through
The tissues of its walls and floors.

Each year I thought would be its last,
And yet, somehow, its sagging strength
Survived another winter's snows,
Another summer's torpid length.

Yet inwardly I hoped and prayed
That it might rise from its decay—
That someone's hand might yet retrieve
Its splendor for another day.

I hoped until one day I saw
The signs and tags of commerce spread
Like lesions on its walls and sills,
And then I knew the house was dead.

"What it boiled right down to," Sam said, "was that Aunt Emma Anne felt mo' obligation to be a lady in her house than outside. Not that she wasn't a lady ——"

"You . . . shut . . . up!" said Ben Dunn through his teeth, and Sam did so. But he remained thoughtful.

Ben prowled unhappily around Earl Halpin's beach house. The place opened up to the sand and sea in a broad, sheltered porch. Venetian blinds were down all around. He studied the drive, but it was hard to tell, in the dry sand drifted over it, whether faint tire markings were recent or many days old.

Growling to himself, Ben peered at length through the wide picture window that backed the seaward-looking porch. The slats on the blind were not turned quite enough to bar out determined eyes. The room was messy—bachelor messy—and unoccupied. No books or papers, a careless slew of magazines, a bar on one side, rattan lounging chairs, a couch, a coffee table.

"With Aunt Emma Anne, a guest in her house was sacred, like," Sam murmured.

"You couldn't tell if Halpin hadn't been in here for a month!" Ben Dunn said. "By blazes! I think the old lady's secretary is dizzy or kidding me."

Sam looked in the window beside him. "You couldn't tell a thing if that pa'ticular girl wasn't on that Saturday Post cover in theah on the couch. That one came out on the newsstands yesterday mo'nin'."

"Sometimes you're a help to me, Sam," Ben Dunn said, wonderingly. "Halpin hasn't been around, hey?" His voice became grim. "Go bring me those three, Sam."

Jezebel and the men were bunched on Jezebel's front lawn.

"Sheriff Dunn sends his compliments ——" Sam started.

"Applesauce!" Jezebel Locke sliced in. "What's he want?"

"He wants y'all to come up to Halpin's," Sam said gravely. "We've found the body."

The three people stood very still—all but their eyes.

"What?" cried Jezebel. Her face, back of the cosmetics, was ashen. "What?"

Quinn's slender fingers, so odd in a plump man, were twitching spasmodically into his pocket for a cigarette case. Thorne Becker's forehead was wrinkling up slowly.

"We've found Halpin's body, ma'am," Sam repeated stonily. "Sometimes it's harder fo' us to find the crime than who done it. But after we find a body we move along right sma't."

Jezebel whirled around on Robert Quinn. "Bob!" she burst out in her throaty voice. "That horrible temper of ——" She flung up a hand to close her mouth. "Don't say a word, Bob!" she cried. "Playing cards is no crime!"

"You a gambler?" Sam Robbins asked Robert Quinn.

Quinn's fingers thrust away his cigarette case and drew out a handkerchief. He dabbed at his face. His eyes hung on Jezebel Locke. "Sometimes . . . I play gin rummy," he said.

"We didn't do it!" Jezebel cried.

"Ridiculous," murmured Thorne Becker. "What motive?"

"Sher'ff's waiting fo' you," Sam said, and started them on.

They had hardly reached the road when Ben Dunn came striding impatiently back from the beach house.

"I told them we'd found the body, Ben," Sam said quickly.

Ben barely managed to keep his rugged face deadpan. "And what did they say?" he asked slowly, ominously.

"Seems like Miss Locke's worried about Mr. Quinn's temper."

"Yeah," Ben Dunn said savagely, bellying up to Quinn's chunky figure. "A kidnaped man is apt to act mighty trying. And sometimes it's safer to collect on a dead one."

"Don't say a word, Bob!" Jezebel cried.

Ben scowled at her. "My advice to you, Quinn," he said, his voice suddenly hearty with good will, "is if you've got a defense—say a quick-tempered killing—cough it up fast. 'Course anything you say we can use." He nodded his head in a fatherly way. "Kidnaping can be hard to prove, I'll admit. But in this county, juries don't like kidnaping, an' they're fast with their feelings. A quarrel's different;

(Continued on Page 60)

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THE WORLD'S FINEST MOTOR OIL

Gulfpride

(Continued from Page 58)

they understand about a quarrel. If you got a defense like a quarrel, you might be able to cop a manslaughter plea if you come through with it right away."

"It's a spot that needs thought, Bob," Becker said.

Robert Quinn's eyes twisted toward the girl.

"Maybe the sheriff's right, Bob," Jezebel said slowly. "A row over gin rummy on a hot afternoon —— He could be right."

Once when Sam Robbins had had the misfortune to be sent North in wintertime, he had seen a snow man in a February thaw. Quinn was like that. He seemed to lose height rather than thickness. He didn't sag; he sank. His eyes didn't leave Jezebel.

Sam glanced around, as if he expected cars to come whizzing up and down the darkening road.

"Inside," said Ben Dunn. "We'll talk this over inside." Eyes on Quinn, he dropped back far enough to whisper fiercely, "So we found the body? Just wait!"

Still, Sam could see he had hopes of breaking Quinn down, with Jezebel's help. In the living room, Robert Quinn dropped down on a couch as if he were exhausted. Jezebel came over and sat beside him. His face was queer. Nobody, Sam felt, could sort out the feelings on it. Impulsively Jezebel slipped her hand into Quinn's. It seemed to help.

Ben Dunn smiled benignantly. He almost purred.

"This way, Mr. Becker," Sam said briskly.

He headed the indifferent Thorne Becker into the dining room. Black-browed, Ben Dunn pursued instantly.

"What's the idea of breaking in on ——"

Sam contrived a face so full of mysterious urgency that Ben's voice hung in the air.

"Wait fo' us heah a moment, Mr. Becker," he said. "The sheriff's got a word fo' me first."

He walked through the swing door into the kitchen with Ben at his heels. Sam kept right on out the back door before the sheriff could catch him.

"Round the terrace to the window behind that couch, Ben," Sam muttered outside, and Ben Dunn had to follow.

Jezebel Locke and Robert Quinn were still in the living room, but Jezebel had sprung up from the couch. She was poised in front of Quinn's slumping, despondent body.

"Sneak out, grab my car and get yourself a lawyer in Miami, Bob," she said. "They've got nothing a mouthpiece couldn't make mincemeat out of. They wouldn't dare pinch you."

She pressed her car keys into his hand.

Out on the dark terrace, Sam Robbins smiled broadly. His elbow quivered tentatively in Ben Dunn's ribs.

"Just like I said," he whispered proudly. "Aunt Em ——"

Ben Dunn repulsed the elbow with a violent hand. His angry eyes glared at the two inside.

Quinn's thin fingers gently touched Jezebel's shoulder. He went gliding across toward the front door with surprising speed.

Sam clamped a restraining hand on Ben's arm. He might as well have tried to stop a train of cars. There was a catch on the screened French door, but Ben Dunn crashed through. He was almost past the couch when Jezebel flung herself at him with all the lithe speed of the professional dancer. She wrapped herself around the massive sheriff like a basketful of boa constrictors.

Sam watched, entranced. He had never heard of an Apache dance, but before Ben had peeled her off and got clear, he had seen one. By then the motor of Jezebel's car was roaring. Ben bolted toward the front door.

Rounding the corner of the house, Sam watched Quinn take off across the soft lawn. The rear wheels spurted dirt as the convertible shot through the yucca hedge. Sam loped after Ben toward the county car. He didn't move very fast. Before he was within ten feet, Ben Dunn slammed in the clutch and left him smelling a cloud of burned gas.

Sam dropped flat in the unfriendly cover of the sharp-speared yuccas. House lights were streaming on him.

No use tryin' to stop Ben from chasin' when somebody's runnin', he told himself. *Did she see me?*

Jezebel was standing in the doorway. She came across the lawn and stared at him. He got to his feet shamefacedly.

"Why don't you go home, hillbilly?" she snapped. "I've had a chance to think. You didn't find Earl Halpin's body . . . or any body. You came back here too fast."

Sam moved so he could see her face in the light. "You wouldn't stand fo' havin' Earl Halpin hide under yo' roof while he was shakin' down his aunt, would you, ma'am?"

(Continued on Page 63)

"Let it run awhile till it gets good and cold."

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(Continued from Page 60)

"Now I know Halpin isn't dead!" she cried, with relief in her voice. "He told you! He's been spilling the beans!"

"The beans sho are spilled, ma'am," Sam said. "All ovah."

"You'd better blow before you get in wrong for pushing citizens around," Jezebel said. "Old lady Halpin would never agree to prosecute that night cub." She laughed. "Maybe Halpin boasted to you, too, that he phoned the old lady and scared her cockeyed with a yarn about a gang of thugs having him tied up, intending to strangle him if she didn't come through with fifty grand. So what? He'd deny it in court, and so would she. And so would I, if it came to that."

"There's things that can't be denied, ma'am," Sam said. He watched her intently. "A black swan, fo' instance."

"I don't get you." She was impatient. "Where does a black swan fit into Halpin's dirty little game?"

Sam chuckled. "I sho am right glad you don't know—an' you don't." He was feeling better. "The black swan comes in after you turned Halpin away from yo' house. You see, when you wouldn't let him hide out heah, he went up to his beach house. An' that's wheah things went wrong." His mild voice got low and confidential. "Nobody could call you strait-laced or pernickety 'bout anything in a night club, ma'am. But a woman can be different at home. Far's what went on in her house, my Aunt Emma Anne was the most p'ticular lady in Geo'gia."

She stared at him, hard-faced and wary.

"Maybe when you moved in heah, ma'am, you had notions you might be goin' to get married or somethin'. It jest didn't fit that yo' own home was to be used as a hide-out, an' you to keep Earl Halpin quiet an' happy till the money was delivered. So you wouldn't play."

"You talk too much, hillbilly!"

"Yes, ma'am," Sam said. "An' that notion didn't save Halpin. It didn't save the man behind Halpin. But it saved you, ma'am. I'm glad. Keepin' the wrong people out of jail is the wearin' part of dep'ty-sheriffing, worse'n getting the right ones in."

She turned abruptly and went back into the house.

Sam tapped his chin. Noiselessly, he skirted the house, keeping far from lighted windows. In the back he listened. No sound. He slipped into the latticed drying yard. Without using his flashlight, he groped around. He found the table. The black swan was gone.

Sam began moving faster. He crept across the whispering grass to the hole dug for the coco palm. The neat mound of dirt beside the hole was scattered thinly and irregularly over the canvas. Sam slipped over into the darkest shadow under the garden wall. He made his silent way toward the rippling water. Now the tide was running strongly out to sea. He stopped. Over the murmuring and splash of the current, he made out vague sounds and in the darkness discerned hurried movement by the edge of the lawn.

He crept closer. A crouching man was doing something. Sam drew out flashlight and revolver. He paused, shifting his hold on his gun to the barrel. He took two quick steps forward and snapped on the light. In the sudden white circle Thorne Becker was spotted, down on one knee. The rope in his hands was tightening around the body of a man. His startled eyes, squinting, tried to jab past the light.

"I'm arrestin' you, Becker," Sam said. "Don't ——"

Becker sprang at the light, teeth gleaming whitely in a snarl. One arm knocked the flashlight aside; the other clawed blindly. Sam cracked him carefully, but hard, on the head with the clubbed gun. His light followed Becker's sprawling fall. The man went utterly limp. Good for a spell, Sam figured.

At the house, a sudden oblong of light widened and closed as Jezebel came rushing out the back door. Sam flicked off his torch. He stood still as the girl ran down the lawn.

"Thorne!" she called. Her voice was edged with anger, but very low. "Quit hiding! I saw your light! What do you think you're pulling off?"

"In a friendly way, tell him we are putting the police on his trail."

"It's me again, ma'am," Sam said. He flicked on the light, pointed down at Becker. "I had to send yo' boss to sleep."

Jezebel stopped. Sam heard her draw breath. "Dead?"

"No'm. Jest out."

"You'd better go easy on that rough stuff!"

"Becker didn't," Sam said. "When you wouldn't welcome Earl Halpin in as Becker had promised him, I figger Halpin got sore an' bored after a night up at the beach house. He decided to quit. But Becker must ha' been allowin' he'd grab most o' that fifty thousand himself by threatenin' to give Halpin away to his aunt. He wouldn't let Halpin quit. Only he persuaded him a bit too rough."

"Dream stuff!"

Silently, Sam flicked on the flashlight, centering the glaring white light on the body of Earl Halpin. Jezebel's eyes grew big and terrified. A sound came from her lips.

The black swan, lashed on top of Halpin's plump chest, swayed, a grotesque, carrion bird above his prey. Heavy concrete blocks were bound to Halpin's legs by the rope Becker had been handling.

Jezebel flung up her hands to her face.

"You cain't get a man fo' murder without a body," Sam said, "so Becker lugged Halpin's body down heah in his car while you were out. He fixed up Halpin to disappear fo'ever. The rubber swan, with a little hole in it somewheres, would ha' held up the body long enough fo' the tide to carry it down the inlet an' way out into the ocean. After that the blocks would sink it."

Sam took the light off the black swan.

"Only Becker gilded the lily a mite too much," he said. "Jest to be safer'n safe he painted that swan black, so's if anybody was fishin', he'd never see what was driftin' by. That's what made me curious. Lily gilding."

He cocked his ear and looked toward the bridge. Twin headlights came lancing up across it in a tearing hurry.

"That'll be the sheriff," Sam said, "and he'll have Quinn with him. He's that way—Ben Dunn."

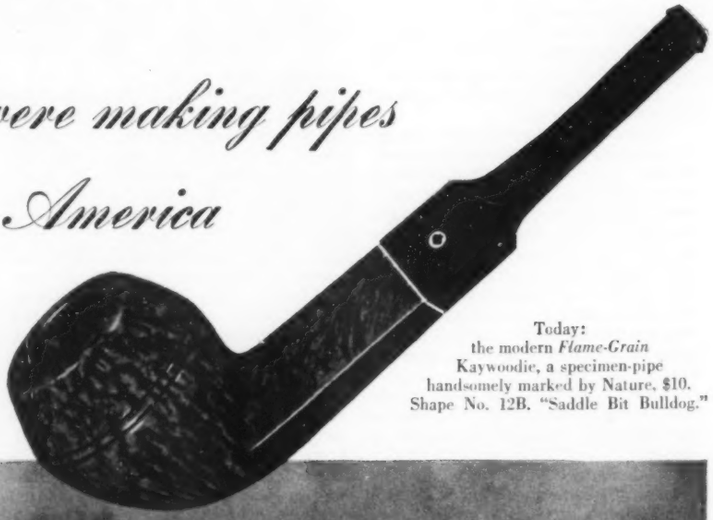
"Look!" Jezebel said hoarsely. "You say you keep the wrong ones out of jail. Well, Bob Quinn isn't in this at all. Thorne Becker and I split up yesterday. You're right, I—I had the wrong idea about why I was getting a house of my own. I was sore. I brought Bob Quinn up here to show Thorne he and I were through." She drew a quick breath. "When you scared me with that chatter about finding the body, I wanted to give Thorne a chance, so I made Quinn look bad. But Quinn stood by and took it like a man, because he thought I was in a jam. I couldn't let him be pinched right in my own house and —— You won't believe a word of this!"

"I b'lieve every word, ma'am," Sam said earnestly. "I always b'lieve a lady when she tells the truth."

He waggled his head in consideration and waved the flashlight toward the road beyond the house.

"Looks like you'll either have to give up houses or Beckers, ma'am. And it's right lucky fo' you an' Quinn that I got a Aunt Emma Anne." He heard the stamp of solid feet across the lawn. "Only nev' mind mentioning her to the sheriff now," Sam said hastily. "When I tell him he's caught the wrong man, I figger he won't be feelin' ovahkindly to my Aunt Emma Anne."

IN THE 50's, *our founders were making pipes which were enjoyed all over America*



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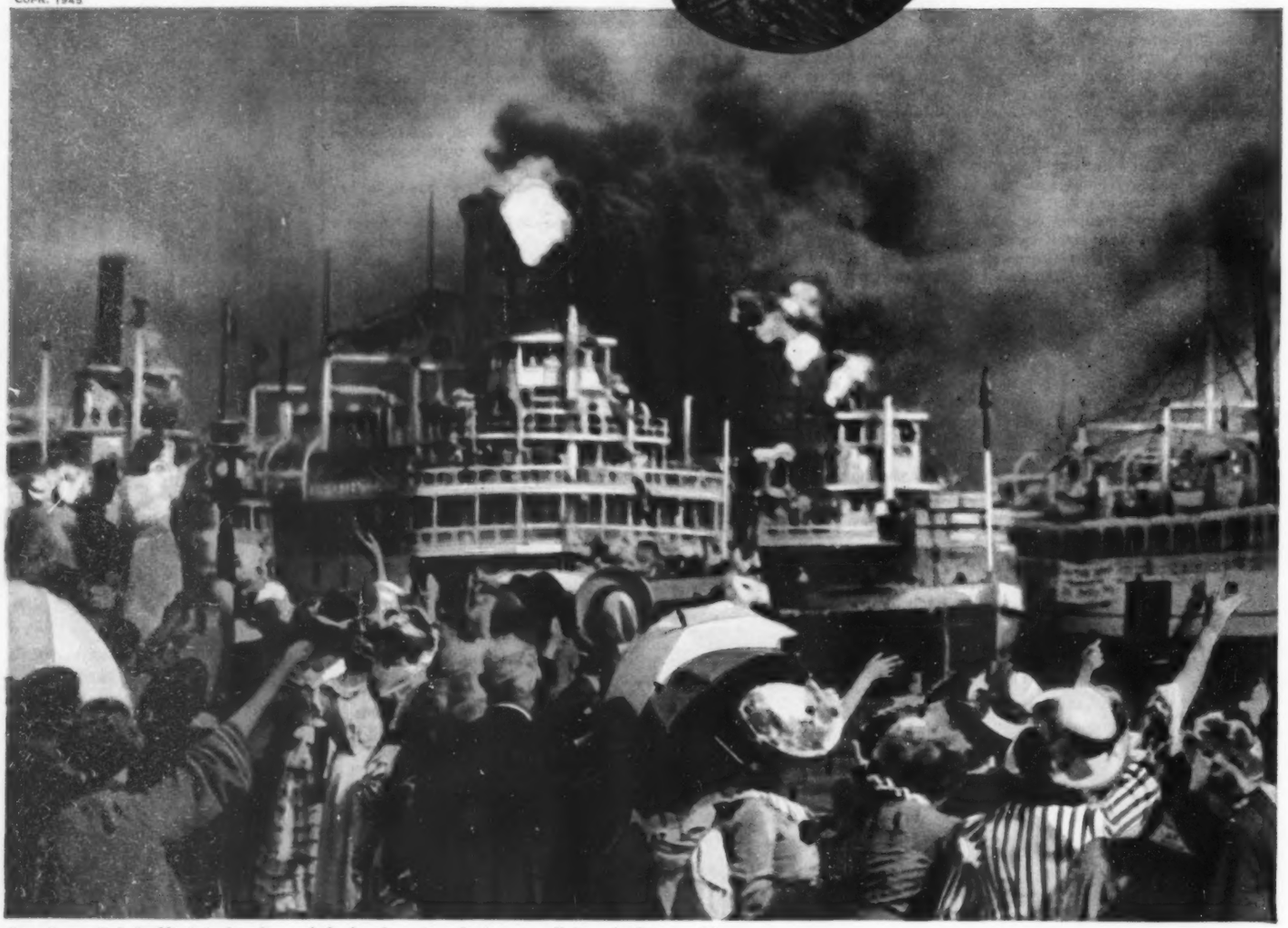

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LAND OF THE TORREONES

(Continued from Page 29)

I have placed myself, in imagination, in many singular emergencies and speculated upon how I should conduct myself."

"There's a difference," she said, "between theory and practice."

"Not," he said, "if the theorist has correctly assayed his equipment."

"I wouldn't have guessed it," Kelsey said, "but you've made me believe you are vain."

"It is not vanity," he said, "to estimate correctly one's abilities."

"'Correctly' is the trick word in that sentence," she said.

Before he could reply, the cook battered upon a frying pan with a spoon, summoning them to the midday meal. They walked, Mike leading the way, to the ledge He did not help her over the rough places as they climbed up to the coffee and beans and sourdough biscuit that awaited them. All the party were there. Uneasily, Kelsey noted that the Limey and Maxwell frowned resentfully at Mike, who was oblivious of their jealousy. It was the first sign of strain since the expedition had left Gallup.

One more day and night they were held fast in the canyon, but, on the morning after, they were routed from their bedrolls at four o'clock to start out upon the most toilsome day Kelsey ever had experienced. Not that she toiled, but she watched others toil. It was a day of mud, mud and more mud, of sandy creek beds which had become quagmires and into which wheels sank while horses strained and whips cracked. There were stretches where Povah had to guess where the road had been, and backbreaking hours of shoveling and cutting brush to spread upon the treacherous surface, so that the wagon might be tugged and hauled to more solid ground beyond. It was the sort of labor that made men silent and morose. After a day which had carried them no more than ten miles closer to their objective, the party rolled into blankets and slept the sleep of the exhausted. Even the Limey was mud to the waist.

On the third day of skirting the mighty jumble of Black Mesa, they passed Lolamai Point, rising majestically to its height of nearly eight thousand feet, and Povah told them that Tyende Creek and Kayenta were just ahead.

"How far?" asked Mike.

"Five-six mile," said Mr. Povah.

"This," Mike said, "is no time to be conspicuous. Mr. Povah, you know this country. Find a place where we can pull off the road and be concealed."

"Plenty canyons and draws," Mr. Povah said. "I calc'late you'll be wantin' me to sashay into town and nose around."

"As soon as we are camped," Mike told him.

"Best way," the old man said, "is to haul the wagon a piece away, where it can't be seen, and then pack what we need farther in."

It was not difficult to conceal the wagon. Equipment was then packed on the backs of the horses, and the party rode a quarter of a mile in toward the heights of Lolamai Point, where they found a small level spot invisible to the eye of any traveler upon the road. Here, for the first time, Mike directed that tents be broken out—small tents for sleeping, but not the larger tent that would serve for cooking and dining when they made permanent headquarters.

"Build all the fire ye got a mind to," Povah told the cook. "The smoke won't carry up over these hills."

Povah remounted his horse and rode at a walk toward America's most remote post office. It was two hours before he returned, and the party gathered around him to hear his report.

"I Injuned down to the rim of taown," he said. "Wan't hide nor hair of no automobiles nor no excitement like as if strangers was around. I kind of scrooched around till along comes a Injun ridin' a pony 'n' headin' for back yonder. Young feller. Drinkin' a bottle of pink sody pop. Been to Kayenta

(Continued on Page 68)

"Oh, shut up—I'll get you another chemistry set."

Sure, Goodyears wear out —

IN NEW JERSEY: "since June 1943 have put **42,000 MILES** on a Goodyear synthetic tire and it doesn't need recapping." **STILL GOING!** *Plant Manager*

IN ALABAMA: "my Goodyear synthetic tire went 37,000 miles before recapping; 15,000 since. Total **52,000 MILES.**" **STILL GOING!** *Expressman*

IN MINNESOTA: "very pleased with service from Goodyear synthetic tire — **29,414 MILES** on all kinds of roads." **STILL GOING!** *Doctor*

IN NEW YORK: "have travelled more than **50,000 MILES** on pair of Goodyear synthetic tires." **STILL GOING!** *Attorney*

IN TEXAS: "now have **50,000 MILES** on my first Goodyear synthetic tire. It has been recapped once." **STILL GOING!** *Field Supervisor*

IN ARKANSAS: "my two Goodyear synthetic tires have gone **33,000 MILES** with one recap — no trouble." *Ordnance Worker*

IN WASHINGTON: "at **20,000 MILES** my set of Goodyear synthetic tires have full continuous tread design — good for many more miles." **STILL GOING!** *Transportation Director*

FOR more than two years now busy Americans have been putting these rugged new Goodyears through their paces on the highway—the ultimate test of tire quality.

In that time several million essential drivers have had full opportunity to weigh their merits, on every type of road, in every kind of service.

What their verdict is, you can read in the typical comments shown above. Summed up briefly, the net is this: "*Goodyear synthetic rubber tires are delivering mileages rivaling the average of prewar tires!*"

Such standout performance emphasizes anew what no car owner should ever forget: it isn't what a tire is made of, but how it is made that counts most.

That is why Goodyears have been the world's first-choice tires for 30 consecutive years, and why their popularity is higher now than ever before. Over-the-

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES

but read how long it takes!

IN CALIFORNIA: "after **23,000 MILES** of hard usage, have just had two Goodyear synthetic tires recapped for further service." **STILL GOING!** *Deputy U. S. Marshal*

IN COLORADO: "average service from Goodyear synthetic tires before recapping is **25,000** to **28,000 MILES.** Goodyear recaps most satisfactory." *Cab Company*

IN MISSOURI: "wonderful service from two Goodyear synthetics. At **20,110 MILES,** have considerable tread left." **STILL GOING!** *Printer*

IN MICHIGAN: "wish to report driving a Goodyear synthetic tire **50,000 MILES** before recapping." **STILL GOING!** *Traffic Manager*

IN ILLINOIS: "Goodyear synthetic tire has given **30,000 MILES** on original tread, equal to prewar service." *Rural Mail Carrier*

road experience proves that today, as always, they are the best tires built!

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MAKE YOUR PRESENT TIRES LAST LONGER with a Goodyear *Extra-Mileage* Recap that adds thousands of extra miles' wear — and new Goodyear Heavy-Duty DeLuxe Inner Tubes. Both now available from your Goodyear dealer.

All-Weather—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

World's first-choice tires

THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

(Continued from Page 65)

aseein' life. Kind of shy, he was. Pockmarked young feller. I suspicion he's been in to pawn his jewelry. Wan't wearin' no silver. Wa-al, we talked a spell after I give him my name. Hain't been no strangers in Kayenta since when. Looks like we beat this other party to it. I clumb up to where I could see the ol' Wetherell tradin' post asprawlin'. Built of stone. Been there since 1906, 'n' looks it. Hunderd miles from a railroad. Yeah. Wetherell, he used to freight in his truck from Gallup. Cost him five cents a pound to git it to the post. That's the news. Grub ready?"

So they were ahead of Pete Skillman and his party. Now there would be nothing to do but wait and watch for his coming. Kelsey hoped it would be soon. She had seen enough of inaction in their cave refuge after the storm.

Now, waiting for the call to food, she stood before her tent, peering at the volcanic cones that speared upward on the horizon—black cones with greenish-gray deposits down their sides. A contrast they were, those upthrust masses, to the eroded red buttes that were their neighbors. Just a little way to the west was a tiny town, lost in all this immensity, but still a town where human beings dwelt and went about their daily tasks. It was the last town. When they departed from Kayenta, they would leave even this rudimentary civilization behind, soon to plunge into a vast fastness, possibly to look upon mountains and pinnacles and cliffs and valleys and creeks upon which the eyes of white men never before had rested.

What, she was thinking, *will that country give to me? It may give dad his molybdenite mine; it may give Mike Bronson his torreones. They know what they want, and will be satisfied to get it. I—I don't know what I want. I wonder what I'll find.* She shivered a little as she lifted the flap of her tent and stooped to enter. *And,* was her final thought, *if it gives me something, will it bring me happiness or misery?*

FROM an eminence, Kelsey Bobbs scrutinized the huddle of buildings through Mike Bronson's binoculars. Largest of them was the Wetherell and Coville trading post, low, constructed of irregular blocks of rock, its almost flat roof supported by big timbers. Its windows were on a level with the ground and its doors so low that one must stoop to enter. She could see the road winding away to the south toward Tonalea and Red Lake and more remote Tuba City. It was up this track, through Klethla Valley and the gorges of Marsh Pass, that Pete Skillman and his party must come. "An automobile and a truck," she said.

Mike snatched the glasses. "Two men riding the truck," he said. "Maybe five more in the car." He grunted. "That's why there were so many horses in the corral. They made arrangements to buy horses here."

They watched the two motor vehicles approach and come to a halt before the trading post. It was as Mike had guessed—five men descended from the car. So there were seven in the party.

They entered the low door of the building and remained inside for a quarter of an hour, quenching their thirst. Then Mike saw Pete Skillman emerge with a shirt-sleeved, gray-haired man and walk to the corral to inspect the horses.

"Was your prospector there?" Kelsey asked.

(Continued on Page 71)

Hot-Stove Casualty

A *POST WAR ANECDOTE*

A PRIVATE on staff duty bent over to pick up some official documents. The seat of his trousers, also the soldier, were sizzlingly burned by the contact they made with a near-by red-hot stove. Correspondence was initiated to procure another garment at no expense to the soldier.

To: QMPO.
1. Item of Government-issue clothing. One (1) pair trousers, w-33, l-32, OD, damaged when soldier leaned over to pick up official papers. Subject contacted hot space heater, Type QM 5.
2. Request replacement, as soldier was acting in line of duty, and damage was caused by no misconduct on his part. *s/Lt. Doe.*

The reply:
To: Lt. Doe, Steenth Battalion.
1. No trousers of fire-resistant fabric available.
2. Suggest send soldier to dispensary for repairs and recommend decoration for line-of-duty injuries received. *s/Lt. Jones.*

File return:
To: QMPO.
1. Soldier repair accomplished.
2. No decoration allowable. Injury was received in rear echelon. Awards only for front action.
s/Lt. Doe.

—HERSTON M. COOPER.

Family life is smoother when dispositions are good

Youngsters mirror the slightest change in the mood of their parents. So conceal your worries from them. Help them grow up into well-adjusted men and women by keeping in a good mood.

"Fresh up"—keep smiling!

Laugh with The "Fresh Up" Show. Mutual Network . . Every Wednesday evening. 8:30 EWT — 7:30 CWT — 6:30 MWT — 8:30 PWT

When it looks as though good dispositions might become upset, it's a wise mother who brings chilled 7-Up from the refrigerator. Difficulties are soon forgotten in the enjoyment that 7-Up brings. For it's a cheerful, good-natured drink . . . fresh and clean in flavor . . . and so pleasantly satisfying that you just naturally feel like smiling. That's why it is said that everyone likes it and it likes everyone.

So keep your refrigerator well stocked with 7-Up at all times. Any nearby store that displays the 7-Up signs will supply you.

It's *today*, and *tomorrow*, and *every* day—as the boys come home.

Railroads played a major part in their comings and goings. Trains carried almost all of them—many of them time after time. More than a million a month are riding the trains right now. And trains successfully handled the even bigger job of carrying nine-tenths of the mountains of material which they needed to win the war.

The end of the war means many things to many people. One thing it means to the railroads is a chance to get long-denied material for building new locomotives, new freight cars to replace equipment worn by war service — and fine, new passenger trains to provide added comfort and luxury in swift, safe travel.

Railroads are at work on these things now, today and every day. In that great time just starting, they will serve you in better style than ever before — but with the same responsible and faithful performance upon which America has learned, both in war and in peace, that it can rely.

LET'S FINISH
THE JOB
BUY
VICTORY BONDS

AMERICAN RAILROADS

—LOOKING AHEAD

(Continued from Page 68)

"He was there," Mike said. "They're going to transfer to pack horses. No wagon. We'll have to do the same."

They mounted and rode back to the camping spot, where Mike reported to Mr. Bobbs.

"Seven of them, eh? Call it six, if this Kelly is a sort of prisoner. Nine of us. Maxwell, Povah, the two Cornishmen, the two packers, you, myself and Kelsey."

"But their six," Kelsey said, "will be hard hombres." She glanced at the men clustered around the wagon. "You've forgotten the Limey. He makes ten. Maybe."

"Maybe?" asked Mike.

Kelsey did not explain.

"What do we do?" Bobbs asked. "Waylay them in the hills and take the prospector away from them?"

"Follow," said Mike. "Keep out of sight and wait for an opportunity."

"Pete Skillman isn't a boob," said Kelsey. "Do you think for a second he doesn't know we started out from Gallup and where we were heading?"

"I do not underestimate him," Mike said.

Bobbs frowned at his daughter. "I'm beginning to wish you were safely back in Phoenix," he said.

"You're not a two-gun man yourself, darling," Kelsey retorted.

"I can send you back from Kayenta," Mike suggested hopefully.

Her only reply to this was a stubborn setting of her lips. Mike shrugged. He moved away to engage Povah in talk. Mr. Bobbs went into his tent to replenish his supply of cigars. The Limey and Maxwell, as if drawn by a magnet, walked to Kelsey's side and sat down, each with grim determination not to be driven away by the other.

"Have you men nothing better to do?" she demanded coldly.

"Could there be anything better to do?" Maxwell asked. "If I could get it through this Englishman's thick skull that three is a crowd ——"

The Limey was supercilious and silent, but his gaze through the gleaming monocle was irritating.

"Will you go for a ride with me, Miss Bobbs?" Maxwell asked. "Just the two of us?"

The Limey showed his even white teeth in a provocative smile, and Maxwell lurched to his feet, fists clenched. "There's one way to settle this!" he said furiously.

"Tut, tut!" Cavendish said indulgently. "Temper! Temper! Fisticuffs, what? Oh, I say, Maxwell! Settle nothing. Distress Miss Bobbs. Does she agree to crown the winner with bay leaves, eh? Naughty! Naughty!"

"It might as well be one time as another!" Maxwell said harshly. "It's bound to come! You blasted, one-eyed British haw-haw!"

The Limey continued to smile placidly. "Crude. Oh, very crude." He bowed to Kelsey. "Have I your permission, Miss Bobbs, to go a little bit apart with this impertinent understrapper and read to him a jolly little lecture on decorum?"

"The sooner you slay each other," Kelsey said savagely, "the happier I'll be."

She meant it. Two weeks ago, she would have been frightened at the prospect of two men fighting. Now she wanted them to fight, wanted them to pommel and batter each other. Anything to rid her of their unwelcome importunities.

The Limey shrugged and lifted himself to his feet. Then he stiffened and looked past Maxwell's rigid figure. "What ho?" he exclaimed.

Something in his face made them turn. They saw two riders coming into the little draw, two riders under sombreros, legs encased in worn levis, spurs on heels. Another thing Kelsey saw with alarm—each man wore a holstered pistol. The man on the left was Pete Skillman. She glanced at the men of her party. Every one was erect, arms dangling awkwardly, mouths half open, tense, taken by surprise. The two newcomers rode toward the wagon, and Skillman threw up his right arm in the time-honored gesture of peace.

"Afternoon, Bronson," he said, and then, turning in the saddle, swept off his broad-brimmed hat to Kelsey. "Hello, playmate," he called. "Quiet secluded little spot you have here."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

GET READY, GET SET—

By Robert D. Abrahams

American language, grandest of them all,
O.K. for every brand of story tall,

As real to us as soda pop or sundaes,
As right as ham on rye or wash on Mondays,

As certain as a big-league umpire's yell,
As fluid as cold soup that doesn't jell,

As truly ours as two bits, dimes or dollars,
Lingo of pioneers, despair of scholars.

Come forward, wrap us round in words that say,
Not yesterday or Europe, but today.

And let us sound our horn above the land,
In music all our world will understand.

Give out then, word magicians, start your jiving,
Poets who talk our language, start arriving.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

He grinned at Mike. "When I heard you were here, I naturally dropped in for a chat."

"When," asked Mike with the air of one completely flabbergasted, "you heard we were here?"

"Grapevine," Pete said genially. "Do you think there's an Indian on the reservation who doesn't know you've been on the road? I hadn't been in Kayenta twenty minutes before I knew friends were in the vicinity. You're looking swell, Kelsey. How's your father standing it?"

"Give him the once-over," Kelsey said. "He's ten years younger."

Mike was not showing to advantage. He was being played with, but seemed to find no retort. He seemed clumsy and inadequate beside the debonair Skillman, and Kelsey was furious with him.

"This," Skillman continued, "is the only chance that I'll have to say hello. We're starting north in the morning."

"Oh, we'll be seeing you along the way," Kelsey said flippantly.

Skillman shook his head. "Inadvisable," he said. "I'd really rather you didn't. We're going into a bad country. Not fit for little girls. Aside from the pleasure of seeing you, my main reason for dropping in was to advise you to keep out of the badlands."

"But we're looking forward to it," Kelsey said.

Skillman smiled at her indulgently, and then spoke to Mike. "Take the lady over to see the ruins at Betatakin. Nice outing. Well worth the trip. And you can play around with your hobby. But by all means give up the idea of traveling up toward the Four Corners."

"Rest your horse," Mike said. "The cook will have grub ready in half an hour. He makes very respectable coffee."

Kelsey stared at him. Even Skillman was thrown off his stride by the mild invitation.

"We must get back," he said shortly. "And so must you," he added pointedly. "To Phoenix. You're wasting your time, Bronson. Can't you see when you're beaten? Be a sport. You've lost."

Mike did not seem to hear him. "And there's a venison steak. Povah shot a buck—slightly in violation of the game laws, I fear."

Skillman leaned down from his horse, still courteous, but commencing to tighten. "If I could have your attention," he said.

"You have it," Mike answered. "Completely."

"Please," Skillman said, "focus it on the subject of molybdenite. At the moment, that is my absorbing interest. I am going up in the Four Corners country to locate and file upon a molybdenite deposit. I do not wish to be interrupted in my search or to be delayed or interfered with in any way."

"I sympathize with your determination," Mike said.

"It is a matter of business."

"Quite."

"I have organized my party carefully," Skillman went on. "The six men who are with me do as they are told, and I assure you that not one of them has ever been accused of being too gentle where his own interests were involved. Financially, they are interested, and it would be difficult for me to restrain their resentment if they thought someone might cause them to lose money. I wouldn't want to answer for them, try as I might."

"Briefly," said Mike, "you've recruited a gang of six-minute eggs who are rough, tough and lawless."

"In a nutshell. They will resent it if you try to follow us, and accidents might happen."

Mike seemed to lose interest in Skillman. He was staring at Skillman's companion curiously. "Is this one of your tough men?" he asked.

"Thompson? He's my Number One boy. Fought in Spain. Has quite a record in a bevy of Mexican revolutions. They know him along the border from Douglas to Yuma. And they give him a wide berth."

Mike smiled a bit wistfully. Kelsey was puzzled. He had not risen to the situation or asserted himself or conducted himself as the leader of an expedition should do. He was hesitant, not sure of himself, possibly overawed. She was commencing to despise him.

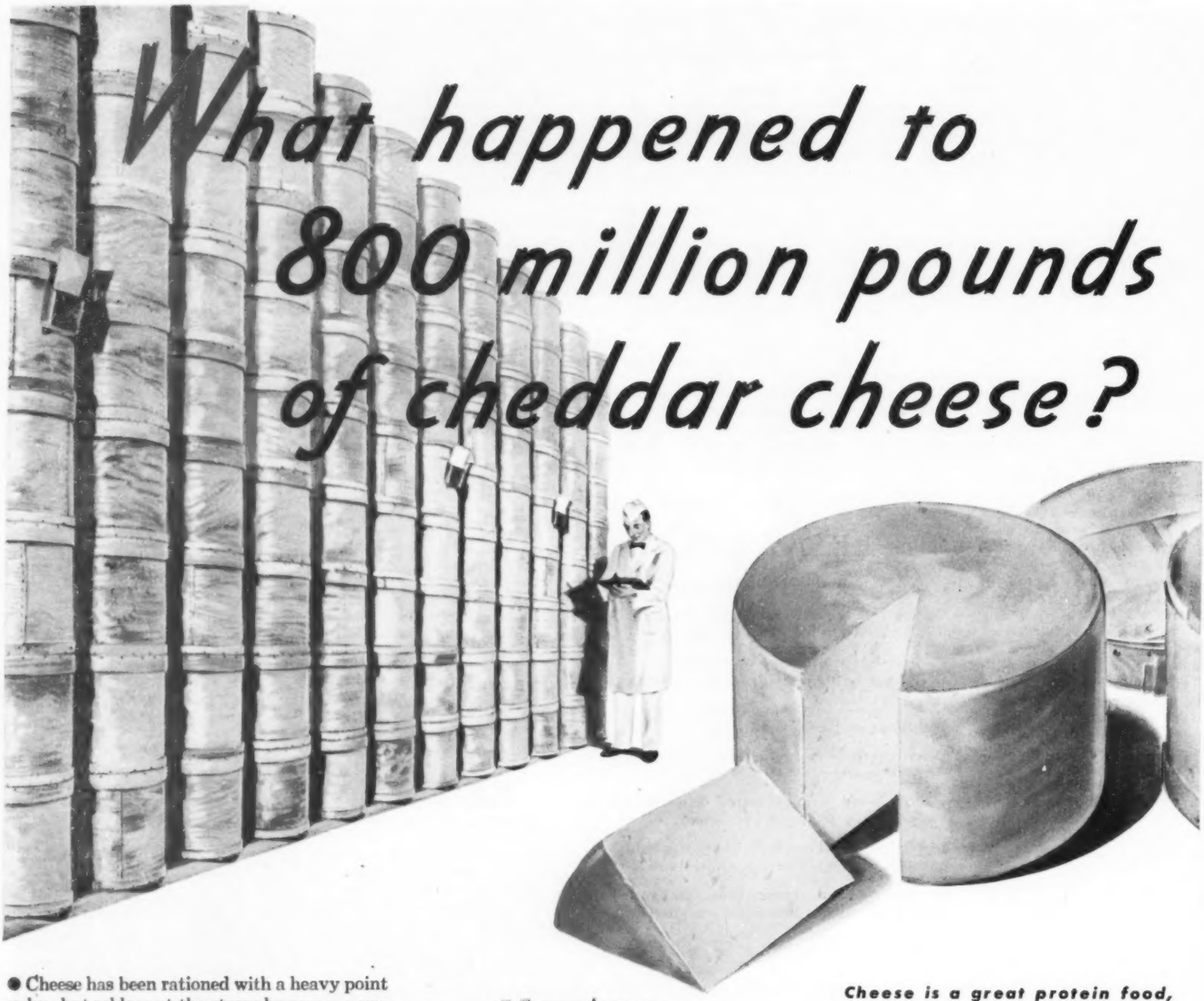
"Tell Mr. Thompson to get down off his horse," Mike said.

"Why?"

"Well," said Mike, "I've always wanted to know just how tough a very tough man is. If he will get down and start to be as tough with me as he

(Continued on Page 73)

What happened to 800 million pounds of cheddar cheese?

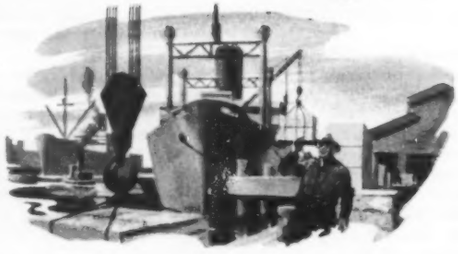


● Cheese has been rationed with a heavy point value, but seldom at the stores have you come across the hungering sight of great golden wheels of cheddar. Frequently *none* of the familiar packages of pasteurized process cheese in Kraft varieties that tasted so fine and cooked so well.

Yet America has been *producing nearly 3 times as much cheddar* as in 1918 when the other world war ended. About 800 million pounds this past year! What happened to it?

Well, cheddar cheese is a highly concentrated form of milk that can be shipped overseas. So

the Government took some 380 million pounds for our armed forces and our Allies. All the rest was allotted to civilians—and Americans, busy



at war work, have not overlooked the splendid nutritional values of cheese.

Ounce for ounce there is no other basic food that equals cheese for complete, high-quality protein . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other nutrients from milk.

So America's dairy and cheese industry sticks steadily to its important task. When the military needs are met, then—and soon, we hope—you'll have *more* cheese in its *many* tempting varieties.

KRAFT FOODS COMPANY
Division of National Dairy Products Corporation

Cheese is a great protein food, is rich in the precious minerals of milk that fighters need and workers need and children need most of all.

These are among the popular Kraft varieties that have been scarce—sharp "Old English", medium mild Kraft American, and the famous cheese food, Velveeta, with its rich yet mild cheddar flavor.

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY THE MEN AND WOMEN OF **KRAFT**

(Continued from Page 71)

knows how, it will be an experience, and maybe it will make me afraid of the other five hard cases you have in stock."

Kelsey caught her breath. Mike's words seemed clear, but somehow she was sure she was mistaken as to what he meant. Evidently Skillman was of the same mind.

"What are you talking about, Bronson?" he demanded.

"Was I cryptic? It was not my intention to be so. Let me illustrate."

He took one long stride to the mounted man, reached up a long arm to the man's shoulder and jerked him from the horse, catching him as he came down and setting him on his feet. In the tussle, Mike's fingers snatched Thompson's pistol from its holster and tossed it to one side.

"That's what I meant," he said. "Now Mr. Thompson and I are on what you might call an equal basis. Aside, of course, from his toughness." He nodded his head. "Go ahead, Mr. Thompson, be as rough, rude and uncultured as you find convenient. It will be instructive."

Thompson, big as he was, was uncertain. He did not know what was expected of him, so he hesitated, looking to Skillman for orders and feeling unhappily of his empty holster.

"You blasted fool!" Skillman said excitedly. "Do you want to get yourself shot?"

"He seems to have no gun," said Mike. "Can't he be tough without a gun? Then I think he is not very tough."

"You're seven or eight to one," Skillman said.

"Only one to one," Mike answered. Then to Thompson, "If you aren't going to obliterate me, I guess you'd better climb back onto your horse."

The little group was tense, silent, waiting.

Mike put a finger against Thompson's chest and pushed very lightly. "Get onto your horse and go away and be tough somewhere else. . . . Or maybe, Skillman, you'd like to show a few samples? I'm still not convinced."

"I've said what I came to say," Skillman said, not impressively.

Mike shook his head. "You come riding in here complete with forty-fours, and talk in a very threatening manner and describe how ruthless you are and will be if we persist in searching for the molybdenite mine. Well, you did not make a sufficient impression upon me to deter me from going ahead according to my original plans. I am not a tough individual, and my several men are peaceful miners and packers. But they look quite sturdy and dependable to me. You have delivered an ultimatum. Now I will deliver a counter ultimatum. Namely, we'll be seeing you. Now, Mr. Skillman, get out of here, and the next time we meet be prepared to be a great deal tougher than you have been today. You will find it needful."

He turned his back upon the pair, walked to the spot where Thompson's gun lay in the grass, broke it open and let the shells fall into his palm. These he tossed away among the rocks. Then he presented the weapon to the man. "Get going, the pair of you," he said, "before I lose my temper."

Skillman wheeled his horse skillfully, raked it with his spurs, and with Thompson a length behind him galloped out of the little valley, leaving Mike with the last word.

Kelsey stood with elbows pressed to her sides. She was cold and hot, and her knees were trembling. Her father stared at Mike with round eyes and sagging jaw. Povah spat tobacco juice skillfully and grinned.

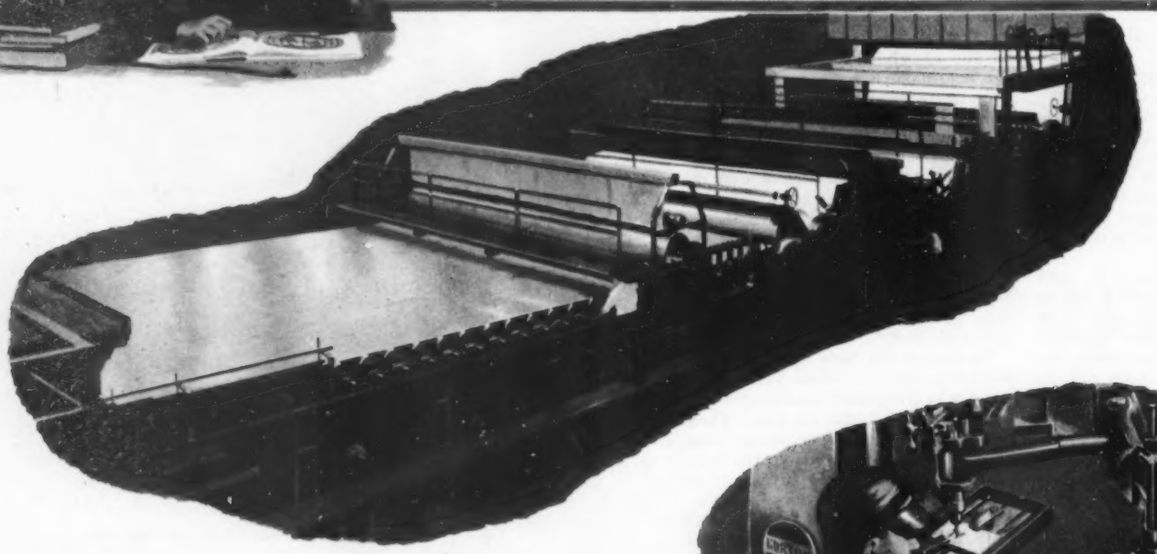
Only the Limey spoke. "Stout fella," he said. "Well done."

THE reception was not good on Kelsey Bobbs' tiny portable radio, but at least it was a tenuous connection

(Continued on Page 75)

"I see this time you *have* the rent!"

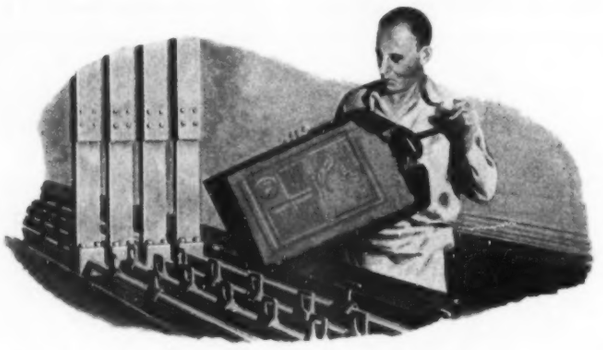
In bringing you the printed word...
NOTHING SERVES LIKE COPPER



1. Printing begins with paper, and most paper begins with ground wood pulp spread as a wet film on the fine copper alloy screen of the block-long *Fourdrinier* machine. This travelling screen is of fine bronze wire... bronze for strength, flexibility, resistance to wear and corrosion.

2. Brass, a readily workable copper alloy, is the material on which the type founder carves the original type designs. Each letter is drawn about five inches high and carved into a heavy brass plate. Reduced in size by pantograph, these smaller brass plates become the molds, or *matrices*, in which the type is cast.

3. Printing presses, too, require copper in electric motor and control equipment, brass and bronze in bushings, bearings and pneumatic feeder parts. And copper is used universally in the photo-engravers' plates from which illustrations are reproduced.



4. Multiple printing of millions of pages requires copper also. Wax impressions are made of each page. Copper is deposited electrolytically on the wax forming thin copper shells which are reinforced with type metal. Thus, duplicate plates are provided so that many copies may be printed at the same time.

The pulp and paper industry has made marked improvements in its products through the extensive use of Copper and Copper Alloys for replacing rustable or less durable materials. As a principal source of supply, The American Brass Company has been the foremost producer of Fourdrinier wire, and has specialized in large diameter seamless copper tubes for pulp lines... phosphor bronze for Jordan bars and doctor blades, Everdur® Copper-Silicon Alloy for screen plates and pans. ®Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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You have had but the briefest glimpse of the part copper and copper alloys play in producing a printed page. These metals serve many other useful purposes because they combine the properties of corrosion resistance, workability, strength, and electrical and thermal conductivity. 4010

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BUY VICTORY BONDS...
Help assure World Peace

(Continued from Page 73)

with the world left so far behind. She was straining her ears to catch the news, news of the war, news of the nation.

"Seventeen of the German prisoners of war who escaped from Papago prison camp are still at large," the voice said faintly. "It is believed they have crossed the Mexican border into Sonora. Mexican authorities are cooperating in the effort to effect their capture."

That was the end of the morning broadcast. Kelsey closed the cover of the tiny instrument as Mr. Povah came riding in and called to Mike Bronson in his rasping voice.

"They lit a shuck," he said. "Pulled their freight before sunup."

Mike gave orders to break camp, and then strode over to the spot where Kelsey stood beside her father.

"Mr. Bobbs," he said, "after we leave Kayenta, it will be impossible for you and your daughter to turn back. I can make arrangements to have you driven south to Tuba City." He let his eyes drift to Kelsey's face. "You have had an outing. You have seen the country. Now I urge you to go home."

"No," Kelsey said stubbornly.

"You heard Skillman. He meant what he said. There is bound to be trouble."

"Can't you," demanded Kelsey, "handle Pete Skillman?"

"I hope so. I do not want to be hampered by a girl and an elderly man."

"It was bluff," Bobbs gave his opinion. "Skillman would not dare resort to violence. How could he escape the consequences? It is known that our two parties are in this part of the country. Suppose, to put an extreme supposition, some of our party should be killed. That would be murder. If, to state an absurdity, our group should be wiped out, there would be a search. Skillman would be questioned, as he well knows. I'm convinced he was merely trying to scare us away."

"Possibly. I hope so. But does it occur to you, Mr. Bobbs, that we are the aggressors? Our intention is to seize one of their party, which in effect is kidnaping. The right of self-defense exists. Skillman could make out a substantial case."

"Yeah," interjected Mr. Povah. "Who started it, eh? Who jerked Thompson off'n his hoss 'n' wanted to start a fracas? Mr. Bronson, he done so. Seems like we hit the first wallop." He showed stained teeth to Mike in a thin-lipped grin. "Uh-huh, 'n' you made a pussonal feud out of it, young feller. With Thompson. You yanked him around before folks. He won't sleep good till he's evened things up, and no matter how hard this here Skillman tries, he won't be able to pervent Thompson from dry-gulchin' ye. He hain't the kind of a hombre to worry about juries."

"My daughter and I have discussed the situation," Bobbs said. "If one goes back, all go back."

Mike stood silent a moment. He did not even shrug his shoulders. Characteristically, he did not pursue the argument when he found his case to be hopeless.

"Letters," he said, "can be mailed in Kayenta. Your last opportunity."

"To be sure," said Povah grimly. "Could be the last chance you'll ever git." He spat accurately at a little colored stone. "Things agoin' on that makes my stummick kind of quiver."

"What things?" Mike asked.

"Numb feelin' in my hands, like ma used to have. Then there's this kind of shifty, concealin' way the Injuns looks at ye. They got suthin' on their minds. Yeah. You can't penetrate to what a Navajo's athinkin' about, but ye kin tell he's athinkin'. Mebby the's been an epidemic of ghosts or sichlike. I dunno. I ketched a word passin' betwixt two of 'em. A word I hain't heard since Geronimo was took. Mebby I misheard, but that there word sounded like 'walk-a-heaps.'"

"What does it mean?" Kelsey asked.

"What the Injuns used to call infantry or dismounted cavalry," said Povah.

"Probably," said Bobbs, "it refers to Skillman's party or ours."

"When a Navajo says 'walk,' he means 'walk.' When he says 'ride' he means 'ride,'" Povah said. "Um. . . . Wa-al, one reason fur stayin' alive's to see what'll happen next."

Mike dismissed the subject. "Mr. Povah," he asked, "are there any short cuts between here and Mexican Water?"

"Could be. What fur?"

"They'll be keeping watch behind," Mike said. "If we could cut around and get ahead of them ——"

"Might manage." He appraised Kelsey and her father. "Be rough goin' for dudes," he said.

"The dudes," answered Mike, "have asked for it. They'll have to take it."

(Continued on Page 77)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Then you must have known my father—he was here in twenty-nine."

ALL-TRUCK *and Loaded With Power*

YES SIR—here's the light-duty International truck—powered by the famous Green Diamond Engine.

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INTERNATIONAL *Trucks*

(Continued from Page 75)

He dismissed that topic. "We'll leave the wagon in Kayenta. Pack horses from there. We will be more mobile." He glanced over the scene. "We're ready to start. You'll have time to write letters in the trading post while we transfer the outfit."

It was afternoon before the cavalcade left Kayenta on the road to Mexican Water. Skillman and his men had a start of several hours, but that was not important. Kelsey rode beside Mike Bronson.

"What was the motive?" she asked. "Were you just showing off?"

"Motive for what?" he asked, giving her only half his attention.

"The dramatics. Hauling Thompson off his horse."

"Oh, that!" he said. "You might—oh, certainly you might—call it research. The—shall we say?—scientific approach."

"To what?"

"The general subject," he said, "of toughness. I have not encountered much toughness in—ah—in its natural state. Skillman made categorical statements as to the toughness of this individual. It seemed like an opportunity to apply a primitive laboratory test. Mr. Thompson did not react. It was a disappointment. I possess little more data than I did before the experiment."

She puckered her brows. "You were willing to have your ears torn off by a ruffian, all in the interest of science?"

"There was the other consideration also," he said. "It might have demonstrated to me how tough I am myself. I mean the tenable theory exists that Mr. Thompson might not have been able to tear my ears off." He looked down at the dry bed of Tyende Creek and lost interest in the subject.

"We are now," he said, "in the heart of the country where the most typical Basket Maker and Pueblo cultures flourished. On this great plateau. Along the San Juan River and its tributaries. Basket Maker III, as it merged into Pueblo I, was an evolution from previous cultures, modified by contacts with neighboring peoples. What may be described as radical changes were under way. The earliest date of this stage seems to be about Five Hundred A. D., and by Seven Hundred A. D. had developed into a people who fashioned pottery."

"But about this Thompson," she said.

He would have none of that. "According to the Pecos classification," he went on almost raptly, "this was the pit or slab-house building and pottery-making stage. Its pottery decoration was characterized in general by coarse lines, unattached dots, simple designs, with, generally, a coarse paste and globular shapes. The houses are a development of the cists of earlier days, and many of them were little better than elaborated cists with roofs. Circular or egg-shaped. Found both in caves and in the open."

"I'm not exactly in the mood for archaeology today," Kelsey said.

"I," replied Mike mildly, "am always in the mood for archaeology."

"It is not a social grace," she said. "Mr. Povah has more gracious road manners. He chats. I'll ride with him."

If Kelsey was disappointed because Mike did not urge her to remain, she concealed it and trotted forward to join Povah, who was slouched in his saddle beside the Limey. Mr. Povah was describing in intimate detail the delights and the drawbacks to marriage with an Apache squaw. The conversation ceased abruptly as she drew alongside. Povah eyed her speculatively.

"All the times I been married," he said, "I hain't never once been married to nobody like you."

"Why not?" she asked.

"A woman like you," he explained earnestly, "would be teetotal inconvenient to a man like me."

"Why so? I'm really very nice."

"But persnickety," Mr. Povah told her. "This here's an awful dry country. Naow, 'ithout gittin' personal, I venture to say you git into a bathtub as frequent as every Sattidy night." His eyes were reminiscent. "Take me. I was into one of them bathtubs once. Felt kind of ridic'lous atakin' off all my clothes jest to set in a big dish of hot water. I felt fur a week like suthin' had sapped my vigor. Yes'm. Now, come spring, pervidin' the's a stream handy that hain't too cold!" He snorted. "Knowed a man went to a hospital to git cut up fur some ailment. This here nurse she washed him all over every blasted day. And him alayin' there betwixt clean sheets, with no more chance of gittin' dirty than a coyote has of singin' like a mockin' bird." He waggled his head. "Nope," he said firmly. "You're perty 'n' all, but 'twouldn't be wuth it."

The Limey leaned toward her. "To give a miss to the entrancin' topic of baths," he said, "is Mr. Bronson a friend of the jolly old childhood?"

"I met him first a couple of weeks ago," said Kelsey.

"Always draw a blank. Sudden interest in the warrior flares up. Desire to probe his past. Itchin' curiosity regardin' his past performances. Track records, what?"

"I know nothing about Mr. Bronson," Kelsey said stiffly.

"Most absorbin' study of mankind is man," the Limey said. "Judgment totters on its throne. I deem him to be a studious bloke, dwellin' on the intellectual plane amongst artifacts and prehistoric thingumbobs. When, astoundin'ly, he discloses aptitudes for violence and mayhem and tossin' around the gage of battle. Forced to revise estimates."

"Me," said Mr. Povah, "I been watchin' his smoke signals. He kind of grows onto ye. It's commencin' to dawn on me mebby he'll do to ride the range with."

Kelsey understood that this was high praise from a source not given to flattery. It troubled her. She fancied she had rather despised Mike Bronson, but now he emerged suddenly as a personage who aroused the acute interest of a man like the Limey, who was by no means negligible, and the admiration of Povah—who understood well the value of a right companion in times of stress.

She glanced sidewise at the Limey. The man's face was bleak. He was absorbed and concentrating. The idea came to Kelsey that in some way it was of high importance to him that Mike had demonstrated qualities of leadership and courage and capacity in an emergency. She wondered why. She wondered if the Limey was pleased by the development or troubled by it. And why.

They rode on, mile after weary mile, through country stupendous, majestically imposing, incredibly lonely. It bore in upon Kelsey. It impended over her and hushed her and made her apprehensive of the unknown.

Before nightfall they drew off the road upon a small, triangular meadow. A few gnarled and twisted cedars grew there. It was high, and from its eastward rim one could look down upon the ravine through which squirmed the sands of the dry creek, and see far across the terrain a serrated ridge that stood in stark profile against the eastern sky. The descending sun was behind her, casting long shadows which seemed sluggishly alive, because they moved perceptibly toward the east as the sun lowered itself into the west.

Mike Bronson came and stood at her side and watched as she was watching. Then he turned toward her with an odd shyness, almost a sheepishness, and flapped his hand awkwardly to all that lay before them.

"I like it," he said, and walked away abruptly.

Again came the business of fire building, of breaking out the Dutch oven and the huge coffeepot, and the skillful, quick preparation of food. Kelsey was hungry. Even the *frijoles*, which had commenced to pall upon her, were welcome, and the sourdoughs were food for the gods when she embellished them with molasses. She was not tired. That day's ride had been neither long nor toilsome. But the men, dragging each his bedroll to a selected spot, were soon snoring.

Kelsey sat by the remnants of the fire, embracing her knees. And then the moon came up with a soft, cold, eerie, mysterious light that suited the disturbing magic of the scenery.

Softly she got to her feet and fumbled for binoculars. Then, with a feeling of guilt, as if going to spy upon some forbidden witchcraft, she climbed a little above the flatiron-shaped meadow and stood searching the visible world. Suddenly she saw herself to the scale of her surroundings, so vast and awesome, and became minute, an atom in the immensity, unimportant, negligible. Vanity disappeared and humility came in its place, as she knew for the first time how small was the place she occupied in the universe, and how little it mattered what she did or thought or what of good or evil happened to her.

There, for the first time in many months, she removed her glasses with the dark lenses in a place that was not shut in and private to her, and opened her eyes wide, and was not afraid that someone might look into them. It was with a feeling of relief, as if something that had been wound tightly about her had been released.

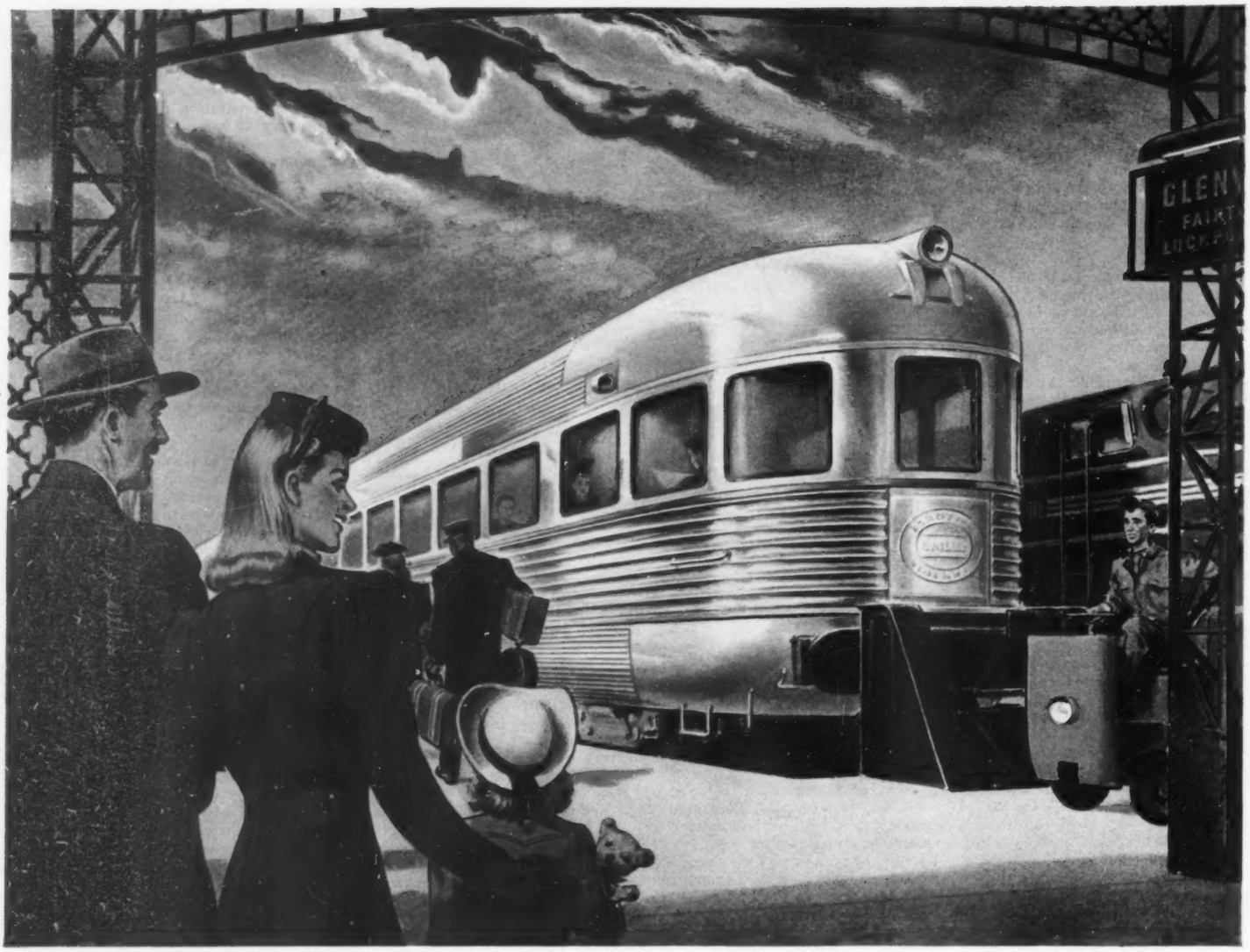
As she peered wide-eyed, enjoying her moment of freedom, she thought she saw movement. Far, far away beyond crag and gorge something stirred, moved with the steadiness of resolution. She raised the binoculars to her eyes, and the movement became a little procession of beings, evenly spaced in their progress. They were so tiny as hardly to be identified as human, until the glasses brought them nearer, and then she was not sure. She was not sure if they were men or what genus of creature they might be, for they were misshapen as their silhouettes plodded along, black against the sky. She could not count them, but there seemed at least a dozen, and each individual in the file was a hunchback, long of leg, short of body, gnomelike. She held her breath, and yet she was not surprised, for one might fairly expect to see so unnatural a sight as this under the magic light, in this land of elves and dwarfs. She watched them as they passed, a mile, two miles away, in single file along the crest, and then disappeared. Twelve men with humps on their backs.

She rubbed her eyes and looked again, but they had vanished. She even doubted if she ever had seen them; nor, though she spied upon the country for an hour, did she catch glimpse of them again.

She picked her way down to the meadow, crept into her bedroll and lay quivering. What manner of country was this where a dozen hunchbacks would gather and march through the moonlight? And where were they going? And why? She shut her eyelids tightly and reproduced the scene. It was true. They had marched. A dozen beings, and each with a great bump between his shoulders.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Have you anything eating at your conscience—perhaps an overdue book at the library?"



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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Budd

THE COUNTRY-CLUB SET

(Continued from Page 16)

"Holy cow!" said father.

He had no desire to join. It was just that, after working hard all his life, the idea that he could join if he wanted to appealed to him. It made him feel like a successful businessman. But he had no intention of becoming a member.

Bentley was a middle-class town composed of small businesses and retail shops. Father worked in a factory over near the county seat and had recently been made assistant sales manager. But our only signs of affluence were our car, which was a popular make, and the fact that father was the heaviest contributor in Bentley to the building fund for the Methodist Church.

Mother studied about the country club, worrying away at it, and I think she was frightened about it, too, but she wanted to join. Finally, she persuaded father to try it on for size, so to speak. They were going over on Saturday afternoon—father to play golf and mother to bask in luxury on the terrace. And if they liked it, they'd join.

The next night father came home with a bag of borrowed golf clubs, a dozen balls that he had purchased, and a book entitled How to Play Golf. A self-educated man, father believed he could master anything he set his mind to, and that night he alternately read the book and swung a golf club.

"It does not appear to be a complicated game," he said finally. "If one follows a few simple rules, no serious difficulty presents itself. But to be on the safe side, I'm going to take you along with me on Saturday, Fred. You'll carry this book. I may need to refresh my memory on occasion."

I thought Saturday would never come. When father got home from work, he was in a bad humor. "Senseless," he said. "I've work to do in the yard. Wasting the whole afternoon. I've a mind not to go, Amy."

Mother put lunch in front of him. "Your golf clothes are laid out on the bed."

"I don't own any golf clothes."

"You do now," mother said. "I bought them yesterday."

"But I'll never play golf after today," father protested.

Mother wouldn't argue with him. She seemed serene, but an expectant glitter was in her eyes. Father pushed his plate away finally and, still grumbling, went upstairs.

Mother sat at the dining-room table tapping her nails nervously on the surface and looking apprehensive We heard a bellow, and then father clumped down and out to us, waving something in one fist. He shook it in mother's face and demanded to know what in tarnation it was supposed to be.

"Those are your golf knickers," mother said. "I asked Mr. Jamison what a golfer wore, and got a complete outfit. When in Rome, you know, Harvey."

Father was a big man, six feet three, and weighing well over two hundred pounds. His face turned tomato red and he pointed a shaking finger at two little fluffy balls hanging from the cuffs of the knickers.

"Tassels," my mother explained.

"Tassels, are they now?" said father. He yanked them off savagely, threw them into the wastebasket and went back upstairs. We could hear him muttering to himself for the longest time, and finally he came downstairs very slowly. He stood in the hallway looking as though ready to run if we so much as smiled. The knickers were checkered, and beneath them were gaily patterned heavy wool stockings. Above the knickers he had on a pullover sweater, and a brown-and-tan cap was set squarely on his head. He was revolving a cigar furiously between his teeth.

"You look fine," mother said, clapping her hands.

"The damn things itch!" father said. He reached down and scratched hard at the wool stockings. "I'm not going!"

The car was parked at the curb in front of the house. Father wouldn't step outside until he had surveyed the street and seen it was deserted. Then

"I put up most of them signs myself. It sure keeps 'em from speedin' through here."

he grabbed his golf clubs and hurried down the porch steps and across the sidewalk as though he were running a gantlet. There was no one on the sidewalk, but Mr. Murchison was smoking a pipe on his porch next door, and the pipe fell out of his mouth when he saw father.

"Hey, Harve," he yelled gleefully, "where's the masquerade?"

Father didn't answer. We climbed hurriedly into the car and set off down the road. As soon as we left the residential section behind, father speeded up to twenty-five miles an hour while I kept an eye out the back window for the police.

Father felt better as soon as we reached the country club. There were other men there in knickers and he didn't feel so out of place, but every few minutes he surreptitiously reached down to scratch his legs.

Mr. Lewis—the man who had come to see father—was at the door to meet us. He showed us around the club, and mother made a great hit with him. Before long, she and Mr. Lewis were walking ahead, father and I bringing up the rear.

"Your mother laps this up," father whispered proudly to me. "To the manner born."

We left mother at the terrace, and Mr. Lewis said he'd meet father and me at the first tee. He wanted to round up two other players to make a foursome.

Mother gave father a final word of caution. "Harvey," she said, "don't lose your temper and don't be rough."

"Why should I?" said father. "Am I a blasted Hottentot?"

"Well," mother said, "I have every confidence in you, but remember these men are strangers. It's not like being with your lodge friends at the bowling alleys."

"I trust that I can conduct myself with dignity," father said stiffly, and we started off.

Mother tried hard to refine father, and he was co-operative and honestly tried to be what she wanted him to be, but he was a bullheaded man, although he considered himself the mildest sort of person.

As we walked along the path, father said to me, "Fred, this may be the cat's pajamas to your mother, but I'd just as soon work in the yard Saturday afternoons. I'm not going to join, and I just hope your mother doesn't take a fancy to anyone she meets up there."

When we reached the tee, Mr. Lewis was there with two other men, and a boy came up and tried to take father's golf bag away from him. Father yanked it back and glared at him.

"He's a caddie," Mr. Lewis said. "He carries your clubs for you."

"I may have been tricked into wearing short pants, Lewis," father said, "but I'm not so feeble I can't carry my own clubs."

Mr. Lewis smiled and explained that father could carry his own clubs if he wished to, but most golfers employed a caddie. Father realized he had made a *faux pas* and gave in, although he kept darting suspicious looks at the caddie, as though half expecting the boy to make a break with the clubs.

The other men were introduced as Mr. Edgecomb and Mr. Whipple. Mr. Edgecomb had played considerable golf, but Mr. Whipple had played only five or six times. He was a timid, apologetic-looking little man.

"Let's choose partners," Mr. Edgecomb said. "Lewis and I shoot in the high nineties, and Whipple's a beginner. How about you, Tanner?"

Father said, "I'll probably shoot about an eighty-five."

Mr. Edgecomb's eyebrows went up. "In that event," he said, "you'd better take Whipple as a partner."

Father was invited to shoot first, and he stepped up to the tee and, with a cigar gripped tightly in his mouth, stared hard at the ball. His lips were moving as he repeated to himself the rules he had memorized. He raised the club, brought it down, and the ball sailed straight down the fairway for about one hundred and sixty yards.

"Just as I surmised," father said. "A simple matter of following directions." He turned to me. "Nothing to the game for a red-blooded man. Child's play."

Mr. Whipple was not so successful. He missed the ball on his first attempt, and the second stroke toppled the ball weakly along the ground.

I could see that Mr. Whipple was already getting under father's skin. "Sorry, partner," Mr. Whipple said, with an apologetic smile. "I'm afraid I'm going to be a handicap to you."

"Nonsense," father said. "The cardinal rule in this game is not to look up. You looked up. Don't do it again!"

"No, sir," Mr. Whipple said, and giggled nervously. Father looked sternly at him. Father, having decided not to look up, wouldn't look up for anything short of the sky falling on his head.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FIRST EXPLORATION

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

Swiftly across the puckered brow,
Your hand moves on its quest;
Over the eyes, upon the nose,
From north to east and west.

At length it rests triumphantly;
You feast ad libitum.
Small infant, all the world is yours,
For you have found your thumb.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Father's second shot was a few yards short of the green, and when it was his turn to play he said to me, "Turn to Page Twenty-seven and read me what it says there."

I ruffled through the pages while Mr. Edgecomb and Mr. Lewis stared at each other and then at father.

"'For the chip shot,'" I read aloud, "'place the feet fairly close together, playing the ball back toward the right foot. Remember that the club's contact with the turf should come immediately after stroking the ball, not before. It is essential ——'"

"That's enough," father said.

He took his stance, eyed the ball commandingly, and struck it with his club. The ball flew onto the green, rolled across the velvetlike surface and trickled into the cup.

Mr. Edgecomb leaned suddenly against a tree as though he had to hold onto something to remain upright, and Mr. Lewis was open-mouthed, but father was unconcerned.

"Damn these stockings," he said, reaching down and scratching furiously. He straightened up. "That gives me a three," he said. "I understand it is known as a birdie. For the sake of fairness, I should probably revise my estimate of what I shall score. I would guess at about a seventy."

"Pardon me, Tanner," Mr. Edgecomb said, "but how long have you played golf?"

"First time today," father said, and it was plain that Mr. Edgecomb didn't believe him and thought he was putting on an act.

Mr. Edgecomb seemed about to say something else, but decided against it, and merely muttered under his breath to Mr. Lewis.

Back at the first tee, the men had talked for a moment in hushed whispers. I knew there was a financial wager on the outcome of the game, but my father hopefully believed I knew nothing of it, as my mother disapproved of gambling.

We went on to the next tee after the others had holed out, Mr. Whipple apologizing for having taken twelve strokes to get down.

"Brace up, man," my father said. "Concentrate."

A great believer in self-control and backbone, father had apparently decided that Mr. Whipple possessed neither commodity.

"Piddling game," he said to me. "I wouldn't join if they paid me."

"Maybe mother likes it, though," I said, clinging to hope.

Father chuckled. "I'll offer her a fur coat, instead. That'll do the trick."

The second hole was a short one with a pond between the tee and the green. Father had the honor, and while Mr. Whipple was already cringing in terror at sight of the water, it had no effect upon father.

"A pleasant view," he commented as he stood on the tee, puffing cigar smoke into the air.

He asked the caddie the distance to the pin, consulted the book to determine the proper club to use, swung at the ball, and it landed just beyond the water and rolled to the edge of the green.

"First time, eh?" Mr. Edgecomb said, and laughed rather nastily.

Mr. Whipple stepped up, shaking visibly, and hit three successive balls into the water before getting one across. He giggled nervously after each shot, while father shook his head disapprovingly.

"Hold your head still," father said. He took hold of Mr. Whipple's chin and showed him. Mr. Whipple giggled and apologized again.

Father had become more contemptuous of the game with each successful shot. At the next tee he took a terrific swing at the ball. It went out over the fairway like a bullet, and then, while father was watching it complacently, the ball made a sharp right turn and disappeared into the woods.

"Slice," said Mr. Edgecomb, brightening up a bit.

Father frowned. "Give me that book," he said.

We started off down the course, father shuffling the pages, muttering about too much right hand. It took us ten minutes to find the ball. Father chipped out to the fairway finally, and his approach shot landed in a deep trap to the left of the green.

Planting his feet in the sand, father had me read to him the directions for blasting out of a trap. He struck savagely at the ball and it rolled halfway up the hill, then rolled back to rest in its original niche. Mr. Edgecomb smiled.

Father saw that smile and became furious. He swung quickly at the ball, as though hoping to take it by surprise, and sand cascaded over us. When the air cleared, we saw the ball rocking back and forth in the sand.

Father, breathing hard, stepped back from the ball. He took the book from me, sat down, read it carefully, then

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(Continued from Page 80)

silently handed it back. He swung with great deliberation and the ball exploded high into the air and went out of sight over our heads.

"A lesson for you, Fred," father said to me. "I lost my temper. You see how fatal it is."

We clambered up on the green. Three balls were lying there, none of them father's.

"In the cup, no doubt," father said, and strode toward the pin, when one of the caddies called and pointed across the green. The ball had soared over the green and come to rest in an identical trap on the far side.

Father stared down at it, his neck getting red. Then he plodded down the bank, addressed the ball, swung, and missed.

Mr. Whipple giggled. "You missed it."

Father looked up at Mr. Whipple. "I beg your pardon?" he said politely.

Mr. Whipple was green. "I just said you missed it."

Father smiled a terrible smile. "Thank you," he said. "Thank you for calling it to my attention."

Father spit on his hands, and I could hear him talking to the golf ball. He swung viciously and it flew over our heads. We stood transfixed watching it return to the first trap again. A moment later, father climbed up onto the green, sighing with satisfaction.

"My putter, caddie," he said.

No one said anything for a minute. Then Mr. Whipple pointed a trembling hand toward the trap.

Father looked at us, then went across the green and out of sight again. I heard the club hitting repeatedly against the sand, and then finally the ball trickled up over the bank and onto the green.

Father toiled up after it. "Let me see that book, Fred," he said gently.

I handed it to him. He turned it over in his hands as though fondling a pet, then opened it to the middle, raised one knee to brace it against and ripped the book in half. He turned and threw one half of the book into the woods, then fired the other half after it.

"Who's away?" he said.

They holed out and we went on to the next tee. Father was breathing heavily.

His next drive was a good one and he felt better. "I got off the track," he said. "Forgot a few essentials, but it won't happen again. Watch me now."

We came up to his ball and he selected an iron, addressed the ball confidently, and then hooked it into the woods and out of sight. We stood there listening to the ball ricochet from tree trunks.

"Where's that book?" father said, and then remembered. He stood there deep in thought, then asked his caddie for another golf ball and we went on.

Neither Mr. Lewis nor Mr. Edgecomb was on his game; I think father had upset them. It was abominable golf, but evenly matched. At the eighth hole, father couldn't stand the wool stockings any longer. He rolled them down to his ankles. The golf knickers had elastic along the cuffs to give them a fashionable drape below the knee, and the elastic cut into father's legs. He sliced the elastic with a penknife and let the knickers droop down to his calves.

In the rough on the next hole, I heard him mutter to himself, "I'll learn this game if it takes me a million years." He didn't think anyone was near him. When he saw me, he looked blank, hoping I hadn't heard him, and carelessly began humming a tune.

"You've changed your mind?" I asked him, surprised.

He looked sternly at me. "Son," he said, "a man can't just think of himself. Your mother works hard. Cooking, washing, doing household chores all day. She needs a little relaxation occasionally. If she likes it here, I'm not the man to stand in her way."

(Continued on Page 84)

"Guess what. Mother is going to live with us."

NEW VIEW OF THINGS

Sooner or later, all of us need a change of viewpoint to make the day's affairs fall into proper perspective. So each TWA flight is planned not merely as a time-saving journey, but as a pleasant change from the usual. Even seasoned air travelers say they get a new view of things after a few enjoyable hours as guests of TWA.

TWA
POINTS THE WAY

International routes shown were awarded to TWA on July 5, 1945

(Continued from Page 82)

"Healthful exercise, and brings a man close to Mother Nature," I heard father say later on in the afternoon. He was apparently thinking up reasons calculated to convince mother we should join, if it developed she didn't want to.

Meanwhile the match went along and they finally reached the eighteenth tee all square. It took Mr. Whipple two shots to get beyond the ladies' tee, but when Mr. Edgecomb drove three successive balls out of bounds, father knew he and Mr. Whipple had a chance to win. Father landed on the green with a mighty second shot and when it was Mr. Whipple's turn finally near the green, I saw father smile with satisfaction. Mr. Whipple's ball was just ten feet off the green. All he had to do was get on and down in two putts and the match would belong to him and father.

"Nothing to it, Whipple," father said. "You can't miss. Take it easy and don't look up."

Father was a sight. He had turned his cap around backwards, and his limply hanging golf knickers were covered with burs—mementos of excursions into the rough. His pullover sweater had worked up above the knickers and one shirttail was hanging out. In the heat of battle, father had completely forgotten mother's instructions. He loved to win.

"Let 'er go, Whipple!" he shouted.

Mr. Whipple was acutely conscious of the responsibility on his shoulders. He had been frightened half to death of father at the first tee, and now he was terrified. He started his backswing jerkily, and standing across the green, father groaned and closed his eyes. Mr. Whipple's club descended sharply. The ball went flying away at an angle and struck father just above the left ear.

Father's eyes shot open, he staggered, and Mr. Whipple stared at him, unable for once to giggle. Obviously, it was the end of the world for Mr. Whipple. His mouth worked, but no words came out, and then he dropped his club and ran toward the clubhouse.

"Here!" father shouted hoarsely. "I'm all right! Damn the man!" Mr. Whipple hadn't stopped running. "Hi!" father shouted. "Stop, you crazy fool!"

He went chasing after him, with me bringing up the rear. Mr. Whipple took one backward look, and, apparently deciding that father was out to brain him with his putter, redoubled his speed. We ran around the side of the clubhouse and up onto the terrace, dodging past mother and the other ladies, and going into the clubhouse. Mr. Whipple was out of sight when we got inside.

We were standing there looking for him when mother came in from the terrace, staring at father as though she couldn't believe her vision.

"Now, Amy," father said, "don't get excited. Do you like this place?"

Mother averted her eyes. If she didn't see father she might convince herself he still looked as he had when we'd started out.

"Oh, it's lovely," she said. "Such friendly people. Earlier in the afternoon I became acquainted with a charming woman whose husband is chairman of the membership committee. She was delightful. They spent this past winter in Florida and he took up golf down there and has organized this club. A Mr. Whipple. He —— What's the matter?"

Father had let out a hollow groan. He took off his golf cap, stared at it, then put it back on again, closed and then opened his eyes.

"Ruined," he said.

"What is the matter?"

"Talk to you later, Amy," father said, squaring his shoulders. . . . "Come on, son."

We started off down the corridor. "Your mother's a wonderful woman,"

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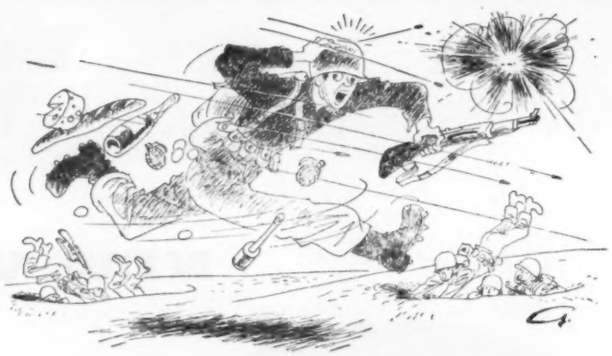

The Private's Dilemma

A *POST* WAR ANECDOTE

A FEW weeks before V-E Day we were one of the divisions driving across Germany twenty-four hours a day in an effort to make contact with the Russians. Supply lines were long and thin, and food was scarce. The wise doughboy always had something in the way of food crammed into his pockets along with ammunition, grenades and souvenirs.

We had just crossed the Danube when suddenly we were fired upon by snipers. Everyone hit the ground and began hurriedly digging in—everyone but a single lone private who suddenly began running round and round in circles.

Some of us who were nearest to him began shouting, "Get down! What's the matter with you? Get down!"

"I . . . can't!" he gasped, putting on still more speed. "My pockets—they're full of eggs!"

—CPL. PAUL BRUCH.

Mrs. Curtis has a crisis on her hands

Mrs. Curtis' little world is in a mess.

Her husband can't drive around on business calls. Can't drop the kids off at school. Her shopping will be done at the convenience of neighbors. Whom she hates to ask for favors.

For the Curtis' car is worn out. Finished. And the bus is always badly overloaded long before it reaches the Curtis' corner.

Today Mrs. Curtis realizes how vital that car was in maintaining her home and family life. But it's too late. It's too late, every day, for the 3,000 families whose cars wear out. Many of them will be without private transportation for several years.

It's serious. Those of us with savable cars MUST take advantage of our two main hopes: the equipment and skill of car service men, the wear-fighting materials we fortunately have aplenty.

For example, there's Veedol Motor Oil, supreme enemy of engine wear, triply-refined from 100% Pennsylvania crude. And chassis-saving lubricants used in a Veedol Safety-Check lubrication job.

Lose no time. See your Veedol dealer—now. For your car is not only vital to you. It's essential to our national transportation.

Remember, every car counts. *Yours* most of all.

Some Grim Facts on the Car Situation

75% of ALL local essential transportation depends on passenger cars.

A quarter of all our cars are more than 11 years old; 58% of the total are almost 8 years old.

With 1½ million cars going out of service this year, already overcrowded bus and rail lines cannot handle the extra load.

Although new car manufacturing has been resumed, it will take several years to fill the demand for new cars.

Guard YOUR car!

Get fresh Veedol Motor Oil every 1000 miles (or every 60 days, whichever comes sooner). For complete car protection, get a Veedol Safety-Check lubrication every 1000 miles.

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Trust your car to Veedol—
it will see you through

(Continued from Page 84)

father said, "but I could never explain this to her. Never. There's an office here somewhere. I saw it before. Ah, here it is."

He opened the door and we stepped inside.

Mr. Whipple was behind the desk, talking into the telephone.

"Possible skull fracture," he was saying, and then he broke off to gape at father.

"I don't need a doctor," father said.

Mr. Whipple said, "Never mind," into the mouthpiece, hung up and looked apprehensively at father. "Sorry about that," he said.

Father reached up and tenderly touched the lump on the side of his head. I knew father had come into the office with the idea of crawling a little, of licking Mr. Whipple's boots in hopes of being able to join the club. But at the last minute he rebelled; he couldn't crawl to any man.

"You didn't keep your head down," father said accusingly.

Mr. Whipple nodded sadly. Father sighed, reached for a fresh cigar and offered it to Mr. Whipple. He refused it.

"Membership drive coming along satisfactorily?" father asked hoarsely.

Mr. Whipple nodded. "Very encouraging. Of course, we're particular who we take in. Golf is a gentlemen's game."

Father looked down at himself—at the burs on his knickers, his rolled-down stockings. Then he set his jaw. "Right," he said gruffly. "Come on, Fred. Let's go down to Murphy's Pool Hall."

We started for the door, and father had his hand on the knob when Mr. Whipple said, "I'm sorry you're not joining us, Mr. Tanner. Be delighted to sponsor you myself. I'll never forget the way you faced that lake hole. Frankly, it frightens me to death. If I could only acquire your poise ——"

Father winked at me with his left eye—the eye that Mr. Whipple couldn't see.

"Well now, Whipple ——" he began, but I didn't wait to hear. I rushed out to the terrace to tell mother we might join, after all.

We were standing there talking excitedly in whispers when father appeared on the threshold. He had pulled down his sweater, rolled up his stockings, and removed most of the burs from his clothing. He stood there smoking his cigar, one hand caressing the door jamb as though he had built it himself.

A young woman appeared in the doorway, and father smiled at her, stepping back and bowing slightly, as though he were inviting her to enter his home.

She turned merry blue eyes on him, and father looked out genially at the nattily dressed men and women on the terrace.

"Nice little club we have here," father said. "Coming, Amy?"

He crooked his arm for her, and mother took one lingering look at the still-drooping golf knickers, then held her head proudly and linked her arm through his. We went across the terrace and down the path toward the parking lot.

"Say," father said suddenly, and stopped. "I'll meet you in the car." He hesitated and turned his eyes momentarily in my direction. "That golf book," he said. "I'd like to look it over tonight. I believe I—ah—dropped it on the third fairway. I'll just stroll over and see if I can find it."

SWISS FAMILY JOHNSON IN THE PHILIPPINES

(Continued from Page 11)

her. I told myself, *If I can keep her in that bed, it will protect her.* And she needed protection.

We set up housekeeping next in a wild-pig wallow farther back in the hills. Tied to a tree, our dog, Jemima, spent her nights growling at the snuffling hogs. There was a crude shelter over Valkyrie's bed, and the Filipinos lent me an old Army cot. I straddled it across a small stream to be close to her when I slept.

Two weeks later we moved farther away to a gulch. We stayed there for eight months. We'd grown used to dampness, but this place was unbelievably wet. Once it rained for eight days and nights, and the earth around us was slimy muck. A spring bubbled out near the rocks that I used for a stove. The whole side of the hill seemed one big, oozing sponge, and a constant seepage undermined our house posts. When I stepped out of the shelter to cook, fat greasy ribbons of mud coiled between my toes.

But as bad as the wetness was, the place was even worse during the hot season. The mud cracked then until it seemed like shattered squares of concrete, and since our spring was the only one in that part of the island, the snakes came to be near it. Both the venomous and nonvenomous kind slithered by or lay coiled up, asleep. They even had the nerve to change their skins in our house. I could tell they were there when the rats squealed and the lizards scurried. When that happened, I ran outside frantically with the baby in my arms and called for Frank to bring his bolo. I was born with an instinctive hatred of snakes. Seeing them, I trembled with disgust and thought I couldn't stand it. But I did. We had preserved one small roll of canvas, and it hung above our window. When a typhoon came, Frank rolled it down and nailed it to the bottom sill. During the hot season, we kept it up. One day I raised my eyes, to see a snake sticking out of that roll and flicking its forked tongue at me. Frank got that one with his bolo.

Another time something struck me, and a snake wriggled away. Tearing at my garments, I found a red spot. I thought, *My God, it bit me. What will I do?* I staggered down to Frank at the water hole, my face green.

I told him what had happened, and lifting my blouse, he looked at my skin. "If a snake bites you, it leaves two punctures, Muriel," he said. "You haven't any at all." We decided then that the red mark was a skin rash I hadn't noticed before.

One day I heard a noise. Turning, I saw a python butting its ugly flat head at the screens of Valkyrie's bed and trying to find a way in. For a second I stood, my veins packed in ice. Then I reacted. I snatched a bolo and hit its tail. The top of the bed was open, and the snake could have slid into it. Fortunately, he retreated under it and then glided out of the house.

Armed with our nicked bolo, Frank and I cleared the hill beside our shack to make a garden. Our only other cultivation tool was an ancient prospector's pick. That garden slanted at an angle of thirty degrees, and we had to work it on our hands and knees to keep from sliding to the bottom. Somehow I managed to get hold of one whole tomato. I dried it, removed the seeds and grew a small crop of tomatoes from that one vegetable. In addition to tomatoes, we set out a hundred plants that looked like kale or Chinese cabbage. Crickets or bugs ate all but three of them. A species of lice killed our string beans. We tried sprinkling the garden with a solution of liquid native soap in which we had soaked tobacco stems. It was too successful. It killed the pests, but it killed our plants too.

After a rain or a typhoon, we would rush out to see if our garden patch was still there. Usually we couldn't wait, and hurried outside before the rain had really stopped. To make those inspection trips, Frank would take off all his clothes and hold an umbrella over himself—an umbrella full of holes through which the rain fell. Sometimes the garden would be gone, and we'd have to start all over again. Holes were not the only thing wrong with that umbrella. I had made a needle of one of its ribs. Filed down, it was useful for heavy sewing. Between garden inspections, we used our tattered bumbershoot as a shelter for our jungle privy.

Finally we discovered an old Filipino woman who wanted the umbrella badly. After hours of bargaining, I let it go for two squashes, half a bunch of bananas, a petroleum tin full of *camotes*, six eggs, six Japanese pesos and a bottle of melted cane sugar we could use for sweetening. Afterward when I did any bargaining, Frank stood outside of the shack coaching me while I talked to the Filipinos inside. We had to speak very slowly and distinctly to be understood, even by the Filipinos who spoke English. The natives I dealt with spoke only dialect, and when, not troubling to slow my words down, I called out, "Frank, do you think I'm getting enough?" he could answer me without the other party knowing what we were talking about. Most of the time, he thought I was being an easy mark, and he'd tell me, "You're too soft." I'd never been shrewd and calculating, and I had a lot to learn about barter, but seeing Frank and the baby getting thinner and hollow-eyed hurried my education.

To help my bargaining, I tried to learn the native dialect. A Filipino boy begged me for one of Valkyrie's diapers. He had no babies, and when I congratulated him on approaching fatherhood, he said, "No baby, ma'am. For preparation." It baffled me for weeks, until finally he told he that he needed it to wipe his forehead. "Preparation" was as close as he could come to "perspiration."

When Valkyrie graduated from diapers, they became our most valuable asset. They brought eighty pesos each when we sold them. The natives had no cloth except the hand-woven abacá cloth they made themselves, which was as rough as sandpaper to a baby's skin. I let those diapers go slowly. Valkyrie's nurse, Candida, got some of them. I didn't sell them to her. I gave them to her. She had become entangled emotionally with a youth named Pedro, and had given birth to a small

(Continued on Page 89)

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BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

(Continued from Page 86)

brown moppet we nicknamed Beloved Belinda. Candida was fond of Pedro, but it didn't occur to her to marry him. If she took a husband, she wanted one who could support her, and Pedro was poor. The way things were, she could walk out when she felt like it and enter into a more permanent arrangement. Valkyrie came first with Candida—even before her own baby. If she got hold of a squash she knew my child could eat, she gave it to us. Native babies, she felt, were naturally hardy, while mine, being white, must of course be delicate.

Not having any tobacco made us want it more than we had ever wanted it back at the mine where it had been plentiful. Whenever the natives were able to get a cigar, they chopped it into small pieces and sold the pieces for chewing tobacco. I tramped the trails for miles to buy one of those fragments. Then we shredded it with a sharp knife and made it into cigarettes. Frank had brought a few letters with him from the mine, and those letters were our cigarette papers. When we ran out of letters, we used corn husks tied in the middle with a string. Smoking your way through string doesn't make for a tasty smoke, but we smoked them anyhow. At first those cigar-tobacco cigarettes almost knocked our heads off, but we grew used to them. We didn't throw away even the ends of those makeshift smokes. We saved them in a little tin placed near our smoldering fire to keep them dry, and made those remnants into other cigarettes.

We seldom had matches, and even if we had had them, they would have turned to paste in the rainy season. As a result, we took a hint from the cavemen, and once Frank kept the same fire going for twelve months. Occasionally it was possible to buy Japanese matches. But when they were obtainable, they didn't sell by the package or the box. They cost from four to seven cents each.

Buying a chicken was quite different from buying one back home. Each bit of a fowl had commercial possibilities. The neck was cut into three pieces, and each piece sold for fifty centa. The feet brought one peso each. The wings were cut in two. When the prices of the various bits were added together, they brought the cost of the entire chicken up to twenty-five or thirty pesos. Even its blood was saved and sold. It coagulated and became edible when dropped into boiling water.

But there were some things we couldn't buy or even barter for. Some years before, Frank had had serious trouble with his teeth, and afterward had had to depend on dental plates. During the time in which we hid from the Japs, his upper plate broke in half and the bottom one came apart in three pieces. But to live, he had to eat, and he made them do anyhow. Every mouthful hurt him, and the broken pieces gave him such lumps inside of his mouth that we were afraid they were cancerous.

He had had to tie his only remaining pair of glasses together with dental floss and had made a nosepiece for them from an old pencil eraser. Our lives hung on those bits of floss. If they had given way, we would have been forced to give ourselves up, for, without them, objects would have been just a blur to him. He could not even have chopped wood. His broken watch crystal was crisscrossed with tape, and we had to peer under that patchwork to tell the time. Toward the last, it gave up the ghost and wouldn't run at all. There was a limit to what ingenuity and patching could do. Valkyrie's first pair of shoes, the ones she learned to walk in, were made from the soft tongues of my husband's boots. But before long we had no more leather. Our shoes had rotted. After that we went barefoot.

Finally we persuaded the Filipinos to build us a real nipa shack instead of

(Continued on Page 91)

"Why, Ed, you old so-and-so, you're a sight for sore eyes."

Man with a Future

● It wasn't so long ago that he was slogging through the mud of France and Germany, taking part in the big final push to victory in Europe.

Now he and many of his buddies are back in America, back in civilian clothes, back at Republic.

The past three or four years of his life are something he isn't anxious to do much talking about.

But his *future*—that's something else again.

That's because, if he wants to make it that way, his future can be just as big as the future of Republic; and that means just as big as the future of steel.

Republic's whole history has been one of steady growth because old traditions have never been allowed to block progressive thinking.

Many of the new alloy steels, for example, were developed in Republic laboratories. For years this company has been the largest alloy steel producer in the world.

Republic has the world's largest facilities for the production of Stainless Steel because Republic metallurgists early saw the tremendous future markets for this remarkable new metal.

Republic Aircraft Quality Steels were produced to meet the exacting requirements of war planes. They will have an even greater part to play in the world-wide expansion of air travel that is coming.

New trains, new motor cars, new trucks, new farm implements, washing machines, homes, stoves, refrigerators—thousands of new products will require steels of many kinds. And Republic is ready to supply them—when the time comes.

Young men have always taken an active part in promoting Republic's growth and development. And *young* men are needed *now* to maintain progressive planning for the days ahead.

Republic's future leaders will come up through the ranks, as they always have. Today they are *men with a future* because they are working with an organization with a future.

WELCOME BACK—TIN CONTAINERS!

During the war, tin cans served in many ways —as containers for food, blood plasma, bomb fuses, concentrated food tablets, fishing tackle, and rations of all kinds. Ask any returning veteran.

Soon housewives will welcome them back to peacetime duties. Back to their job of providing safe, convenient containers for familiar items—baby food, dog food, fruit, fish, meat, beer, and other foods and beverages, as well as oil for automobiles and paint for homes.

The tin can is really a steel can with a tin coating —more than 98% steel and less than 2% tin. Republic Steel is an important producer of tin plate under the most modern production method —electrolytic tin plating—a method which "flows" tin evenly over the steel plate, forming a more uniform coating, at the same time saving tin.

Tomorrow, many more products in tin will contribute to America's comfort and pleasure.

BUY VICTORY BONDS... BRING THE BOYS HOME

The Army-Navy E flag waves over eight Republic plants and the Maritime M floats over the Cleveland District plant.

REPUBLIC STEEL

GENERAL OFFICES: REPUBLIC BUILDING, CLEVELAND 1, OHIO

Export Department: Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York

ALLOY, CARBON, STAINLESS STEELS • COLD FINISHED STEELS • PLATES • BARS • SHAPES • STRIP • SHEETS • PIPE • TUBING
TIN PLATE • NUTS • BOLTS • RIVETS • NAILS • PIG IRON • FARM FENCE • WIRE • FABRICATED STEEL PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 89)

a coconut-frond shelter covering a nest of snakes in an oozing stream. That new home seemed beautiful and clean to us. There wasn't a nail in it, and its posts began to sprout tender green shoots. Not many people, we thought, have a chance to live in a house that's still "growing." Valkyrie called those shoots "headache trees," for I put them in hot coals, hoping that the vapor would help my head. For years I had suffered from migraine headaches, but always before I had some way to relieve them. Now I just had to take them. I looked longingly at our small supply of aspirin, but I didn't touch it. If I had once started to dip into it, it would have been gone in no time.

Our new nipa shack was hidden by thick underbrush. Once in it, we felt that we were miles away from danger, although there was a trail on a ridge only 150 feet away. On the top of the ridge, near the trail, was a Filipino home. One day when Candida was visiting its owners, a Jap patrol stopped there. They ate all the *camotes* and drank all the coconut juice they could hold. Then they left the trail and headed down the ridge toward the garden where Frank and I were working. It was pure accident that just at that moment we stopped and went back to our nipa home. Those Japs missed us only by seconds. We had barely entered our shack when Candida, sure she would find us dead, burst in with her face pasty white.

The natives had no medicine at all and they constantly suffered from accidents such as gashing themselves on the sharp edge of the scratchers they used to gouge out meat from coconut shells. We had a microscopic amount of iodine, and when we dealt it out to them, we tried to make each drop go a long way. We were always trying out some new idea to help them in their illnesses. One of our Filipino friends was named Concordia. She was a wenchy-looking creature with huge, splayed feet and spindly legs, and her mouth invariably dribbled betel-nut juice. Also, she was cross-eyed. But when we could decide which one of her eyes was looking at us, it was lit with kindliness. Frank called her "Sweetheart."

Her children were bleeders. That is, her boys were, for the disease isn't handed down to the distaff side of the family. One of her sons had been cut by a blade of grass and had bled to death. When another cut his finger, she brought him to us. All through a day and a night, blood had drained out of him, until he had turned the color of parchment steeped in tea. His family had tied a string around his finger, and the flesh had begun to turn gangrenous. First we removed the string. Then Frank applied iodine pads, and we made him elevate his arm while we showed Concordia where to apply pressure on his veins and arteries.

In spite of all we could do, he slowly bled to death. However, Concordia still trusted us, and when one of her remaining sons slashed his shin with a bolo, she brought him to us too. We elevated his leg, put compresses on it and applied more of our vanishing iodine. Somewhere I'd read that mother's milk applied to a wound clots the blood, and I asked her if she knew where she could get some. She reached into her blouse, brought out one of her capacious breasts, applied pressure to it and a thin flick of white streaked past Frank's nose. He fell back with the most amazed expression on his face I had ever seen on anybody. I burst into hysterical laughter. And seeing me laugh, Concordia laughed, too, her lips a betel-juice smear across her face.

I'd forgotten that Concordia had a two-year-old daughter and that Filipino women weaned their children late. I don't know whether my prescription did the trick or whether elevating the foot and applying iodine did it, but her son lived.

Editors' Note—This is the first of three articles by Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Martin. The second will appear next week.

EVERY FABRIC PICTURED ABOVE IS A GOODALL "BLENDED-FOR-PERFORMANCE" FABRIC

The dramatic draperies, the richly textured upholstery of the sofa and chairs are all *Blended-for-Performance* by Goodall of special fibers that make them look beautiful, resist soiling, and defy wear! Even the picture frame, the coffee table and walls are covered with Goodall Coated Fabrics, created to wash like your hands, never fade and wear for many years. The smart clothes? Goodall stylists dream up the glamorous fashion-first colors. Goodall weaving genius creates the lush-textured woolens that tailor superbly into flattering costumes.

Modern miracles in weaving

PRODUCE AMAZING GOODALL *Blended-for-Performance* FABRICS

Blended-for-Performance—that's the secret of the outstanding superiority of Goodall Fabrics. Modern miracles in weaving combine both natural fibers and synthetic fibers — blend them into superior fabrics of many uses and applications offering the exact kind of "performance" you need.

For instance, there are Goodall Fabrics specially "blended" for true washability, for greater durability, for shedding dirt, for wrinkle-resistance, for beauty of color and weave, for more comfort — and for combinations of these qualities!

Amazing Goodall Fabrics range from rugged, built-to-take-it carpeting, to crisp, wrinkle-free summer ties—from railroad seating fabrics, guaranteed for years of service, to men's light-weight suits, guaranteed to be 22% cooler. Pictured below are a few of the special purposes for which special Goodall *Blended-for-Performance* Fabrics are made.

IMAGINE a fabric, *Blended-for-Performance* to give years of service on train, airplane and bus seats! It's Goodall "Velmo"—tough, rugged, yet outstandingly comfortable! Of course, it's color fast!

IMAGINE Goodall *Blended-for-Performance* fabrics in your new car. Upholstery that wears for years, keeps its color, yet is luxurious and comfortable – that's what Goodall genius in blending fibers gives you.

IMAGINE a light-weight summer suit that's 22% cooler than 22 other summer fabrics tested! That's Palm Beach – exclusively blended and made by Goodall–and worn by millions of men the world over.

IMAGINE that dreamed-of rumpus room. Bar, chairs, tables, lamps–even walls of gay Coated Fabrics! Wears for years, wipes off with soap and water! Trust Goodall to think of that, too!

IMAGINE luxurious theatre seats of "Velmo" specially blended for comfort, durability and soil-resistance. Rich colors that stay that way. It's Goodall in theatres everywhere.

IMAGINE deep-nap carpets that can be cut and combined invisibly in many smart designs and color combinations! In hotels, theatres, trains, stores and clubs, Goodall "Seamloc" is preferred.

IMAGINE smartly styled women's suits of famous Palm Beach Cloth! Colors and textures tailored to flatter! Stay crisp and fresh as a new leaf all day! Goodall –naturally!

IMAGINE a man's tie of Palm Beach fabric–cool, crisp, colorful, summery – yet *Blended-for-Performance* to shed wrinkles amazingly! Resilient fabric by Goodall is responsible.

NOTE: Of course only limited quantities of Goodall Fabrics are available today

SOME CHANGES AT HELL-TO-CATCH

(Continued from Page 25)

didn't answer Uncle Charley, and Sabina just stared at him expressionlessly. She has light blue eyes that contrast a lot with her black hair and her smoothly tanned face. And King Solomon says that she can stare down the devil. We waved at King Solomon as we drove away. And a few minutes later we were aboard the tractors and starting our first afternoon swing around the big field.

The she coyote was still watching us. Two or three times we saw her head appear over the canyon rim. And most of the afternoon she howled. It kind of gave us the willies when she kept on moaning in the late afternoon.

About dusk, when we were servicing our tractors, Goober Savaflavos rode by on a half-thoroughbred horse. He asked us about the mourning coyote. Mainly, though, Goober wanted to know, "Who's that beautiful gal down at the 'doby house? I passed the place a hundred yards off, but, my land, she sure looked good. The prettiest little thing I've seen in forty year. How about introducing me and her?"

Goober was an elderly cowpuncher. Like Uncle Charley, he was of Scottish-Spanish extraction, and he'd worked on our ranch for most of his life. Now he was baching at a cow camp a few miles from Hell-to-Catch and minding some expectant two-year-old heifers.

Goober wore handsome boots and a small, expensive sombrero. His leather chaps were greasy and torn, his denim trousers were covered with an icing of manure, and his shirt was sweat-stained. His short gray whiskers were untidy from attempts to chew tobacco and play a mouth organ at the same time.

"If you mean our new cook, she's not a gal. She's an old ——" I was saying, but Sabina interrupted me.

She said graciously to Goober, "Come up for breakfast in the morning, Goober, and we'll introduce you to Mrs. Whitharrel. She's a widow, according to Uncle Charley, and, he says, very nice-looking."

"Hot ziggedy!" yelled Goober, and he slapped his chaps. He spat tobacco juice on a truck fender.

"And bring along Muscle Shoals Mike," added Sabina. "I think Mrs. Whitharrel is interested in bird dogs."

"Set a place for me at breakfast, honey," said Savaflavos. "Muscle Shoals Mike and I will be there bright and early, unless them little heifers I'm nursemaiding start dropping calves at the wrong time."

When Goober had ridden away, I said to Sabina, "Why in the hootin'-nanny-hoot did you invite that old scoundrel over to breakfast? He's three fourths nuts and he's got the table manners of a javelina boar. He thinks he's the biggest lady-killer in West Texas, and he used to get married every payday that he went to Amarillo. He'll be over courting Mrs. Whitharrel, even if she's ugly as a mud fence."

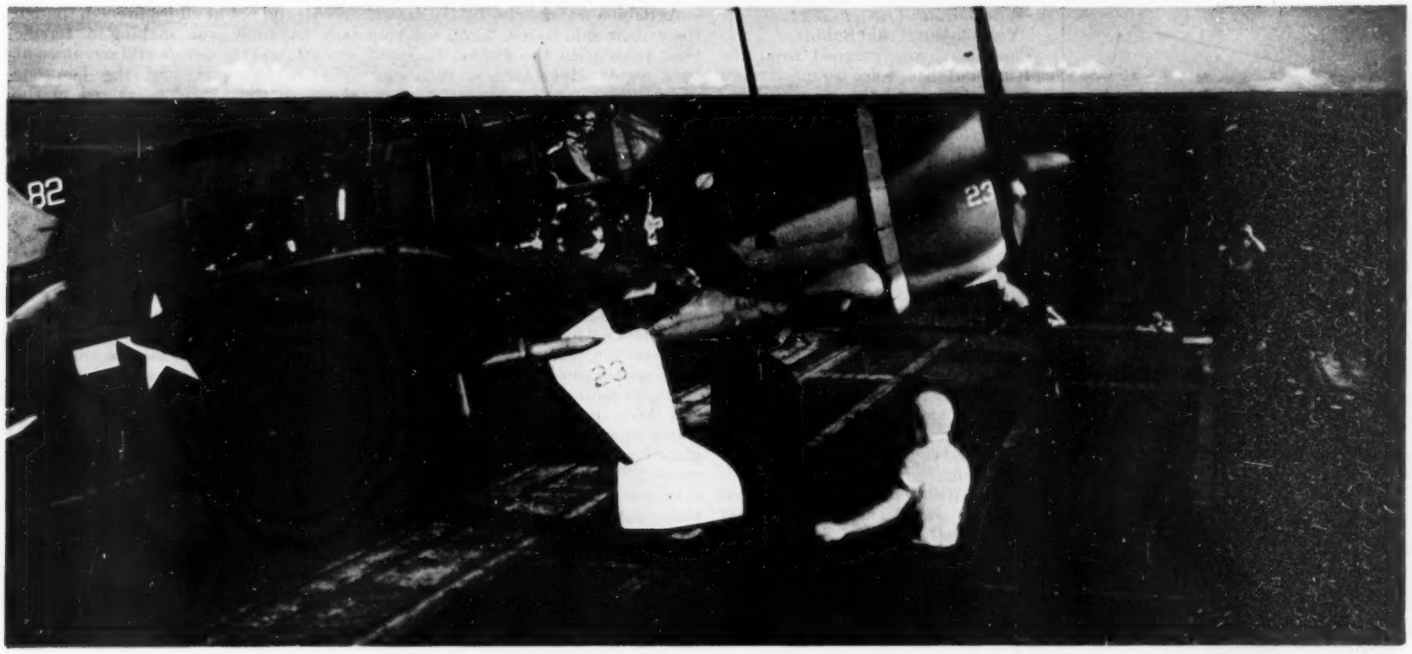
"I know," said Sabina, and her sweet brown face beamed. "Goober will cause us a little trouble, but I think he's going to cause Mrs. Whitharrel a lot more grief than she has ever had in her life. And I don't think she'll be so fond of Muscle Shoals Mike, either."

That evening we'd stopped the truck behind the adobe house and we were unloading fuel barrels when a tall, stern-looking woman of about fifty came out on the back gallery. She had thick ankles and a thin face. She inspected us so coldly that we felt awfully self-conscious, and Sabina started mopping grease from her face and hands with a piece of cotton waste.

The woman said, in a voice of manlike depth, "Good evening, young people. I'm Mrs. Whitharrel." She paused for a few moments, sizing us up some more. "As you know, your uncle has brought me here to see that you get healthful food and live in a comfortable and homelike fashion. So we're going to start off tonight on a well-ordered regime that I've planned. Since dinner will be a little late, you will take showers and change into clean clothes right now." The woman said to Sabina, "And you, dear, will put on a nice dress each night for dinner."

(Continued on Page 96)

"May I point out to you, gentlemen, that we can't reconvert? We weren't making anything before the war."



the "sunday punch"

This is the story of one of the deadliest weapons of the war—of one of the most versatile airplanes ever built, of its gallant pilots and their magnificent combat record. . . . But it is far more than one airplane, one day's headlines, one heroic step leading to victory. . . .

Revenge was sweet at Rabaul . . . Japan's "little Pearl Harbor", where the Helldivers first made combat history . . . tearing through Zeros to blast the Jap fleet. Score: 3 sunk—11 damaged. But that was only a beginning.

Steadily spearheading our ground assault, the Curtiss SB2C squadrons struck from the carrier fleet with smashing successes over the Marianas, at Saipan, the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea, Okinawa and Tokyo itself.

The "Fist of the Fleet" delivered its Sunday Punch for the Marines, too, flying from Pacific land bases. Folded wings facilitate storage. The SB2C Helldiver carries a devastating bomb load, fires a stream of 20-mm. shells from wing cannon, and eight 5-inch rockets. An all-Curtiss-Wright plane, fastest and most powerful of its type, the Helldiver is powered by a sturdy Wright Cyclone—harnessed to a Curtiss Electric propeller.

BEHIND the battle record of the Curtiss Helldiver is the story of thousands of men and women workers schooled and trained into one of the fastest, most skilful teams of builders the world has ever seen.

It is the story of the courageous men of the air who fly and service our planes. . . .

It is an American story—with the pay-off still to come, in the promise of the future, when the might of America's airpower is destined to serve a world at peace, in trade, in travel and in communication.

FIRST IN FLIGHT **Curtiss-Wright**

AIRPLANES • ENGINES • PROPELLERS

(Continued from Page 94)

"Yes, ma'am," said Sabina.

The she coyote moaned from the canyon and her voice sounded very near.

"What was that?" said Mrs. Whitharrel. "I've been hearing it ever since I arrived, and I was going down to investigate when you drove into the yard. Such a peculiar cry."

Sabina bit her lower lip, the way she always does when she's going to tell a fib, and said, "It's a mountain lion. Probably a man-eating one from the New Mexico hills. They found a sheepherder over at the Matador torn to bits by ——"

"Nonsense. I should say it sounds like a cow that has lost its calf. Now, hurry and take your showers."

"Yes, ma'am," we said, and we went off to the windmill, where Will King Solomon had rigged a shower under the storage tank.

In the red, smoky dusk we saw Rufus. He was licking on a block of salt near the windmill. Since a five-strand barbed-wire fence separated us, the bull gave us only a glary-eyed glance.

"Who does that old dame think she is," I said, "ordering us around like we were her kids? She's just an old cook."

"Don't get het up," said Sabina, "'cause it won't do a bit of good. Do just what she says tonight. And maybe we can figure out some ways to make her dislike Hell-to-Catch an awful lot."

"I'll be darned if I take a bath before supper," I said. "I'm hungry."

"Wash your face good, and she'll not know the difference," counseled Sabina. "Do you think you could catch up a horse and run old Rufus right by the house? Run him up on the back gallery, if you can, just about the time Mrs. Whitharrel is ready to go to bed."

"Surest thing," I said.

Sabina continued. "And get those ground squirrels that we penned up in the fuel shed and turn them loose in the attic."

It wasn't very quiet at Hell-to-Catch that night. A high wind began blowing just after sundown. The windmill had been needing grease for some time and it squeaked even in a mild breeze. Also, I shut off the mill for a while and climbed the tower and attached a tin can full of pebbles to one of the blades on the wheel. When I released the brake, the tin can made an awful racket at every revolution of the wheel. And when we went in to supper, the she coyote was screaming like a diva holding a high note.

"Can't we do something to stop all that horrible racket?" said Mrs. Whitharrel. And we were disappointed to note that she was more annoyed than scared.

Sabina, wearing a white dress and with a red ribbon in her long hair, sat down at the table without challenge. But Mrs. Whitharrel made me go back to the windmill and wash some more, and then go to my room and change into clean dungarees.

When I got back, I found that we had a lousy meal. There were some chicken croquettes—"You can taste the feathers," Sabina whispered to me—and a carrot-and-lettuce salad, and watery mashed potatoes, and stewed okra, and warm sweet milk—Mrs. Whitharrel hadn't found King Solomon's cooler—and, for dessert, a lumpy rice pudding.

"I thought we'd have a nice dinner to start off," said Mrs. Whitharrel, "but I'll not be pampering you, and you can't expect to fare this well at every meal."

As Sabina was clearing off the dishes, the woman said to me, "You will help your sister with the dishes. This will be a regular duty for you both each night."

"I didn't hire out as no ——" I began.

But Sabina interrupted me, saying, "If it's all right, Mrs. Whitharrel, I'll do the dishes alone. Bud has the milking and some other chores to attend to right now."

After I'd gone, Mrs. Whitharrel said to Sabina, "Tomorrow evening, when you and the boy get back from work, I want you to get some mops and go over this kitchen floor thoroughly. Just look at those big stains. I don't see how some people can live in such filth."

Some years ago, before Hell-to-Catch had been partially plowed up, the adobe house had been used as a storage place for cottonseed cake and windmill grease. The oil from the cottonseed cake and the grease had combined to make some dark-brown stains on the floor of the kitchen.

Sabina bit her lip and said, "It'll take an awful lot of swabbing to get rid of those stains, ma'am. We've been mopping on that floor for days and days, and the bloodstains are still there. They were made when the Butler family was murdered here in the kitchen."

"I didn't hear your Uncle Charley say anything about this," said the woman, looking at Sabina sharply. "Who was killed?"

"Aw, there was just Old Man Butler and his wife and their three poor little kids. They didn't have an enemy in the world, far as anyone knew. But they were found right here on the kitchen floor with their heads almost chopped off. And a bloody ax was lying about where you're standing right now, ma'am."

"Wasn't the guilty party or parties ever caught?" asked Mrs. Whitharrel. And Sabina's heart sank, for she could tell that the woman was really interested, and not at all frightened, though the windmill was making a terrific racket, and the coyote still screamed at regular intervals, and the kerosene lamp in the kitchen flickered in the high wind.

"Remind me to have the boy grease that windmill tomorrow," said Mrs. Whitharrel. "Something seems to have broken on the wheel. Well, certainly they should have found out something about the murder by now."

"No, ma'am," said Sabina. "They've never found out who did it. But Goober Savaflavos, who is a cow hand, says it was a marijuana addict who is still prowling around in this country, looking for victims. He may be out there right now, waiting for us to go to bed."

"I'm afraid you have an overwrought imagination, dear," said the woman in a matter-of-fact tone. "Have you got a gun?"

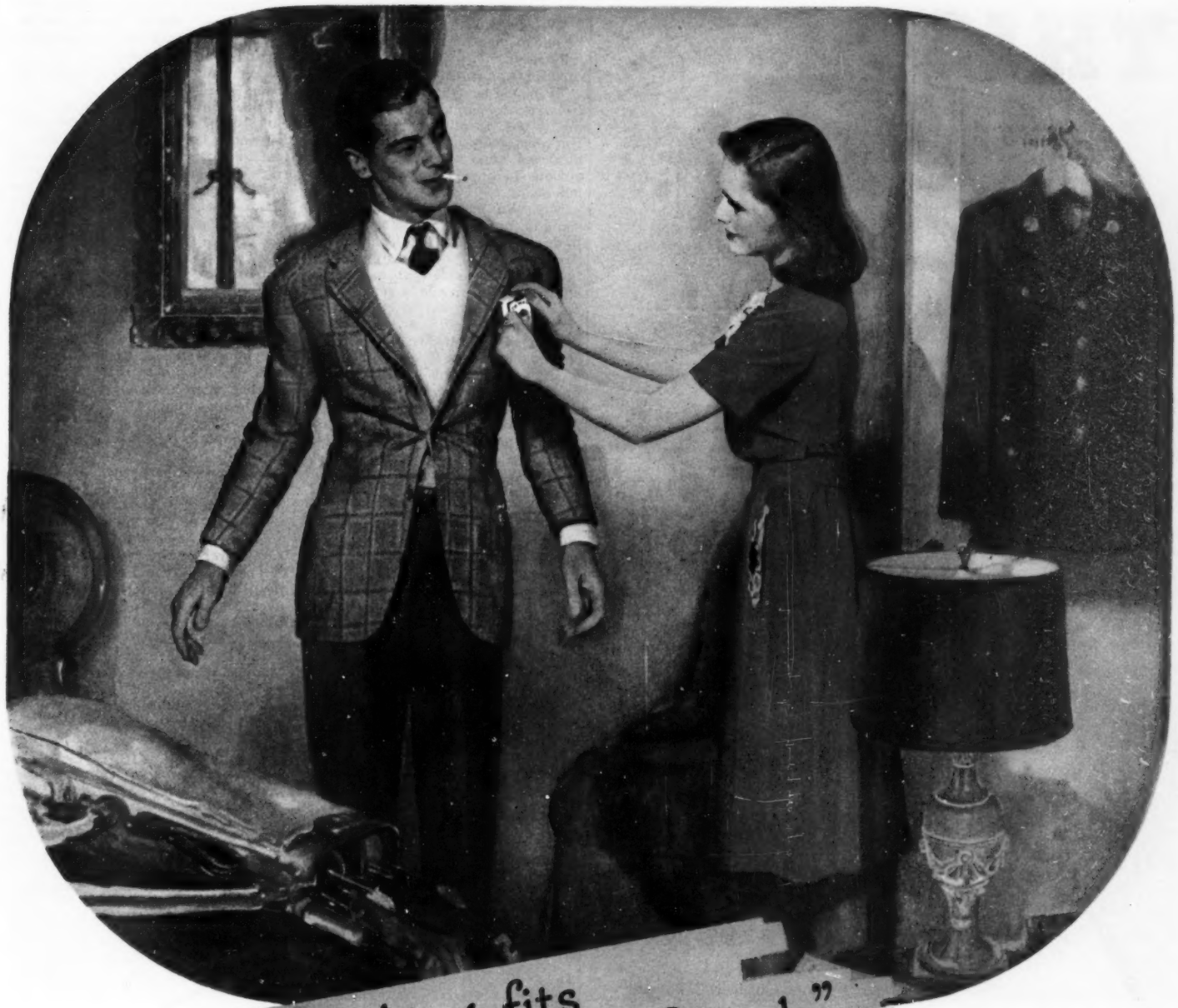
"Yes," Sabina admitted. "Bud has a shotgun. But he hasn't anything but birdshot for it. Also, we got an old rifle that belonged to Grandfather Guadalupe, and we got plenty of ammunition for it."

"Bring me the shotgun first," said Mrs. Whitharrel, "and I'll see if it's in working order, just in case we have an unwelcome visitor some night. It's funny that I have never heard about those murders. I read the papers closely too. It's all very interesting, and I'm going to speak to Mr. Guadalupe for not telling me about all this."

Sabina dropped her dish towel and went into the next room. She returned with a shiny, sixteen-gauge double-barrel, over-and-under gun that I'd just received as a gift from my father. Also, she had a handful of shells. Mrs. Whitharrel took the weapon, broke it open and inserted a shell. There was the sound of little feet overhead, for by this time I'd managed to turn loose our ground squirrels in the attic.

Mrs. Whitharrel looked at the ceiling. *(Continued on Page 98)*

"Wonderful, wonderful, Mr. Eggthorp. First thing you know you'll be chinning yourself without the ladder!"

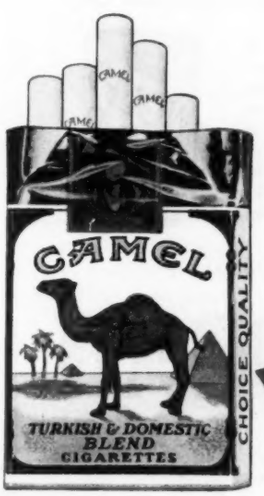


"Nothing fits except the Camels"

It's a wonderful feeling, isn't it, Soldier? You slip out of that G.I. shirt—*well, anyway I washed it in the Rhine.* You give those heavy boots a meaningful toss into the corner—*when I think of the miles, and the mud . . .* And then you reach for that soft white shirt, those blessedly comfortable slacks—*I never thought I'd see the day!* You're home again, Soldier!

You may find those old "civvies" don't quite fit . . . may find many things a little different . . . but this you can be sure of: The Camels you get here at home will be the same mild, flavorful cigarette of costlier tobaccos you knew so well over there. War or Peace, Camels are still Camels. And with Camels, it's still *the service first* . . . until you, all of you, are back again . . . for keeps.

This button signifies that the wearer has been honorably discharged from the armed services of the United States.



THE "T-ZONE"

—Taste and Throat—that's the final proving ground of any cigarette. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you* . . . and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe that Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."

The Service First

Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard—wherever they are, wherever they go, they have first call on Camels.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 96)

"We've got rats," Sabina explained. "They're big as jack rabbits, and awfully mean. They jump on our bunks sometimes at night."

"I should say they're bold, indeed, to be running around while we're talking. I used to raise white mice. But I'm much more interested in rats. We must set some traps tomorrow. I'm anxious to have a look at these big fellows."

Mrs. Whitharrel was studying the shotgun fondly when hoofbeats began to drum on the hard earth of the yard. And then the inside of the little mud house echoed thunderously as the hoofbeats sounded on the wooden planks before the door. In the twilight, the two women could see the orange-colored hide of Rufus. The Brahma slipped on the boards and, with a crack of timber, fell on his snout before the door. Then it was that Mrs. Whitharrel dashed out of the door and fired one round from the shotgun. Rufus bellowed in pain and, with bloody flanks, he charged off into the dusk.

Mrs. Whitharrel was a little breathless as she broke open the shotgun and ejected a shell. "Good gun. Not much kick," she commented. . . . "How in the world did that animal get into the yard? Your brother must have been careless and left the gate open. I'll have to figure out some punishment for him tomorrow."

Sabina said, "It wasn't Bud's fault. That old Brahma is absolutely crazy, and he probably hurdled the fence. But he's not much crazier than most of the stock around here. The canyons are just alive with locoweed. It's not safe to go very far from the house, unless you're on a horse."

Mrs. Whitharrel said shortly, "Stop talking that nonsense and finish drying those dishes. Then get me that rifle. I want to have a look at it. And it's nearly bedtime for you, young lady."

Sabina dispiritedly came out for a conference with me by the windmill and told me all that had happened.

"It's no use trying to scare her," said Sabina. "She scares me, instead. I guess we're stuck with her and that horrible grub she cooks."

"We could put a skunk in her bedroom," I suggested.

"She'd just choke it to death, and, Bud, you'd better get our ground squirrels out of the attic the first thing tomorrow morning. She's going to set rat traps for them. She likes rats, she says, and they're sort of her hobby. And the minute she sees Uncle Charley, she'll find out that murder story I told her was just a big fib. My gosh, is that old dame sharp!"

"And rugged!" I added.

THE next morning we were awakened by the crack of a rifle. It was Mrs. Whitharrel firing Grandfather Guadalupe's .30–30. In the dim early light, she'd waited on the rim of the south canyon and shot the mourning she coyote through the head at a hundred yards.

"Mountain lion!" said the woman scornfully to Sabina. "Anyway, it'll be quieter around here now."

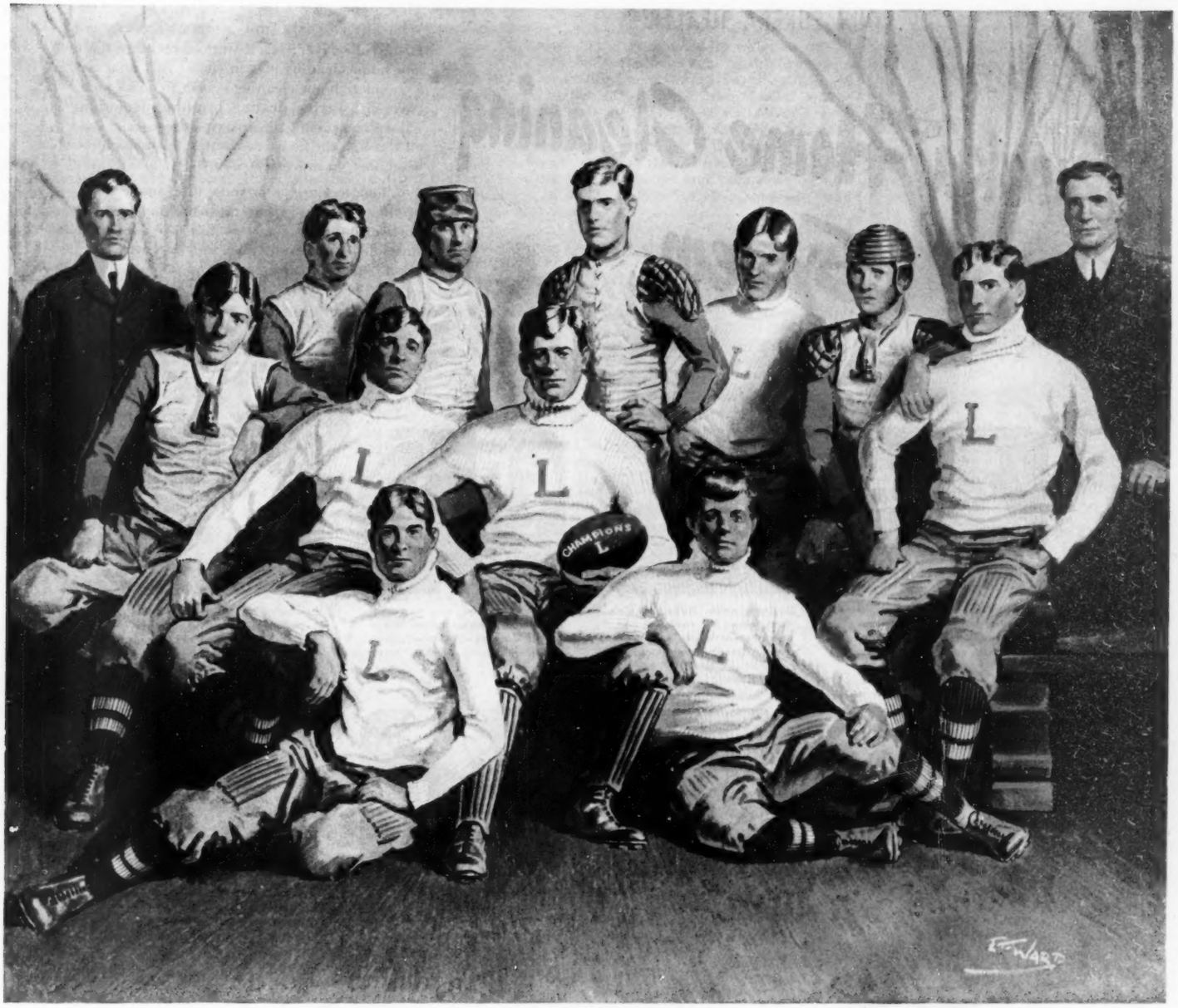
She cocked the rifle, stood on the gallery in the offhand position and shot the tin can off the windmill blade. It was a neat shot, since the wheel was turning rather swiftly in the wind.

The morning was cloudy. There were fleets of dark thunderheads rolling low over Hell-to-Catch. Ordinarily the prospect of rain would have cheered us a lot. For when it was too wet to plow we put on slickers, caught up our ponies and rode through the canyons, looking for wild plums. But this morning we sat dolefully and nibbled at the breakfast that Mrs. Whitharrel had prepared for us. There were poached eggs with yolks running and hot tea and huge, doughy biscuits and a lumpy cereal. The milk was still warm and it was beginning to taste blinky.

"You children will have to eat all of those eggs," said Mrs. Whitharrel, "and don't waste any of your cereal.

(Continued on Page 101)

"I feel just like a bird!"



They never lost a game (except one)

I USED to admire this picture more than any other picture in the house.

You could have your prints and your etchings and your water colors, and even our one beautiful oil of great-aunt Julia . . . I'd take this fading chromo of the greatest team that ever played at State. You see, my dad was third from the left, middle row.

Sure enough, when I was home last summer, sleeping once more in my old room, with all my pennants and pictures still on the walls . . . I saw it again! This picture of the team that never lost a game. And I fell to speculating about it, and wondering what ever happened to that group of supermen who were the idols of my youth. My dad would know. Ever since his retirement, he'd been doing class research for the alumni association.

Dad hum-f-f-ed rather sadly. "I hate to do this to you, Ned," he said, "but out of seven survivors only two can afford to retire today with any kind of peace of mind. I'm afraid the same thing applies to almost any group of ten or fifteen men over an equal span of years."

That one little speech of dad's did more to sell me an adequate life insurance program than anything else he ever said. So I really went into it, for if any man likes freedom and independence, I do. And I'm not trusting to chance either, to protect my loved ones and myself. I'm trusting to Northwestern Mutual.

WHY NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL

The difference between life insurance companies is of vital importance when planning or buying the kind of independence that only life insurance brings. Be sure to do these two things: (1) see your Northwestern Mutual agent and let him tell you what that difference means to you; and (2) talk with any of our policyholders, for no company excels Northwestern Mutual in that happiest of all business relationships—old customers coming back for more.

The Northwestern Mutual Founded 1857

Life Insurance Company

MILWAUKEE 2, WISCONSIN

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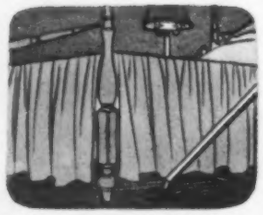
It's a time-saver! It's a work-saver! It's the first new home cleaning idea in years! Just imagine . . . a complete home cleaning *system* to do *all* your sweeping, waxing, dusting, brushing, demothing . . . even spraying . . . upstairs, downstairs, and all through the house . . . better, with much less effort, in much less time!

Yes, look to Eureka for those ultra modern products that will mean most to you in your postwar home . . . and look to Eureka for the one simplified, organized, quick and easy way to clean house. It's all wrapped up in one package . . . and it's wonderful!

UPSTAIRS

It *dusts* Venetian blinds, draperies, lampshades, delicate upholstered beds, chairs, walls, mouldings, quickly and easily.



It *cleans* under beds, behind chests, down into radiators and does the whole job in jig time with no bending and stooping.

It *routs* powder, dirt, dust and lint from dressing tables, deep desk drawers, cracks and crevices. It's fast, efficient, easy.

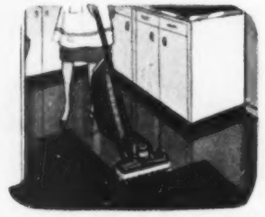
Used with recommended demothing compounds, it effectively aids in demothing blankets, rugs and whole closets full of clothes.

DOWNSTAIRS

It *sweeps* stair carpets, cleans corners of treads, burrows into every crack and crevice, quickly, thoroughly and effortlessly.

It *brushes* chairs, sofas, plumps up cushions. Oily, sooty dust and dirt disappear like magic from walls, mouldings, curtains.

It *cleans* thick or thin pile rugs, broadlooms, Orientals. Imbedded or surface dirt—the new Eureka *Disturbulator* gets it all.



A full-size motor-driven waxer gives hardwood floors and linoleums the shine of their lives with a professional efficiency.

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The New Eureka Cordless Electric Iron!

It's automatic!
No dangling cord!
Completely fire-safe!
Lightweight!
Time and Work-Saving!

(Continued from Page 98)

If your appetites don't improve, I'm going to give you a course of medicine." I opened my mouth to say something, but the woman continued, "I want you, Bud, to grease the windmill after you milk. Also, I want to warn you that there will be serious consequences the next time you leave the gate open and let in that mad bull. Sabina can do the dishes and the other chores this morning."

Boot heels clunked on the back gallery. And then Goober Savaflavos stood in the kitchen doorway with his big pointer, Muscle Shoals Mike, beside him. And with them came a powerful odor, for the bird dog's favorite relaxation was rolling in the carcasses of cows or horses that had died on the range. Goober dropped his sombrero on a chair, and he started combing his long thin hair with his fingers, and he shifted his cud of chewing tobacco to one side and grinned.

"Howdy, kids, and you, ma'am." He bowed low before Mrs. Whitharrel. "I know I'm late, but I had right smart work this morning. Them little heifers was acalving all over three pastures this morning. And old Muscle Shoals Mike made a couple finds in the hedgerow as we was coming over. I been up since long afore sunup and I'm hungrier than a bitch wolf in whelping time."

"Mrs. Whitharrel," said Sabina formally, "I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Goober Savaflavos, a well-known cow hand in these parts."

Goober bowed again and grabbed one of the woman's thick red hands and kissed it. Muscle Shoals Mike moved near, too, and sniffed around the table. Then the dog groaned, walked in a short circle and fell heavily to the floor.

Mrs. Whitharrel jerked her hand from the man's grasp and, with a wrinkle-nosed look at the odorous bird dog, she arose and started toward the sink. Savaflavos, standing on the toes of his boots, fox-trotted a few paces, put his arms around Mrs. Whitharrel's waist and kissed her resoundingly on the cheek.

Mrs. Whitharrel screamed, "Quit that, you fool! You must be insane! . . . Get the rifle, Bud!"

But I just sat there while Goober grabbed her tighter and started fox-trotting around the room. Finally, when she was almost breathless, he sat her down in a chair. Savaflavos walked over to the sink and spat out a huge cud of tobacco. He took a big drink of water, gargled and spat again. Then he soused his face and hair. He mopped himself off with a dish towel and combed his hair again with his fingers.

Sabina had laid a clean plate on the table, and she said, "Now behave yourself, Goober, or Mrs. Whitharrel will get the wrong impression and not know what a nice man you are. The eggs are getting cold, but there's plenty left."

Goober seated himself and stuffed a napkin halfway into his shirt collar. Using only a table knife, he ate two poached eggs in two bites. He stopped for a few moments to tidy his whiskers. He gulped some milk, but arose and spat it out into the sink.

"That there milk has clabbered!" he yelled. He sat down and ate the four eggs remaining on the platter. He bit into one of Mrs. Whitharrel's huge biscuits, but quickly spat it out.

Muscle Shoals Mike had fallen asleep by this time, and he seemed to be having troubled dreams. Goober got up and grabbed Mrs. Whitharrel and started fox-trotting with her again, humming a cowboy tune as they danced.

"You ain't much of a cook, honey," said Goober, and he stroked the woman's coarse gray hair, "but I'll learn you."

Still the woman hadn't really answered him. And we were surprised to see a look almost like awe on her face.

"Goober and Muscle Shoals Mike will be a lot of company for you, ma'am, while you're here," said Sabina. "They're like this all the time. They live just down the canyon and they're by every day. Goober is just like one of the family."

Savaflavos sat the woman down in her chair again. He was getting a little winded himself. But he bit off a huge chew of tobacco and seemed much refreshed. He drew a mouth organ from his pocket and began to play loudly and

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THIS WAY IN

By William W. Pratt

Screen doors
Are mean doors
For father to install.
Storm doors
Are warm doors
That bore him in the fall.

With hammer, monkey wrench
and plane,
He rants like someone gone
insane.

Rusty
And dusty,
From attic they are brought;
Creaking
And squeaking,
They tie him in a knot.

With ladder, hinges, screws and
sledge,
He fusses with his nerves on edge.

Tall doors
And small doors
That never want to fit.
Tussle
And muscle,
And words we must omit.

The family wishes, hereabout,
That houses could be built
without.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

rather well. After a few bars he paused to mop tobacco juice off his whiskers, and he began shouting the lyrics to the song he'd been playing:

"On the road to Cal-if-orny,
Me with a hard and dan-jerous
journey ——"

"Play Red River Valley, Goober," Sabina suggested.

And the old cowpuncher obliged by swinging into the tune. He held the mouth organ to his face with one hand, and he pulled Mrs. Whitharrel to her feet with the other hand and they started dancing again. Now, Savaflavos had spent most of his life wrestling with steers and milking wild cows and digging postholes, and he was strong as a gorilla. Sometimes he lifted the tall woman off her feet as they whirled around the room. And once they danced right over Muscle Shoals Mike, and the old bird dog yelped as if his back had been broken.

"Let's get out of here," Sabina whispered to me.

We slipped from the kitchen. Out in the yard, we loaded two barrels of fuel on the truck, filled the water barrel and our water bags, and we drove away in a big hurry toward the wheatfield. As we left, we could hear Goober bellowing out the lyrics to Red River Valley, and Muscle Shoals Mike was still yelping, and there was the beat of dancing feet from the little mud house.

"If Goober and that stinking bird dog don't run her off, no one can," said Sabina.

But I wasn't sure, and I said, "Maybe we ought not to leave Goober and Muscle Shoals Mike alone with her. She might shoot them the way she did Rufus and the she coyote."

"Naw," said Sabina thoughtfully; "the way I figure it, with Goober and that tough old dame together, anything can happen. The only thing I'm afraid of is a draw."

It didn't start raining until around noon. We were dripping wet when we got back to the adobe house for lunch. We went into the kitchen to find a wonderful meal spread on the table. There were pork spareribs dripping with barbecue sauce, and hashed-brown potatoes, and tomatoes and cucumbers and onions sliced in vinegar, and cheese *tacos*, and collard greens, and hot soft tortillas, and cantaloupe with vanilla ice cream.

"Hit was all I could fix on such sho't notice," said Will King Solomon. He was shuffling happily around the kitchen.

Uncle Charley Guadalupe was sitting at the table, too, and saying to King Solomon that onions and cucumbers always agreed with him if they'd been soaked in vinegar. And he even complimented the old man on the spareribs.

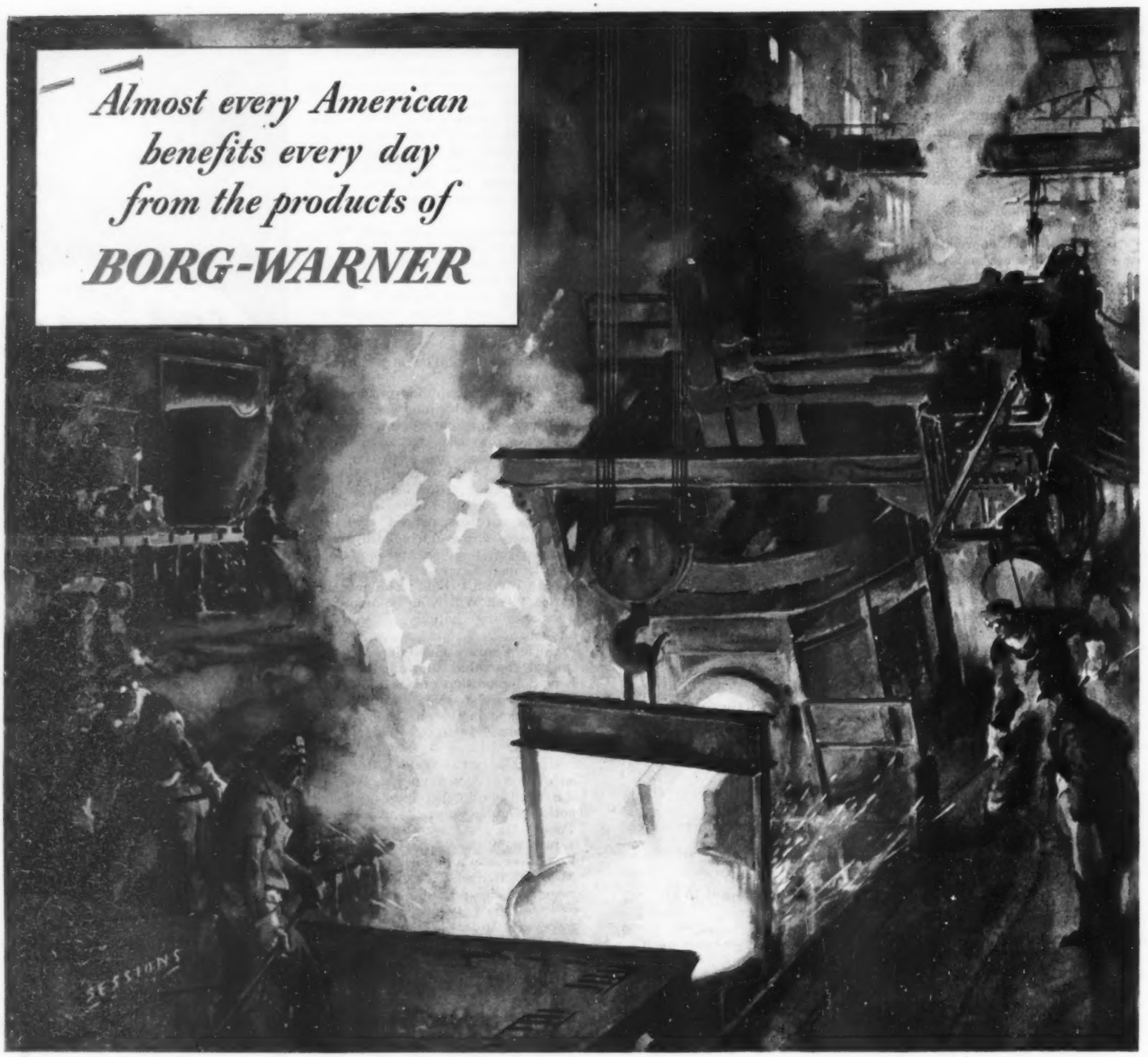
Uncle Charley also said, "Mrs. Whitharrel thought you were nice kids, and she hated to quit the job on such short notice. Goober got me to take them to Tucumcari, and they were married by a justice of the peace this morning. I've never seen a happier woman than Mrs. Whitharrel. It's her fifth marriage, but she said that Goober was the first man she'd ever met that she really respected. In fact, I think she's a little scared of him. I'm going to transfer Goober back to headquarters, so that he and his wife and Muscle Shoals Mike can live on the little place in Red River Canyon."

Sabina was chewing on a sparerib. But she dropped it and wiped her greasy red mouth. She said, "Uncle Charley, you owe me a lot of wages, and I wish you'd buy something for me the next time you stop by the general store at Adrian or Vega. I want five dollars' worth of the best chewing tobacco they got."

"Lord a'mighty!" said Uncle Charley, forgetting himself for a minute. "Have you started chewing tobacco?"

"Of course not," replied Sabina. "I just want to give Goober a wedding present."

Will King Solomon cooked for us all the rest of the summer. And Uncle Charley didn't bother us for some time after that, due to an accident. After breakfast one morning, Sabina and I absent-mindedly left the gate open. When Uncle Charley came out of the house, picking his teeth, Rufus was in the yard waiting for him. Uncle Charley is pretty fast on his feet, for an old guy, and he made it to the windmill tower with the bull right on his heels. But on the way, Uncle Charley ran through a hog pen and barked his shins so badly that he was laid up for about six weeks.



"THE WEDDING OF THE STEELS" *at the Ingersoll plant, New Castle, Indiana. James Sessions catches the tense moment when low carbon steel is poured in the final step before it joins with stainless steel to form "IngAclad." A similar process is used in making soft center plow mold boards. Alloy steels for saws and for the chemical and food industries come from this great Borg-Warner mill.*

Makers of essential operating parts for the automotive, aviation, marine and farm implement industries, and of Norge home appliances.

Now as American industry converts to peacetime production, you can expect Borg-Warner to contribute important advancements in many fields. For in peace, as in war, Borg-Warner's 28 plants work hand in hand with many industries.

For example, Borg-Warner parts are found in 9 out of 10 makes of automobiles, in 9 out of 10 airplanes as well as on 9 out of 10 farms. Norge refrigerators, ranges and washing machines make the homes of millions more efficient and livable.

In fact the products made by Borg-Warner are so numerous and varied that there is little doubt that some are serving you almost every day.

From the beginning, the engineering and large-scale production of Borg-Warner has been guided by a single principle, "Design it better, make it better"—a principle which always is working to bring you ever better products at ever lower costs.

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THE RETURN OF JONESY

(Continued from Page 12)

"Why," the soldier said, "you sure know 'em all, don't you, Georgie?"

"Purple Heart!" Georgie said. "Everybody knows you get that for being wounded."

"Oh," Babs said in a shocked, small voice. "Were you hurt, Jonesy?"

They all stopped, looking at him with that peculiar awe, that sudden humility which strikes civilians who realize something of the price that has been paid for their safety.

Jonesy said, "The worst I got hurt was when I froze my feet in Iceland. I was in Iceland thirteen months. Then I got a piece of shrapnel from an eighty-eight in my shoulder at Metz, in France. That was on the twentieth of November, '44. I was in a hospital in England for three months. But I got back in time to join the push acrost Germany." He grinned faintly at Georgie. "With Gen'l Patton," he said.

"Yi!" Georgie said. "Ee-yi!"

They moved on into the dining room. Louise and Babs started to set another place at the table. Ralph went out to get some beer. Donald Jones stood by the chair that Georgie had pulled out for him. The soldier looked at the candles on the table and around the room and at the last dripping remnant of daylight beyond the window.

"It was rainin' the first time I come yere," he said. His brown hands closed slowly on the back of the chair. "I'm glad nothin' has changed—not even the weather." He glanced at Louise, and suddenly she knew that he had come for some specific reason. Some trouble lay deep in his pale, faded blue eyes, and though she had no hint of what it was, she sensed his need for this renewed contact with a fixed and familiar reality. "I'm sure glad everythin's the way I remembered it," Jonesy said.

Louise made a gesture and he sat down at the table. Georgie quickly planted himself opposite his hero.

"Mom, I don't have to go to bed at nine o'clock tonight, do I?"

"We'll see," Louise said.

"Mom, Jonesy was with General Patton! How can he tell all about that before nine o'clock?"

"Maybe he doesn't want to tell about it," Babs said, seating herself next to the returned warrior.

"Aw, sure he does. What do girls know about soldiers? . . . Hey, dad!" implored Georgie, as his father came in with the beer. "Please tell mom I can sit up till Jonesy finishes the war tonight."

They all laughed, and Ralph said, "I guess you can."

"Gee, thanks, dad!"

Jonesy looked at the boy, and again Louise saw a shadow in their guest's eyes.

"I wisht I could finish it tonight, Georgie," the sergeant said. "I sure wisht I could. But they tell me I'm essential, so I reckon I still got another war to go."

Louise lay awake in the warm darkness. The rain had stopped and the house was still. In the next room, Georgie was fast asleep—exhausted by three hours of steady questioning—and there was no sound from the other end of the hall. Babs had gone to spend the night with her friend Ann Chapman. Jonesy was occupying her room. They had all sat up talking to him till almost eleven; then they'd insisted that he stay the night.

In the bed beside her, Ralph stirred and Louise heard him sigh. She said, "Haven't you been asleep?"

"No. I keep seeing myself bringing in the beer."

"What?"

He didn't answer for a moment; then he said, "A soldier comes back from the war and tells us about it, and I try to realize what he's been through. I try, but it's no use, because I wasn't there. So I go out and get the beer."

How's Your Metality?

ONE of the factors in winning the war was America's ability to outdevelop and outproduce enemy nations in useful metals. As a consequence, the American layman has lately acquired much new knowledge of metals to add to the information in which he always naturally excelled. Here are some questions which the war has placed in the layman's field, and some others which were there before the war. If you can answer eight, your metality is in excellent condition.

1. What is the metal which most recently has found wide industrial use?
2. What are the special merits of alnico and beryllium copper, two well-publicized alloys which American research has lately developed and which promise well for peace-time use?
3. What were the first two metals used by man for his implements?
4. What newly discovered metal was fittingly named after the ancient god of the nether world?
5. What was the first metal discovered whose emanations can be lethal?
6. Structurally speaking, which is the most complicated of the stable metals?
7. What metal was for centuries believed to be a cure-all, and was taken by the pound?
8. What metal burns when thrown into water?
9. What metal is the best conductor of electricity?
10. Why are metals, generally speaking, better conductors of electricity than other elements?

—CAROL BOCCIARELLI.

Answers on page 106

"The beer was all right, darling. Jonesy enjoyed it."

Ralph didn't say anything. She moved closer to him in the bed. Her arm went across his chest and her head found his shoulder. "Darling?"

"Yes?" he said. "What's keeping you awake?"

She said, "Georgie." Her voice was a breath against his cheek. "I wish he weren't so obsessed with playing soldier."

"Oh, that," Ralph said. "That's just a game. Everybody plays it."

"Yes, I know, but I ——"

"There's nothing dangerous about it, if that's what you're afraid of."

"No," she said, "that's not what I'm afraid of. It's something much worse. Something deeper and . . . darker."

"Why, Lou, you're crying!"

"Oh, I can't help it, I hate it. I hate it! There was a story in the paper. Months ago, but I've never forgotten it. About a German boy sniper just Georgie's age, who was captured in his home by our men. They found his room full of toy soldiers, with wooden guns and tanks and planes all drawn up in correct formation. The paper kept using that word 'correct.' It was horrible, and it was all that German boy knew, and now it's coming over here. Into our country, into our home! Oh, Ralph, I hate it!"

"Lou," he said, "I can't answer you. I haven't thought enough about it. But I feel you're wrong. You've got it twisted somehow. I don't think Georgie's got it twisted. He's following some instinct—blindly, as a kid always does. But I trust that kid instinct."

"Well, I don't! I ——" She stopped, as Ralph suddenly raised his head from the pillow. "What's the matter?"

"There's a light in the hall."

Louise sat up and saw, through the door that she and Ralph always kept open, a gleaming streak along the threshold of their temporary guest room. "Maybe Jonesy's sick," she said.

"Oh, I don't think so," Ralph said. But he got up, put on his dressing gown and started down the hall. After a moment, Louise decided to follow him. Her bare feet found the mules placed side by side on the floor. She was fumbling with the sash of her negligee as she entered the room where Jonesy, in a suit of Ralph's pajamas, sat on the edge of the bed. He was holding a V-mail letter in his hands. Ralph stood looking down at him.

"Just saw your light and thought something might be wrong," Ralph was saying. Then he turned to face his wife. "We're too darned used to answering alarms in the night. Jonesy was only reading a letter."

Louise said, "There can be something wrong in a letter."

Donald Jones looked up at her quickly, and the trouble that she had discerned as a shadow in him was now stark upon his face. She crossed the room, sat down on the bed beside him and put her hand on his arm.

"I was sure you had some special reason for coming here," she said. "Do you want to talk to us about it?"

He drew a deep breath. "I been wantin' to talk to you all evenin'. I jest didn't know how to start. But you're my friends, so I reckon it's all right to tell you ——"

He hesitated, and Louise said gently, "What's her name, Jonesy?"

"Flora May," he answered in an absent tone.

"That's a lovely name—Flora May."

Then his head came up with a jerk. "Why," he said, "how did you know?"

"She guessed," Ralph said. "A woman's infallible when she guesses."

It was a feeble aphorism, but the boy grinned and immediately they all felt more at ease.

"Is she the same girl you had before you went overseas, Jonesy? The one you told us about—in that town in West Virginia?"

"Yes, ma'am. Point Pleasant, West Virginia."

"And the letter's from her?" Louise asked.

He nodded. "It's the last one I got from her before I was tagged for redeployment. I'd written her sayin' I'd likely be comin' home soon—I warned her I'd have only a month's furlough—and this is the answer I got. I was still with my outfit then, and I wouldn't show it even to the chaplain. But I'd like for you and Mr. Bowen to know what's in it."

"You don't think she'd mind, Jonesy?"

"No, ma'am. I feel like you folks was almost my fam'ly."

Ralph said, "Okay, son. Shoot."

Jonesy's head was bent over the letter. "She says, 'I don't care how short the time is that we will have together. I want to get married right away. Not wait, but marry you right away. And I want a baby as soon as God will let me have one.'" Here Jonesy glanced up at them, searching their faces for any trace of amusement. He found none, and returned to his reading. "'So, if you have to leave me again, I will have someone that belongs to us both, someone close by to love and do for, not this awful lonesomeness. I'm not afraid, and I don't want you to be afraid for me.'"

The low drawling voice stopped abruptly and the night's silence was heavy in the room.

"But I am afraid," Jonesy said finally. "I'm jest plumb scared."

Ralph said, "That word sounds funny, coming from you."

Jonesy looked at him. "Mr. Bowen," he said, "I been scared plenty of times, in combat and out, but I never did let it git me down before. It's sure got me down now. That's why I haven't wired or called her to let her know I'm back in the U.S.A."

Louise said, "Don't you want to marry her, Jonesy?"

"I want to the most of anythin' I ever wanted in this world."

"Then what ——" Ralph began, but Louise interrupted him.

"I think I understand," she said to Donald Jones, sitting tense and troubled beside her. "You feel it wouldn't be right to marry her and be with her for only a month and then leave her, perhaps with a baby on the way."

"You've said it, ma'am."

"But lots of young people risk such marriages nowadays. Don't you think she could take care of the baby, if she has it?"

"She will have it, ma'am, if I know Flora May. Yes, she could take care of it. Her folks are right well off, and she would have her allotment outa my pay. That ain't what's botherin' me." He ran his hand through his thatch of straw-colored hair; then suddenly he was standing up, his spare, conditioned body almost lost in Ralph's voluminous pajamas, yet somehow appearing straight and hard and soldierly. "I have been where the bottom has dropped out of the world," he said. "I have seen things. I saw the Nazi prison camp at Buchenwald when we captured it. I don't know which was worse, the sight or the smell, but I saw with my own eyes what them hellions done to innocent people. To kids too. Little starved kids you wouldn't believe could look thataway, so skinny and twisted and terrible." He stared down at Louise and she saw him swallowing repeatedly, as a man does to keep from retching. "Ma'am, I jest don't want to bring no child of mine into this world, without I know I'm goin' to be on hand to watch out for him and protect him."

"But this is America, Jonesy," Ralph said. "And it's going to be a different world after this war."

"Yes, sir, that's what everybody's sayin'. I sure hope it's true. But how do I know, after all the fine plans are made, that America won't turn over and go to sleep again or listen to the fools the way she has done before? I tell you, sir, it all comes down to the one question in my mind—who's goin' to take care of my kid if I ain't around to do it?"

He turned away, refolding the letter in his big hands; then they saw him freeze into immobility. He was gaping at some apparition beyond the door that Louise had left half open when she came in. The next instant she saw it too. "Georgie!" she said.

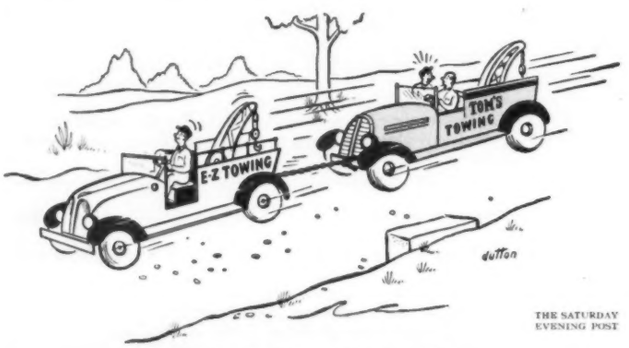
The small stout figure in its crumpled sleeping suit came slowly into the room.

"Did you have a nightmare?" his mother asked, going over to him.

"No, mom. I heard Jonesy talking and I —— There was a question I wanted to ask him, so, naturally, I came to ask him and I ——"

"Well, it'll keep till morning," his mother told Georgie. "Now you go back to bed."

(Continued on Page 106)



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(Continued from Page 104)

"But it's only one question, mom! Honest!"

"Oh, all right," Louise said, and made a vague gesture of appeal to Jonesy, who stepped forward.

"What is it, Georgie?"

For a moment, as he gazed up at the pajama-clad sergeant, the boy seemed to have forgotten his question. Then he poured it out.

"Is it true that now they yell 'Umbriago' instead of 'Geronimo'?"

Louise and Ralph looked blankly at each other. But Jonesy smiled at them.

"He's talkin' about what paratroopers yell when they jump out of the plane." To Georgie, he said, "I'm just a doughfoot, so don't take my word for it, but I know at least one outfit that's partial to 'Umbriago.' Now you go to bed like your mamma told you, hear?"

"You put me to bed, Jonesy."

The soldier glanced at Louise. She nodded helplessly. With unexpected competence, Donald Jones stooped, picked up Georgie and started down the hall with the boy clasped tightly in his arms.

Ralph and Louise went back to their room and got into bed. In a few minutes the house was dark and quiet again.

"Ralph?"

"Huh?"

"Jonesy came to us for advice about marrying Flora May."

"Well," Ralph said, "I don't know the answer to his problem, do you?"

"No," Louise said. "But I hope we can help him find it."

"Yes," Ralph said, "I hope so."

"Maybe tomorrow, after we've had a good night's sleep."

He laughed and patted her shoulder in the darkness.

"I'll settle for half a night's sleep," Ralph said. "After all, I've got only half a day's work at the bank tomorrow."

On Saturdays he took the two o'clock bus from Newark, and today, as usual, he arrived in Glenfield at 2:23 precisely, but from then on the routine of Ralph Bowen's afternoon went all awry.

The house on Park Street was strangely empty and silent as he entered it. "Lou?" he called. "Babs? Georgie?"

For an instant, when there was no answer, he had a queer premonition of calamity. Then Minnie appeared and told him that they'd all gone over to the Crawford place, where Georgie was arranging some sort of entertainment for Jonesy.

"He ax ever'body to come to the Crawfords' stable, so I reckon 'em boys fixin' to do 'at jumpin' business with the umberellas."

"Umbrellas!" Ralph said, remembering. "I told Georgie to return them today!"

"Mist' Bowen, it ain't rainin' today, and what you fo'git won't hurt you."

"True," Ralph said. *Or is it?* he wondered, as he started back out of the house.

The Crawford place, owned and dominated by old Major (Grampa) Crawford, was the only one in Glenfield that still boasted an authentic stable. At 2:33 by his watch, Ralph entered its wide door and found himself in the midst of a familiar group—mostly parents of Georgie's particular friends. He nodded and mumbled his way through them. Then he saw Donald Jones—the only figure in uniform—standing with Babs, who was obviously enjoying her role as companion to a hero. Near them, but looking distinctly alone, stood Louise.

"Darling, I'm glad you're here," she said when Ralph joined her.

"What goes on exactly, Lou?"

"Georgie decided—all by himself, the way he decides everything—to put on a show for Jonesy."

Ralph glanced over at the tall sergeant.

"Did you get a chance to talk to him again?"

"To Jonesy? No, he slept till almost lunchtime. Then we came over here."

Ralph thought it was just as well. He did not believe that he or Louise or both of them together could solve the returned soldier's problem.

The smell of dried clover was heavy in the air, and Louise Bowen knew that she would always associate it with her feeling of reassurance at the sight of the pile of hay stacked up on the floor of the stable. Her gratitude went out to Grampa Crawford when she heard the old man loudly answering some anonymous questioner, "Of course, that's too much hay and straw for one cow! It's for the boys! What's the use of being a boy, if you haven't got a pile of hay to jump in? I had one in my day, and it made a man of me!"

Then before she realized that the performance had started, Louise saw Chester—Tubby—Chapman advancing from a box stall at the rear of the stable. He was carrying an American flag, and there was nothing at all funny in the fact that he was a small fat boy in a Cub Scout uniform who was ready to burst with his own importance. Louise saw Jonesy stiffen, and beside her Ralph straightened up, and she heard the stir of feet around her as the others did likewise.

Tubby halted, facing them. The flag trembled slightly in his determined grip.

(Continued on Page 108)

Answers to How's Your Metality?

(Page 103)

1. Magnesium, especially in castings, because of its extraordinary lightness.
2. Alnico produces much stronger permanent magnets than any other material known. Beryllium copper produces springs which do not lose their resilience.
3. The earliest implements found were of bronze, an alloy of tin and copper.
4. Plutonium.
5. Radium.
6. Uranium (U-238). Its nucleus has 92 protons and 146 neutrons, outside of which whirl 92 electrons—330 units in all.
7. Mercury (quicksilver).
8. Metallic sodium.
9. Silver. Copper, commonly thought to be the best, is not quite so good, but is much cheaper.
10. For electricity to flow through anything, there must be a movement of electrons. A good conductor has electrons which are easily detached from its atomic structure. Such electrons are more prevalent in metals than in other elements.

"You can come out from under those wraps now," said Mr. Friendly

It all began as a quiver in the small of Bud Smith's back. Then it got worse.

Before you knew it, Bud Smith was freezing to death in the middle of the hottest August on record.

Even seven blankets couldn't stop Bud from shivering, the day the mercury hit 97.

That was the very moment Mr. Friendly, the American Mutual man stopped by. "A clear case of cold shivers if I ever saw one," said Mr. Friendly. "And I know exactly what to do about it!"

Bud's teeth stopped chattering and Mr. Friendly went on.

"These shivers come from worry. Worry about automobile accidents. Worry over lawsuits. Worry about fire destroying the home. The way to get rid of these shivers is to eliminate the worry with American Mutual's All American Plan."

Bud peeled three blankets off.

"If your house burns down your insurance will cover it. If you have an accident both the lawsuit and damages to your car are provided for. All doctor and hospital bills are paid. If you'll just sign here, I think you'll find you can do without those blankets."

"Where's my wife?" yelled Bud, throwing off the rest of the blankets. "This is no day for anything but a nice air-conditioned movie!"

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A M

Your helping hand when trouble comes!

AMERICAN MUTUAL... *the first American liability insurance company*

(Continued from Page 106)

"Ladies and gentlemen, the following exhibition of parachute jumping is an exhibition of parachute jumping in honor of Sergeant Donald Jones, of the Army of the United States!"

Someone started to applaud, but the sound was cut off by a ringing shout of command from the box stall: "Troop, 'ten-shun! For-rd, harch! Two, three, four! Hup, two, three, four!"

Louise's hand convulsively clutched Ralph's. "Where did he get that voice?" she whispered.

"Sh-h!" Ralph said.

They came out in single file, with her son marching at their head. Georgie was wearing his tan ski suit, with the pants tucked into his winter galoshes. Ski suits and galoshes seemed to be regulation issue for the Park Street paratroopers, though one boy wore blue jeans and another looked very much as if he had on his long woolen underdrawers.

Wooden carbines and homemade tommyguns were slung across their backs. Their belts bristled with automatics from that arsenal of democracy, the Five-and-Ten. They wore football helmets.

Now the captain was shouting again, and all at once—to Louise's astonishment—the column unraveled and the troopers halted, standing abreast in a straight line across the floor.

"'Ten-shun!" Georgie barked. They were drawn up facing Jonesy and their eyes were centered on him. "Salute!"

Hands flashed to helmets. The troop stood in formal, rigid tribute to their guest of honor.

Sergeant Jones stepped forward. His heels clicked and his own hand went smartly to the edge of his cap—and that was too much for Louise. She was furious with herself, but from then on she had to keep blinking her eyes to see anything at all. When the boys broke and ran for the steps leading up to the hayloft, she had only a blurred impression of immature, gnomish figures disappearing through the stairwell in the floor above.

The loft was a deep shelf that stretched, at a height of some twelve feet, across the back of the stable. Six feet above its forward edge ran a heavy tie beam from which the shelf was suspended by iron rods. Staring up through the mist that distorted her vision, Louise saw Tubby Chapman reappear in the loft. He no longer carried the flag. He was clutching a megaphone of the kind used by school cheer leaders, and now he braced himself against one of the iron supports.

"All set, jump master?" he called; and from the back of the shelf Georgie's voice answered, "Okay, Tubby! Let 'er go!"

Tubby put the megaphone to his lips, aimed it at the upturned faces of the audience and let go. The resulting sound effect was ear-splitting and unmistakable. It was excruciatingly clear to everyone that Tubby Chapman was the Noise of the Plane.

Louise put her lips to Ralph's ear. "I should think he'd have to stop to breathe!"

"He's breathing," Ralph said. "Unfortunately."

She gave his hand a quick squeeze. "Look!" she said.

Georgie and the paratroopers were lining up at the edge of the loft. Each was now equipped with an umbrella, which he held aloft, unopened, in both hands.

"Jump!" abouted Georgie.

Junior Crawford was first in line. He snapped open his umbrella, yelled "Umbriago!" and leaped from the loft. He struck the pile of hay feet first, bounced up, tossed aside his improvised chute and scrambled for the door of the stable. Unslinging his wooden tommygun, he flopped down and trained it on the enemy as represented by the Crawfords' cow at graze in the orchard beyond.

"Umbriago! Umbriago!" rang the shouts from the loft. In a matter of seconds the floor around the hay pile was cluttered with umbrellas and the whole troop lay prone in a skirmish line just inside the stable door. The whole troop, that is, except its commander.

Louise said, "Why doesn't Georgie ——" But her unfinished question ended in a gasp that was plainly audible, for Tubby Chapman's noise-making had stopped abruptly. Georgie Bowen was shinnying up the iron post against which Tubby had been leaning, and the fat boy was helping him. Now the captain of the paratroopers was standing on Tubby's shoulders, and now he was climbing to the crossbeam, six feet above the level of the loft. Georgie stood up, balancing himself on the beam, and suddenly everything was very quiet in the stable.

Louise gripped Ralph's hand till her own fingers hurt. She tried frantically to estimate the distance from the beam to the floor, but she was no good at that kind of calculation. It just looked an awfully long way to her; and then Georgie reached for the umbrella that was hooked over his arm. Carefully, he opened it. He was going to carry out the precise routine that his small boy's imagination had imposed on the others. It was absurd and childish and . . . suddenly it was neither. It was something out of which courage is born.

Louise knew that her son was lonely and scared, and somehow she remembered the invisible cloak of loneliness worn by Jonesy standing in her doorway the night before. She thought, *The brave are always alone.*

"Umbriago!" cried Georgie, and jumped.

The hay pile had been considerably flattened and scattered, and the boy struck the thin edge of it. He rolled over twice, away from the spinning umbrella, and landed on all fours. He made an effort to get up; then sank back on one knee. It was his left knee, and the leg behind it stuck out at a queer angle.

Sergeant Jones knew. He had seen that surprised, incredulous look on the faces of men stricken in battle. He made a lunge for the kneeling boy. Louise and Ralph and Babs were just behind him.

"Is it bad, Georgie?"

The boy looked at them. He saw his mother and father and sister leaning down, their hands reaching to claim him. But it was Jonesy who had asked the question and it was Jonesy he most particularly had to answer.

"No," Georgie said with desperate distinctness, "I just made a bad landing, that's all." His voice was loud with the effort to speak naturally. "I guess I'll just have to practice my landings, that's all."

Then his lips went white and he slumped forward. Jonesy caught him as he fell.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WHY SHOULD THERE BE AUTUMN DAYS?

By Helen Mitchel

Why should there be autumn days
Of gold, and bronze and purple haze,
With skies a well of gentian-blue,
Since I am far away from you?

Why should distant pathways call
To hills I know, that gayly sprawl
Beneath the autumn's rich debris,
With you so far away from me?

Why should early dawn conspire
To wake again my heart's desire,
With glinting dew from misty skies
When far from mine your pathway lies?

Why should nighttime be a dream
With drifting moon . . . with stars that gleam,
To wind itself around my heart
When you and I are so apart?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The blatant cheerfulness of the visitors' room at the hospital was like the cheerfulness of the surgeon who had exclaimed, after looking at the X rays of Georgie's leg, "Just a simple fracture of the fibula!" That was at four P.M. Now it was almost 8:30—time for visitors to go home—yet Louise and Ralph still sat in the chintz-draped room where the long July twilight lingered. They were waiting for Jonesy.

Georgie had asked to see the sergeant alone. So the others had said good night to the boy, Babs had gone home with the helpful Chapmans, and Ralph and Louise had retired to the waiting room, where they kept assuring each other that their son was all right. His leg was safely set and, judging by the supper he'd eaten, his spirit was serene.

At last Louise said, "I have a feeling it all links up, somehow."

"What?" Ralph asked. "What links up?"

"Jonesy's problem, and that exhibition in the stable and now . . . this," she said, with a gesture toward Georgie's room down the corridor. "But I still don't know the final answer."

"Well," Ralph said, "one thing I've noticed about life is that it's rather stingy with final answers. But I think ——"

They had not heard his footsteps, but suddenly Donald Jones was crossing the room toward them.

"That kid ——" he said, and seemed unable to go on.

"What is it?" Louise asked. "What did Georgie have to say to you?"

"Ma'am, he told me he was standin' out in the hall last night when I was readin' you and Mr. Bowen that letter from Flora May. He said he couldn't help hearin' what it said, and how I talked about not wantin' to bring any child of mine into this world without I was around to take care of it."

"Yes, Jonesy?"

"He told me that after I put him to bed he laid awake thinkin' about what he'd heard. Now I don't rec'llect how much I knew at his age—not much, I reckon—but that young one of yours, he sure figgered it out." Here the soldier paused, and Louise saw his big hands opening and closing at his sides. "Ma'am, he had it all worked out that I had done my share of fightin' for him, and so he would do the same for my kid if and when that ever become nec'ssary. One generation takin' care of the next

(Continued on Page 111)

Signs of Autumn

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DIAMOND T TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 108)

is what he meant, and he broke his leg tryin' to show me he had courage enough to take his turn at the job when his time come."

There was a moment of silence in the room; then Louise spoke quietly. "Is that all, Jonesy?"

"No, ma'am. I've got to tell you that I'm to blame for that broken leg. I hope you won't hate me for it, and I know Georgie's goin' to be okay—he was sound asleep when I left him. But when we was talkin' I asked him why he ever clum up to that beam to make his jump, and he said ——"

"Yes?" said Louise. "Yes?"

"He said, 'Well, gosh, Jonesy, I had to show you I wasn't scared, didn't I? I didn't want you to think I was jest playin' soldier.'"

"Oh!" Louise said.

"He wanted to show me he wasn't scared, so I'd have faith in him," the sergeant said, "and I wisht I could tell you what that means to me." Jonesy paused again, and looked out over their heads through the hospital window into a world darker than any within their sight or comprehension. "When I first went overseas," he said, "I worried for fear I wouldn't come up to what the folks back home expected of me. Then, after the mess of fightin' in France and Germany, it was the other way round. I got to wonderin' did the folks at home have the same kind of heart and guts that I saw all around me in the combat areas. Because I knew if they didn't, it was no use makin' plans for the future of America or the world she's a part of. Maybe it was jest a soldier's nach'al worry about the situation to his rear or maybe it was because most of the news we got was about some orneriness or cheatin' or selfishness back home. But, anyway, I begun to doubt most everything I'd left behind me when I sailed past the Statue of Liberty, headin' east. I lost faith, is what I done. And that boy, that Georgie of yours, he give it back to me."

A brisk young nurses' aide came into the room and hurried up to the soldier. "Sergeant ——" she began, but he was staring out the window into his own dark world and neither saw nor heard her.

"That kid give me back my faith in America," Jonesy said.

The nurses' aide tugged at his sleeve. "Sergeant, they're ready with your long-distance call to West Virginia."

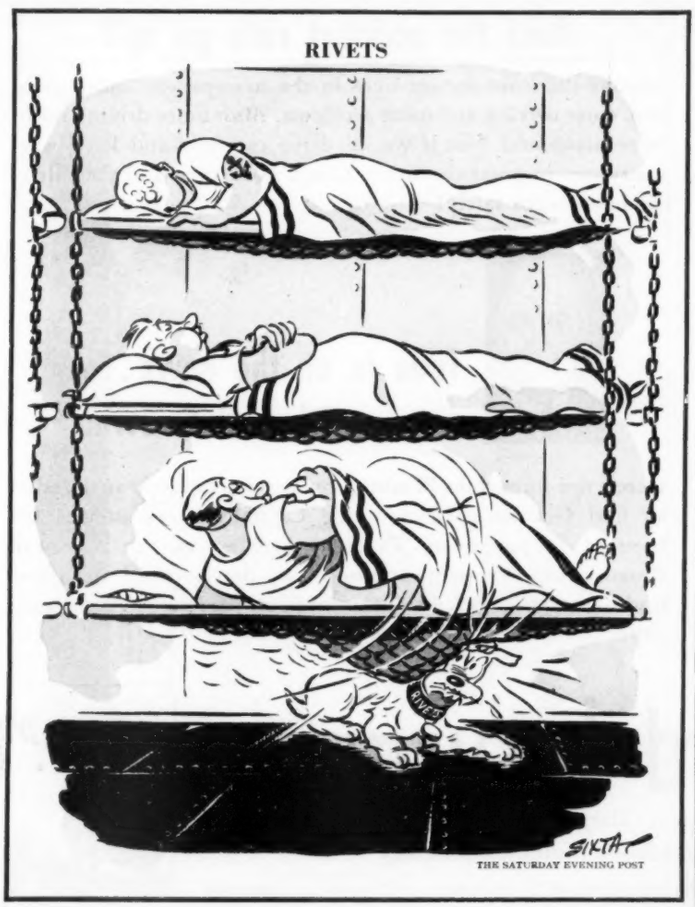
He started, turned to go out, then remembered and looked back at Ralph and Louise. "It's Flora May," he said. "I put in a call from the phone booth in the nurses' office."

"Give her my love," Louise said.

But Jonesy did not hear her. He had vanished into the corridor. Ralph and Louise sat there a moment longer in silence, in the deepening shadow; then she said, "I know now what the final answer is. It's what Jonesy said about one generation taking care of the next." And then she said, "Please, darling, I'd like to go home."

Ralph put his arm around her and they got up and walked out, down the dim hall past the room where Georgie lay sleeping, and toward the nurses' office, in which a small light burned.

Approaching it, they could hear Jonesy talking to his girl across the towns and hills and rivers and night-blurred fields of America. They did not hear what he was saying, but the tone of his voice was clear, and Louise thought, with a sudden sense of rightness, that it sounded strong and eager and unafraid.



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THIS TIME LET'S KEEP OUR MERCHANT MARINE

(Continued from Page 17)

decreased earnings by foreign shipping will reduce the standard of living in foreign countries and cause distress. These pocketbook arguments do not compare in strength with those dealing with national defense, and furthermore they are not true.

But before discussing them, let us define what an operating subsidy is. This subsidy is a payment made to an American operator to cover most of the difference between high American crew wages, subsistence and repair costs, and so on, and the lower wages, and so on, enjoyed by the actual foreign competitors of the American line. The operator retains none of this money, which merely passes through his hands to the crew and to American shore labor. In return for the subsidy, which must be returned if the operator makes more than a moderate profit, the operator agrees to run his ship in regular service on a definite route, and cannot, without Government permission, move his ship to another run if business becomes better there. He performs a contract service, and if he loses money due to the restrictions of the contract, it is his responsibility.

Now as to those "hundreds of millions" in prospective annual operating subsidies, the actual payments prewar averaged $10,000,000 a year gross, with a maximum of $13,000,000, or about as much in one year as we spend in one hour of war. We carried 25 to 30 per cent of our foreign trade in our own ships.

In future, the Maritime Commission would like to see in operation enough vessels to carry about 50 per cent of our commerce as a whole, and expects our tonnage to move into some trades vacated by Axis lines. It also believes that our imports and exports will be larger postwar than in 1938, and that this increased trade can be taken by our vessels in major part, without hurting the prewar business of Allied shipping. That is, our ships will carry new trade or former Axis trade, and not interfere with the prewar earnings position of our Allies at all. Arguments based on the assumption that we shall bankrupt our British or Norwegian Allies are therefore erroneous or misleading, to say the least. Present rough calculations as to our future annual operating subsidies vary between $26,000,000 and $40,000,000 a year. At this rate it would take roughly 1000 years of operating subsidies to equal the cost to us of not having had this tonnage before Pearl Harbor, and our "economy" policy has also cost the lives of many fine men—something not measurable in money.

At this point we should, for the sake of completeness, mention construction subsidies. If we were now proposing to build for peacetime operation the vessels which we actually did build for war, then construction subsidies would have to be taken into account in assessing the annual costs. But the tonnage is already built for war use, and the point now under debate is merely what we should do with this existing fleet, and in which direction true economy lies—in scrapping it, with the risk of having to build again in some future war; in selling to foreigners, with the risk of having tonnage used against us in an emergency; or in operating a reasonable amount ourselves and laying up the balance. But unless we abandon the sea, we shall certainly have to build some ships in the future and, with our higher wage levels, this means construction subsidies. The alternative would be to allow our subsidized operators to build cheaply abroad, which means a decrease in our domestic shipbuilding. This is obviously unwise from the defense standpoint. In future, construction subsidies may equal or slightly exceed those paid for operation. But even with this addition, it would take about 500 years of subsidy payments to equal our wartime dollar loss from not having had ships and crews when needed.

Before leaving the subject, however, it may be said that United States Government statistics show that the actual net dollar earnings of foreign shipping from the carriage of American goods and passengers in the period 1919–1938, after subtracting counterbalancing earnings of American vessels, and dollar payments for stevedorage, fuel, and so on, were only 1 per cent of the value of our exports in that period. Since these exports themselves were less than 7 per cent of our production, a reduction of the net foreign dollar exchange balance to zero by operation of a somewhat larger American merchant marine would, even in theory, have reduced the income of Americans by only seven tenthousandths, equivalent to a loss of seven cents out of each hundred dollars of our income. And as against this loss of a small foreign market, we would have gained a domestic one of equal or larger size, due to increased employment in our shipping and in industries related thereto. Of course, this would have increased our national income and made up for the minute loss on foreign trade.

In fairness it should be stated that some economists contend that the 1 per cent mentioned above does not truly measure the importance of shipping earnings to foreign nations and the foreign exchange available to them from this source, and that we should determine it by what would have happened on the assumption that American ships had carried all our commerce instead of decidedly the lesser part as they actually did. By this method they figure that the correct figure for foreign exchange accruing to foreign maritime nations as a whole carrying our cargo should be about 5 per cent of the average value of our exports. This type of argument, however, might equally be applied to our foreign trade by assuming no imports whatever, and thus pushed to a logical conclusion would seem to disprove itself. Even had we given foreign shipping a monopoly of the carriage of our trade and travel in the 1919–1938 period, the net exchange thereby made available to foreigners wherewith to buy our goods would still have amounted to only some 6 per cent of our exports in that period.

It therefore follows that we lose little or nothing in trade from having a larger merchant marine, but instead gain permanent employment for thousands of young Americans now following the sea. This is certainly better than scrapping their war-won knowledge and sending them to join the unemployed. Our Allies will not have their positions worsened by such employment; they will carry a somewhat smaller percentage of our commerce, but will take an equal or larger tonnage than in 1938. No one proposes that our shipping should be increased to a point where it would seriously damage the legitimate interests of friendly nations. The only loss is, therefore, in operating subsidy, and the payments for these will be about twenty-five cents per person per year. The price of not maintaining an adequate merchant marine before, has been Pearl Harbor, Bataan and two years of military impotence while we feverishly built tonnage in a race

"Atten-shun!"

with the Axis to see whether we would get abroad before Britain, Russia and China fell.

Admiral King has stated that we should never again return to the position of maritime weakness in which we were in 1939, and to that I say Amen! We should operate as much tonnage as we can, consistent with fairness to our friends, and should keep most of the rest of our war-built tonnage laid up, ready for a future service which we all hope will never come. Sales to foreigners should not include ships needed for our own commerce and defense, nor should such sales be on terms directly or indirectly more favorable than those accorded American citizens. We should not scrap any serviceable tonnage or give it to foreigners or again attack shipping—the heart and blood of our defense—in the mistaken idea that this benefits either America or the world.

HAVE WE GIVEN JAPAN BACK TO THE JAPS?

(Continued from Page 20)

had been diminished. MacArthur's headquarters ordered that the Japs would be allowed to retain more and more of the prerogatives of government when occupation began—and fewer and fewer functions would be left to Milgov. Then the advance echelon moved to Yokohama, and within two weeks it had become clear that there would be almost nothing for them to do. The existing Jap government would be doing almost everything, under General MacArthur's direction. Milgov was being squeezed between high-policy millstones, which apparently were grinding out a much softer peace for Japan than was originally expected.

Now, on this first day in Tokyo, which might have been a day of bright triumph, gloom enveloped everybody. One Milgov officer, whose name I won't mention because superiors might take it out of his hide, expressed the sentiments of most of the others when he said, "You're witnessing the death of Military Government. It's just a hollow shell. You get three thousand picked men, distinguished men, civil-service men, judges, business leaders, taken out of civil life and trained in Military Government for at least a year at a cost of from seven to ten thousand dollars a year each. You get some of 'em over here and give 'em nothing to do—then today comes this new thing. God knows what will happen to the others in the States, and the ones in Manila waiting to come up here. It looks as if Military Government is being liquidated."

Another blow fell on the neck of Milgov that same day. It was General MacArthur's statement indicating that he was going to maintain only a skeletal occupation force in Japan—less than 200,000 troops, and that he was going to leave the machinery of government in Jap hands, virtually untouched. I took the statement, which was a press release, in to Brig. Gen. William Crist, the boss man of Milgov, that evening. He looked away from me as he read it, and as he finished he rested his elbows on the desk as if he needed support. For the statement said: "The smooth progress of the occupation of Japan has enabled a drastic cut in the number of troops originally estimated for that purpose. The unknown quantity in the initial situation was the debatable question of whether a Military Government would have to be set up to run the country during early occupation. This would involve a force running into millions of men, and would have taken many years of additional time and untold billions of additional dollars. By utilizing the Japanese governmental structure to the extent necessary to prevent complete social disintegration, the purposes of surrender terms can be accomplished with only a small fraction of the men, time, and money originally projected."

This, of course, was a public confirmation of the policy of directing the Japanese government from the top—General MacArthur to the Jap Prime Minister. But it was more; it indicated publicly that occupation was going to proceed on a cut-rate—for the Americans—basis; that the policy of playing with the soft pedal was going to be continued indefinitely. It was a disappointment. For we had thought that General MacArthur was taking things easy, slowly building up strength these first few weeks, because American forces were not yet strong enough in Japan; that eventually, when hundreds of thousands of troops and guns and tanks, and thousands of Milgov personnel, had been landed, we would be able to take a stronger hand in Japan.

But now it was quite clear that, as MacArthur's statement had said, there would be a maximum of 200,000 American troops in Japan six months after our landing. And "our citizen Pacific forces, which have fought so long and so nobly," could go home. It began to look to me, and to some of my friends in Milgov, as if we were going to give Japan back to the Japanese. But why? That mystery had something of the fascination of a whodunit for us.

The answer to this and other questions seemed to be available on only the highest level, since the control was almost entirely centered with SCAP—Supreme Commander, Allied Powers. Since the answers were to be found only at an exalted level, I wanted to talk to MacArthur himself or, failing that, to his chief of staff, Lt. Gen. Richard K. Sutherland, or another man in the top group who had a large influence upon the general's decisions, MacArthur's military secretary, Brig. Gen. Bonner F. Fellers. I also set about arranging an interview with the head of the new Economic and Scientific Section, Col. Raymond C. Kramer.

Meanwhile I watched the officers and men of the Military Government Section struggling to adjust their small personal affairs as they were caught up in the vortex of high policy. For instance, Col. Maurice Edelman, the financial man who had worked so hard to make currency arrangements with the Japs, now had little to do, since most of the financial functions of Milgov were shifted to Economic and Scientific Section. Edelman said that funding, the only Milgov financial function surviving, was a job for a lieutenant, not a colonel.

There was a series of even more difficult problems for the 120-odd Milgov officers who arrived by ship that first week in Tokyo. No one knew what to do with these trained people. Some few of them went to Economic and Scientific; the others just waited.

Probably the most philosophical adjustment was achieved by Col. William S. Conrow, who was to have been headquarters commandant of the projected large Milgov organization, which

would have needed such a major domo. Now, with Milgov shrinking, there would be little for the colonel to do. A Regular Army man, Conrow wasn't disturbed. "I can go back to logistics (supply)," he said. "I've been at it for the last seven years. The business of moving furniture was new to me, anyhow."

Probably the easiest adjustment was the change-over of Lt. Col. John Meloan, the industrial expert, and Charles Thomas, the civilian financial consultant. They were simply absorbed by the new Economic and Scientific Section, and moved over, bag and baggage. But in general, Milgov affairs were in a frightful state of flux.

I had my interview with Colonel Kramer, who gave a pretty definite indication of the policy his Economic and Financial Section was to pursue. Colonel Kramer, a small, dynamic man, with a bald head and a very rapid habit of speech, had been purchasing agent for the MacArthur headquarters; he was one of the MacArthur inner circle. He had been a successful businessman in the department-store field in New York. It seemed apparent that he would achieve some kind of results. But it became evident as he talked that the functions of his section were going to be even less positive than those of emasculated, virtually powerless Milgov. The colonel's organization was apparently destined to do everything possible to help Japanese industry come back—so said the colonel. However, the section wouldn't initiate action. It could only make reports and recommendations to the supreme commander. So that it seemed to be only an enfeebled sort of Milgov.

Colonel Kramer started out somewhat defensively by saying, "People have got to be tolerant of the problem—the problem of getting Japan into production of consumers' goods as soon as possible—and that means the Japs've got to have shipping, steel industries, and so on, and we're going to have to start imports and exports. . . . The big problem is not to keep 'em down, but to start 'em up again. We're even going to let 'em manufacture explosives—industrial explosives. They'll have to have explosives, for instance, to get coal out of the mines. And steel—they'll need thirty thousand tons of steel just to keep their ships repaired. We're not planning to allow Japan to produce four million tons of steel per year forever (four and a quarter to five million tons was about the wartime average), but the time for controls is not now; it's in the future."

Some people seemed to be worried about Japan's being a war menace in the future, the colonel went on, but that was impossible. "This country has no more chance of being a war menace than I have of being in New York at twelve o'clock." It was then eleven o'clock.

I asked what steps were being taken to eliminate the big industrial combines which dominate more than three fourths of Japan's business, and had worked so closely with the militarists during the war.

Colonel Kramer replied, "Our objective is to make the most intensive study, and to make sure that pernicious influences are not continued." And he added, "But we've got to think of the people who have the dope (the industrial trusts). Now we have the job of amassing information, of finding out what the facts and figures are. The immediate period is not going to be a fireworks period. People would like it if we dragged up a battery of howitzers and let 'em go bang, bang (vehemently), and everybody would shout 'Hooray, Japanese industry is destroyed.' But it can't be that way."

All this, of course, was a swing away from the relatively rigid system of industrial control which had been Milgov's plan. I talked it over with some of the Milgov boys, and they agreed it was the old issue—in this war—of expediency. As one of the Milgov officers who had served in Europe put it, "They called it expediency in Europe—that's chicken feed compared to this."

This, of course, was the general trend which had plagued Milgov personnel since the first two weeks in Japan, when the office force had turned out directives, instructions and proclamations for the government of Japan, from breakfast until midnight—and had these turned back or shelved, usually because they were too forthright. Milgov proclamations, to begin with, had been thrown out after weeks of work. Then, as a substitute, directives to the Jap government had been worked up. The supreme command had decided that the existing Jap government could do the work, that the job could be done indirectly, that open proclamations would be too blunt. The Jap big shots said so, so the subject matter of the proclamations had been

"No, no, no! The cake I ordered was much smaller and had 'Happy Birthday to Bobby' written across the top!"

lumped into a directive. That, I now discovered, had also been shelved. SCAP decided that it would be more tactful to issue a number of smaller directives, one at a time. And even these were being held off a while, the theory being that verbal instructions could be used more facilely.

By this time I had discovered some rather startling facts about the degree of deference to the Japs in the handling of the proclamations. Our original proclamations, it seemed, had included some assertive lines which had been turned back by SCAP as being too blunt. Particular objection was registered to the statement that the Japanese people must assume the responsibility for the acts of aggression of their military leaders. So that line was stricken out—just as the proclamations, *in toto*, were thrown out, because the Jap government had protested that there must be no public mention of the instrument of surrender. While the Japs didn't say it in words, they had given our high command to understand that, as one Military Government officer put it, "They would give any orders that General MacArthur issued, as long as it didn't appear that the orders were being given by the Americans."

In general, the Japs made it appear that their hold on their people was tenuous, dependent on the fact that Japanese face could be saved even in defeat, if that defeat was not publicly proclaimed. And this was probably why General MacArthur believed, as he said in print, that the American landing in Japan had been one of the greatest gambles in all history.

This might or might not have been true, but it seemed certain in any case that the present method of governing Japan, through existing Japanese channels, was going to be continued more or less indefinitely. It appeared that expediency was the guiding policy.

I wondered first whether the policy was fixed above even the level of General MacArthur's headquarters. Was the President, was the State Department, in favor of taking it easy on Japan? I soon found out that orders from the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the State Department and the President indicated quite the contrary. There was a note almost of sternness about some of the directives, urging General MacArthur to use his own judgment, but urging, too, that he should remember that Japan surrendered unconditionally, and that their governmental machinery should be used only in so far as such use was to our advantage.

Clearly, General MacArthur was authorized to rule Japan decisively, and given almost unlimited authority to do the job. Yet the actual administration of the occupation had been such that almost every function of government in Japan, except at the topmost level, remained Japanese. Even the matter of rounding up war criminals had been left to the Japanese police. The general in charge of such matters under MacArthur had told me, "Let 'em bring the (war criminal) boys in themselves. It's the business of saving face. Besides it saves time and effort."

Apparently, such policies stemmed from General MacArthur and his inner circle. I found confirmation of this in an interview with General Fellers, a close counselor to the supreme commander. Fellers, a smooth cosmopolitan man, had played a large part in shaping General MacArthur's recent public announcements in defense of his policy. They had talked over pros and cons of each point.

Besides being military secretary to MacArthur, Fellers was also head of the GHQ Psychological Warfare Section, the name of which has been changed, in line with the prevailing trend toward euphemism, to "Information Dissemination Section." Now Fellers told me of his plans for democratization of Japanese education and politics. He gave details which sounded very worth while. But details couldn't be divulged now, he added. For if the Japs knew that these particular steps were being instigated by the Americans, not by their own government, then they'd be alienated. These were his words: "The reason we can't let it out is that we're afraid it might give a foreign flavor to the (Jap) government."

The general made the point that the Japanese government had been "100 per cent not only co-operative but subservient."

I reminded the general that people at home had been critical of the handling of Japan, that there had been much talk of too much softness. The general said that if we were too stern,

then we would have to "welsh on the Potsdam Agreement." He said there were a lot of liberals in Japan who would be able to conduct the country to something like democracy. These liberals were scared, and would have to be encouraged to come out and lead. "The plan is practical," he said, "and we're going to let them do it."

Methods of control, however, seemed unnecessarily delicate to many Milgov people, especially the scores of new arrivals who flocked into the run-down Forestry Building and waited for something to do. Nobody seemed to know what would be done with these officers who wanted to do a job. The most likely rumor was that some of them would be absorbed into new staff sections. And some would be sent home.

When I finally obtained an interview with Lt. Gen. Richard K. Sutherland, MacArthur's chief of staff, he said without hesitation that the Milgov organization under General Crist was going to be dissolved. New staff sections, like Colonel Kramer's Economic and Scientific Section, would be formed to make reports to the supreme commander. But they would be much smaller than the Military Government setup originally contemplated. And the existing Japanese agencies would continue to do all the work. For they, General Sutherland said, as General Fellers had said, were 100 per cent co-operative. In fact, they had been doing a "damn fine job" in carrying out instructions.

General Sutherland said flatly there would be no such extensive setup as in the other conquered countries, Italy and Germany. "We'll do the same thing with Military Government people that we'll do with the (fighting) divisions—we'll release 'em. They were originally set up for a combat landing, like the divisions. They should be considered as divisions. We're using those who are needed and releasing the rest—and some of those released are inevitably going to be high-powered people," said General Sutherland. "It can't be helped."

And then he said something which, when you tied it in with other developments, seemed to bring the whole MacArthur policy for Japan into focus. He said, "In order to get a minimum commitment of people and resources here, we're going to continue to exercise authority through the emperor's government."

This was a concise statement of the cut-rate peace, the peace which would save America billions of dollars and would allow us to keep our boys at home, rather than send them out to spend years in an unfamiliar foreign country. General MacArthur's earlier statements suddenly seemed to fall into a large pattern of policy which General Sutherland's capsule definition outlined. General MacArthur had always been sensitive to public opinion and he had been kept informed through official and unofficial channels of the political pressure being exerted in American legislative halls for a quick return of the soldiers overseas, and a lightning-quick cut in inductions.

General MacArthur had been given an almost entirely unhampered control of the methods of occupation for Japan. The Army and the State Department had been attempting to prepare the American people for the basic idea of maintaining a large armed force to help police the conquered foe. But MacArthur, apparently, was going to have none of that. His promise of sending the boys back from the Pacific clearly showed the course he had chosen. With the ability of a politician, he had sensed the undercurrent of American thought—for Americans seemed to want to insure the peace; and yet, far more, they were tired of war and its costs. And so a bargain-rate occupation had been worked out. Expenditures of money would be much less. Far fewer divisions and Milgov people, as General Sutherland said, would be required. The Japs would be supporting themselves and supplying their own manpower. What was left of Japan would be given back to the Japanese.

And this, it seemed, was to be the end of the "Road to Tokyo," an ending we had certainly not expected. And possibly it was wise, but it certainly wasn't a pot of glory at the end of the victory rainbow. Many men had died and many had been crippled and billions of dollars had been expended to build this "Road to Tokyo." But then the occupation and peace were indubitably at bargain rates, and who could blame General MacArthur for a policy of expediency when the American people seemed to indicate they didn't want to follow through either—that they didn't want to send more boys and more dollars to go out and police the world; at least, not until another war came along!

Editors' Note—This is the concluding article of Richard Tregaskis' Road to Tokyo series.

"Please, Daddy! Don't let 'em take Pal!"

"I'd never let Bill down before . . . in the eight years of his life. And even on that day when our home and most of our furniture were put on sale, he trusted me to come through.

"It was heartbreaking to watch him clutch the dog he'd owned almost since he could remember—panicked with fear that Pal would be taken, too. He didn't understand the reason for the sudden collapse of the life he'd known. But I did! I'd had an auto accident . . . injured a man badly . . . and I had to satisfy the court judgment *myself*.

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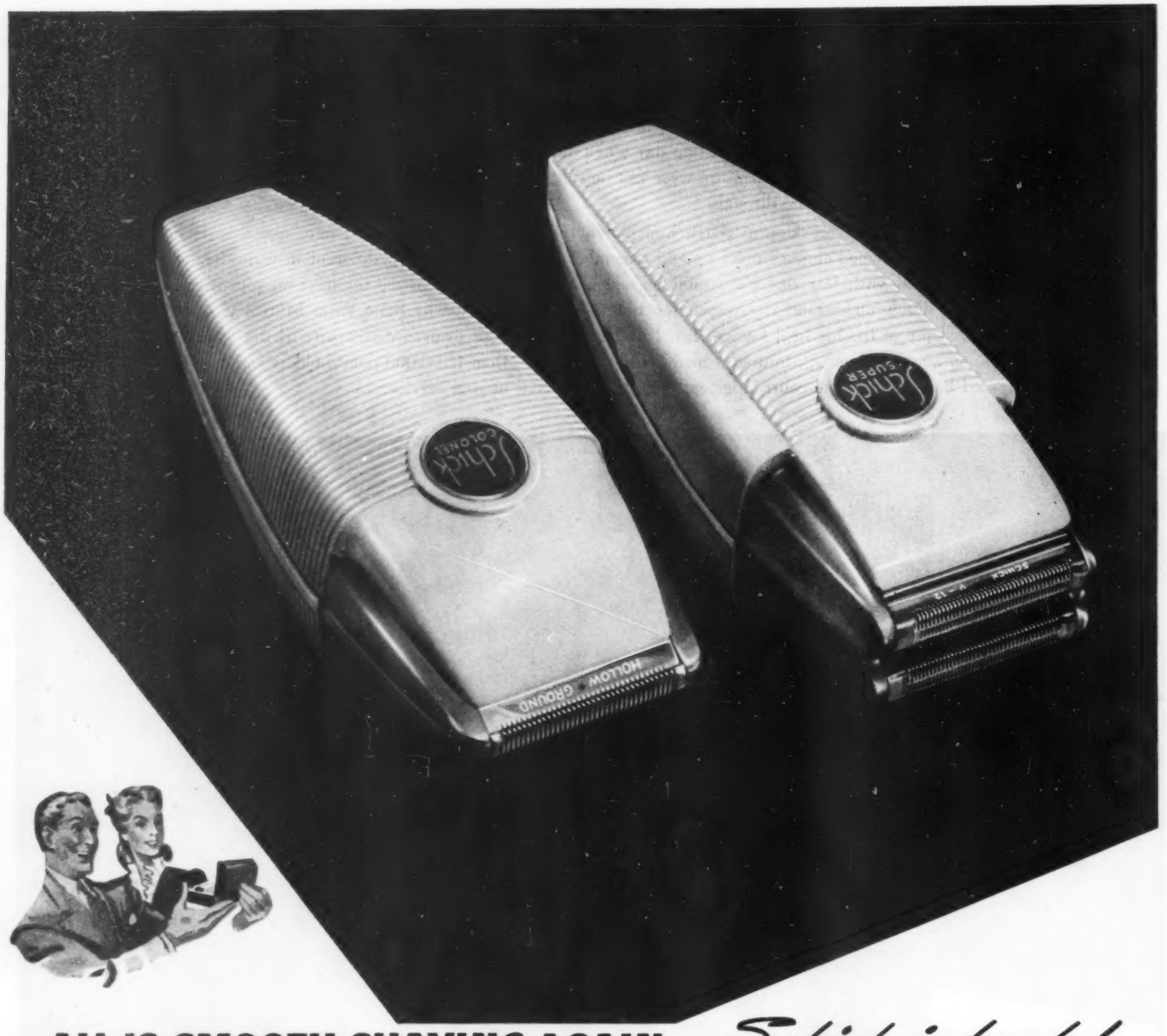

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**Slightly higher in Canada*

SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER

THE YELLOW ROOM

(Continued from Page 32)

"I don't know. Where does this road go, anyhow?"

"It joins a paved one up above. Why?"

"There was somebody on it a few minutes ago. Went up the hill. Anybody live up there?"

Dane was thoughtful. "Maybe somebody who lives back in the country. Only empty summer places near. How long ago was it, Tim?"

"Ten minutes or so. I didn't see who it was. It's kind of rough walking. Heard him stumble."

"Stay here. I'll go up a bit. It's too hot to sleep anyhow."

The lane was rough walking. Dane had no particular reason for climbing it. There were a dozen possible reasons for someone to be out at one o'clock in the morning. But the exercise was good after his long trip in the plane. When he reached the upper road, he turned left, by a sort of automatism. The deserted house lay there, shielded by its overgrowing shrubbery and trees and faintly outlined in the starlight. It had no interest for him. It had served its purpose. And he had walked far enough.

It was when he turned to go back that he saw the light by the stable, low down and moving slowly. It was swinging around, forming small circles, then going on, as if searching for something on the ground. He watched it for some time before he started cautiously toward it. He was within fifty feet of the stooping figure when a branch caught his sleeve and broke with a loud snap. He never heard the shot. Something hit him on the head and he felt himself falling. He lost consciousness at once.

Carol was awakened that night by the telephone beside her bed.

Doctor Harrison was on the wire. He sounded apologetic. "Is that you, Carol?" he asked. "I thought I'd better call you up. We've had another accident, if you can call it that. Nothing to frighten you," he added hastily, "but Major Dane's been hurt."

The room swirled around her. By a great effort, she controlled her voice. "How badly?"

"It's not very serious. He's still out. We're taking pictures, but apparently there is no fracture. He'll do nicely, but I thought I'd better let you know."

She was trembling now. "What happened to him, doctor? Don't tell me it's another ——" Her voice broke.

"He was shot. Just a crease along the head, but he's had a narrow escape."

She was out of bed by that time, still holding the receiver. "I'm coming down," she told him. "I'll be there in fifteen minutes." She dressed frantically, although some remnant of caution remained in her. She went to find Tim, but Tim was not in his room. She found him in the hospital when she got there, pacing the hall downstairs like a wild man.

"Damn it, I let him go up that hill myself! Me, Tim Murphy!" Then he told about Dane's appearance, his decision to walk up the lane, and then of hearing the shot. When Dane did not come back, he had started up the hill. He saw nobody, heard nothing. He had a flashlight, but "all those places are grown up like nobody's business." Anyhow, he was still searching when he heard the siren of Floyd's car. It had stopped near him and Floyd and Mason got out. Floyd had pointed a gun at him.

"Like to scared the life out of me," Tim said. "Thought I'd shot somebody. Wanted to know what I was doing there, and where was the man who'd been killed. I almost burst out crying. 'I'm looking for Major Dane,' I said. 'He came up here and he hasn't come back.' He didn't trust me even then. He took my gun and saw it hadn't been fired. Then he led the way back to the stable."

Carol was trying to make a coherent pattern of all this.

"But . . . Floyd?" she said. "How did he know?"

"Got a telephone message. It said somebody was dead by the stable at Pine Hill. Can you beat it? How many people were up there tonight?"

It was some little time before they were allowed in to see Dane. He was not alone. Alex was standing, like an infuriated guardian angel, over the bed. Nobody spoke. Dane's eyes were closed, but as Carol moved to him he looked up.

"Hello, darling," he said. Then something strange about the situation roused him. "What happened?" he said. "Where am I?"

"You're all right, Jerry."

He gave her his old sardonic grin. "That's what you say," he said, and closed his eyes again.

He was not unconscious, however. His head throbbed, but his mind was slowly clearing. When he looked up a few minutes later, only Alex was in the room. Dane motioned to him, and he came over to the bed.

"Soon as it's daylight," he said cautiously, "go up to Pine Hill. Take Tim if you can. Anyhow, get there before Floyd wakes up to it." He paused. Talking was still an effort. "Whoever shot me was hunting something on the ground by the stable there. Better bring everything you find."

It was still dark when he was left alone to sleep if he could. Alex went unwillingly, leaving Dane's gun on the table beside the bed, and carefully locking the window which opened on a fire escape. But Dane did not sleep. His head ached and his mind was working overtime. He lay still, his eyes closed, and carefully put together what he knew and what he suspected.

The bandage interfered with his hearing, however, and he was not aware that his door had opened softly. Only a sort of sixth sense told him he was not alone in the room. He did not open his eyes at once. Whoever it was came nearer, and then paused beside him.

He looked up then and, reaching out a muscular hand, grabbed the arm poised above him. His own automatic dropped on the bed, and Elinor Hilliard gave a faint scream and would have fallen had he not held onto her. In the faint night light she looked paralyzed with terror.

"Just what were you trying to do?" he said. "Kill me?"

She shook her head. "What are you going to do with me?" she said faintly.

"Send for Floyd, I imagine." His voice was hard. "You've got away with a good bit, Mrs. Hilliard. You're not getting away with this."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

INNUENDO

Subtlety is the art of saying what you want to say and getting out of range before it is understood.

—WELLMAN L. FRANCE.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

He released her. She dropped into a chair, her face chalk-white and her teeth chattering.

"I wasn't going to shoot you," she said. "You said I'd have to go to court. I just thought—if you'd keep out of things until it's all over ——"

"Until Greg's convicted?"

"They'll never convict him. His record's too good. It was all circumstantial evidence anyhow."

Her color was slowly coming back. He was holding the gun, and she made no attempt to escape. He could see her better now, the thin scum of cold cream still on her face, the silk negligee. But he was pitiless and scornful.

"All along," he said, "you've been playing a game to save your own skin. I'm sick of you. If you didn't know certain things I'd hand you over to Floyd at once. I may yet. Now I want the truth. Who killed Marguerite Barbour?"

"I don't know," she moaned. "That's the truth. You can arrest me if you like. I still can't tell you."

He believed her. He did not like her. He wanted to take her lovely cold-creamed throat and choke her to death, for her heartlessness and selfishness. But this was the truth, and he knew it. His head was aching damnably. He lay back for a minute and closed his eyes. "What do you know about Greg's marriage?" he asked. "Could it have been a trap?"

"Of course it was a trap. That little tart ——"

"I don't mean that," he said, his voice tired. "Suppose someone wanted to get rid of the girl—somebody who didn't like Greg—and Greg was drunk. It would have been easy, wouldn't it? Greg had money. If she was told he had ——"

But she didn't know even that. He took her again, slowly and painfully, through the night of the murder. She answered him as though she were sleepwalking, but at one question she roused.

"Did you see anyone in the lane when you arrived that night? At or near the lane?"

"Near it, yes," she said. "But it couldn't have been important, could it?"

It was daylight when he let her go back to her room and her bed, with a warning.

"Even money can't buy you out of some things," he told her. "And I'm not forgetting tonight. I don't forget easily. You're coming out with all you know when the time comes—and I'm going to see that the time comes."

She crept out like a whipped dog, and he managed to get up and lock the door behind her.

He was wide awake and much improved the next morning when a nurse brought him a shoe box, closely tied with string. He put it aside until she had gone.

Tim and Alex had taken him literally. He eyed with extreme distaste the collection of old horseshoe nails, dingy buttons, the eroded leather handle of a riding crop and a rusted shoehorn. In the bottom, however, he came upon treasure. He covered the box and put it on the table beside him.

By afternoon he was sitting up in bed, resenting the skullcap bandage on his head and demanding his trousers. But about the shooting he was oddly reticent when Floyd came. He had walked up the lane, thought he heard someone moving at Pine Hill and had gone in to investigate. Floyd was puzzled and annoyed.

"I don't want to go after a man in your condition," he said, "but either you're coming clean now or I'll arrest you as an accessory to murder. Greg Spencer wasn't alone when he killed that girl. If you know who helped him ——"

"I'm sorry, Floyd," Dane said soberly. "Maybe I underestimated you at the beginning. You've done a smart job, and it isn't your fault you've been off on the wrong foot all along."

"You're crazy!" Floyd shouted furiously. "I've got Spencer, and you know it! He'll go to trial, and he'll be convicted!"

Dane only lay back and closed his eyes, leaving Floyd to depart in helpless rage. The chief went back to his office and, sitting at his desk, went over his case against Greg. It was foolproof, he thought. It all fitted. Why the merry hell had Dane said he was off on the wrong foot? After a time, he called the district attorney on the phone.

"What do you make of this attack on Dane?" he said. "Fit in anywhere?"

Campbell was in a bad humor. "Not unless he did it himself!" he snapped. "It's playing the devil with the case. The governor's been on the wire. Seen the papers?"

"Don't want to see them," Floyd said curtly, and hung up.

Late that night, Dane, still nursing a bad headache and a considerable grouch, was roused by cautious footsteps on the fire escape outside his room. He took the gun and, sliding out of bed, stood beyond range beside the window. He was there when the steps reached the top and someone rapped carefully on the windowpane.

"It's Starr," a voice said. "From the press. I have some news for you."

Dane unlocked the window, and Starr crawled in. He looked excited, and as Dane stood by, he drew a piece of paper from his pocket. Dane read it without expression.

"Came through two hours ago on the teletype," he said, grinning. "See it in the paper in the morning! Queer story, isn't it?"

Dane looked tired. "It happens, you know. It's a queer war. May I keep this?"

"Sure. I copied it for you. That's not what I came for, anyhow. I guess I'll have to plead guilty to entering and stealing. I was in the yellow room at Crestview the night the Hilliard woman was shot. I wasn't the first," he said defensively, seeing Dane's face. "I was on the main road when I saw the ambulance come out, and then another car. Well, I'm a newspaperman. What would you have done?"

He waited until Dane got back into bed, then he pulled another paper out of his pocket and laid it in front of Dane.

"Found it behind the baseboard," he said. "It sort of came loose in my hand. It's the kid's birth certificate. I thought you might be interested in the name she gave him. For his father, of course."

Dane read it, then laid it down. "I'd like to know why you held this out," he said coldly. "You might have saved me a lot of trouble."

"Have a heart, major. It promised to be a story. When I got around to it, you were on the Coast. What was I to do? He couldn't have killed her anyhow. But that's not what brought me tonight," he said, brightening. "I know from the telephone operator who it was who called the police last night to say you'd been shot."

He looked expectant, but Dane's face did not change.

"Thanks," he said dryly, "I know that already."

Late as it was—or early in the morning—Dane made two calls as soon as Starr had gone. One was to Doctor Harrison.

"Sorry to disturb you at this hour," Dane said, "but it's rather important. Going back to the way the Barbour girl was killed, she was struck more than once, wasn't she?"

"Two or three times. One blow did most of the damage. The skull was pretty thin."

"You thought of a poker, didn't you?"

"Or a golf club, yes. What's it all about, Dane?"

"Just one thing more. Have you had any inquiry lately as to the exact nature of the injury which caused death?"

"Well, yes. Of course, it was quite casual. I was making a professional call yesterday on ——"

"Never mind," Dane said sharply. "No names, please. And thanks."

MR. WARD reached the hospital early the next morning. He stood inside the door as though uncertain. Then he advanced to the side of the bed and laid the morning paper on the covers.

"I take it you've seen what's here," he said. "I've come to you, major, instead of going to the police. I need some advice."

His voice was steady, the thin, reedy pipe of a very old man, but he looked shaken.

"I imagine I know what it is," Dane said. "Sit down, sir, won't you?"

He glanced at the paper. Starr's story was there. He read it quickly, then he put it down.

"He has courage," he said. "The whole story is incredible, isn't it? And four Jap planes shot down!"

Mr. Ward sat very still for a moment. "I think he wanted to die," he said finally. "Is that courage or desperation?"

"They're often the same," Dane said quietly. "At least it's no longer necessary to try an innocent man for a murder he did not commit."

Mr. Ward stiffened. "I would never have allowed Greg Spencer to suffer, Major Dane," he said with dignity. "Since my wife's death, the necessity for silence is over. I did what I could. Now, of course, it is out of my hands. That is why I have come to you in spite of what has happened. You're a military man. Where does justice lie, major? A quarrel, a blow, and against that the story there in the paper."

"That's what happened, is it?"

"So he told me. He was desperate. He came back to the library where I was waiting for him, and he acted like a madman. I went over to Crestview at once, hoping she was only unconscious. But she was dead, lying half in and half out the doorway, and Elinor Hilliard was bending over her body. I'd never seen her before. I didn't know who she was until Elinor told me she was Greg's wife. I think she thought then Greg might have done it. But she was frantic that night. She wanted time to get away, and she wouldn't let me call Lucy Norton or anybody.

"I don't suppose I can tell you the horror I felt. It was Elinor's idea to hide the body. She didn't care where, so she herself could escape. You know Elinor," he said wryly. "She didn't care about the girl at all. Her whole idea was to gain a few hours. She wanted me to carry her up to the linen closet, but I'm not young. Later I did get her up in the elevator. I laid her out as decently as I could. And that's what I was doing when Lucy came along the hall. It was the worst minute of my life when she stopped at the door of the closet, major. I did the only thing I could think of. I reached out and knocked the candle out of her hand. Then, in the dark, I tried to get away, and I'm afraid I bumped against her and knocked her down.

"She wasn't hurt. She got up screaming and made for the stairs, and I heard her fall. When I found her in the hall below, she had fainted. I didn't know she was injured, of course. My only idea at first was to get Elinor safely away. And I had to work fast. Elinor was still outside—she hadn't come in at all—and she wanted the girl's clothing. She was anxious not to have her identified, at least not for a time. We didn't expect to have more

(Continued on Page 122)

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How 'bout it, Mr. Johnson? Couldn't we skip the formalities and make this kid a member of our troop right here and now?"

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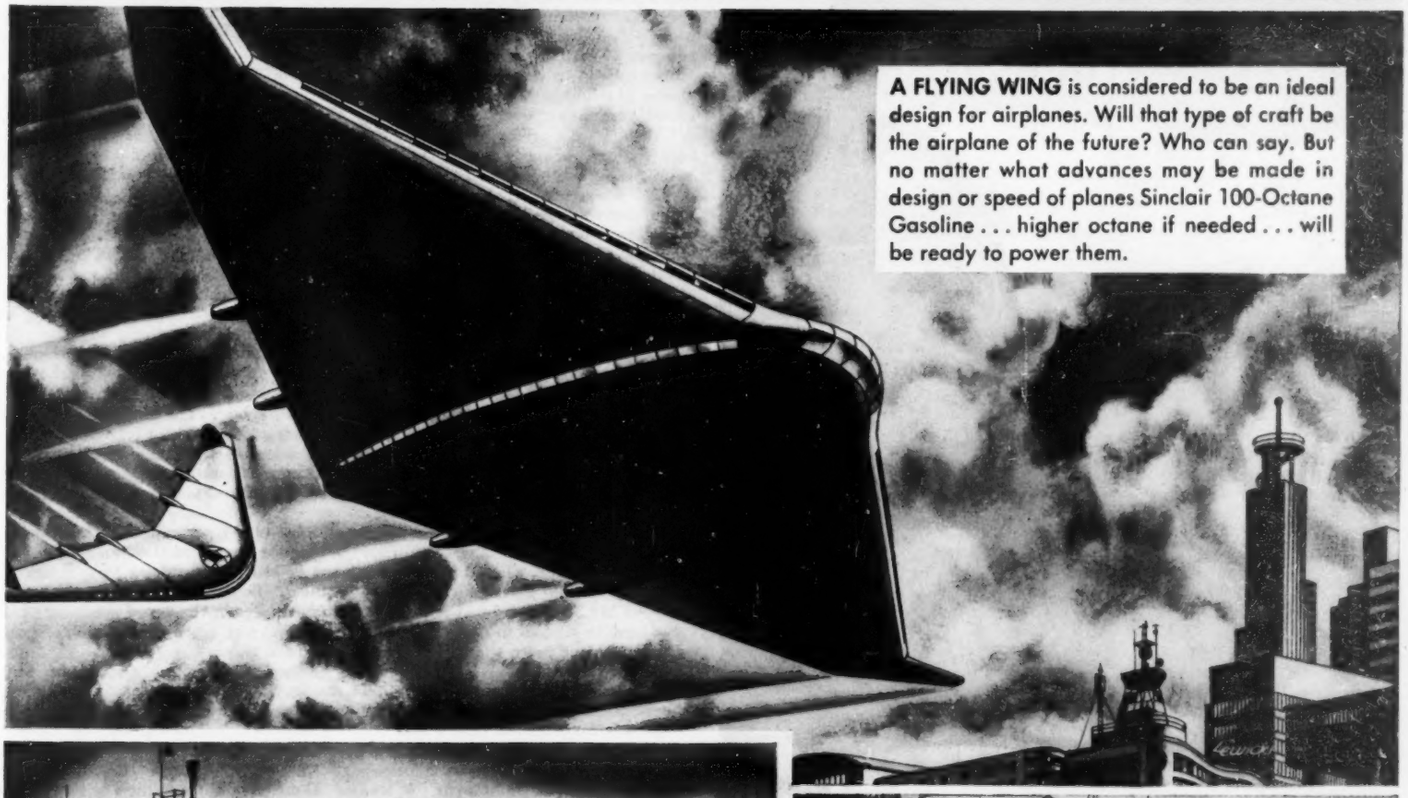

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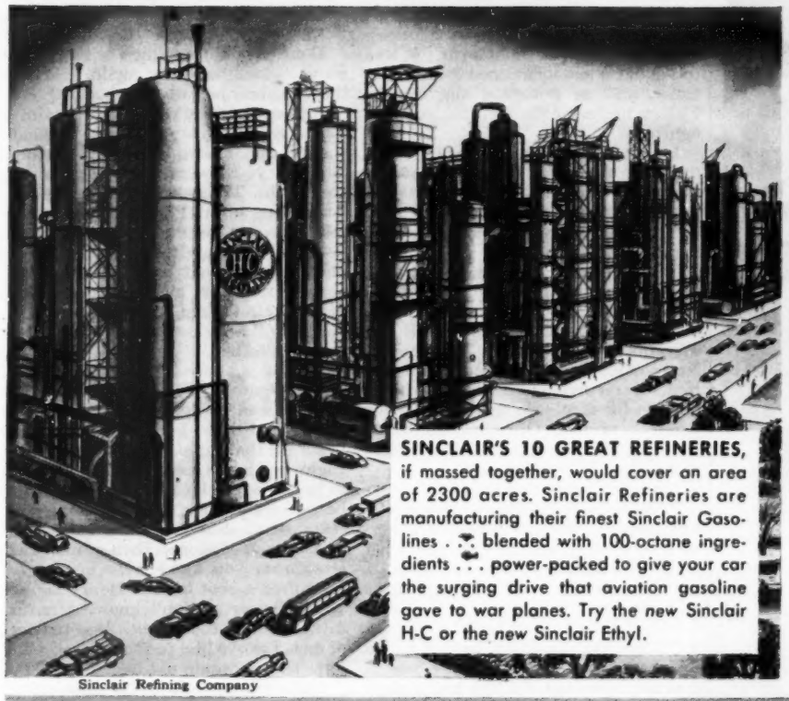

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(Continued from Page 120)

than a few minutes, until Lucy Norton came to, but even that would give her time to get away.

"Maybe I should have called the police, but look at my position. I had a half-crazy boy on my hands, and the shock might have killed someone I cared for. There was Elinor to consider too. I had got the girl's clothing from the yellow room, and she was in a hurry to go. I suppose you can guess the rest. We had to get him away, and Elinor agreed to drive him to Boston, where he could get a plane. He wasn't in uniform, you know.

"Well, I am a pretty old man, and I was in bad shape when they left. Elinor didn't help me, either. At the last minute she thrust the girl's clothes at me and told me to burn them. But I couldn't burn them." He smiled thinly. "We have an oil furnace."

"So that's why you buried them?"

"Yes, I did it that night. I couldn't get into my own tool house. The gardener keeps the key. I got a spade from the one at Crestview. I didn't do a very good job, I'm afraid, but I lifted a plant or two and replaced them. It wasn't easy in the dark."

He seemed unable to go on. Dane, watching him closely, asked him if he needed brandy. He refused.

"I'm glad to talk," he said. "It helps a little. I've carried a burden for a long time, and a sense of guilt too. When I told my wife the next night, she almost lost her mind, and when, later on, she saw them digging up the hillside she—it killed her." He stopped again. "I have that to add to my sins," he said heavily. "After more than fifty years, major. My dear wife ——"

He managed to go on, although it was obviously a struggle.

"It was unfortunate that I had not told her the night it happened," he said. "She had been out looking for me, and she had seen Elinor's car. It was too bad, for she mentioned it later to a caller, and, as it turned out, Marcia Dalton had seen the car, too, and recognized it."

He sat back in his chair as if he had finished, and as if the telling of the story had exhausted him. Dane could not let it stop at that, however.

"How did he get to your house that night?" he asked.

"Quite openly. By plane and then taxicab. And I assure you there was no murder in him when he came. I was alone downstairs. My wife and the servants had gone to bed. I let him in. You can imagine how I felt when I saw him, in civilian clothes, and with a scar on his face. He was excited, but perfectly normal. Of course, we had to take certain precautions. You understand that. To avoid shock."

"He didn't mention the girl?"

"No. I don't think he knew she was at Crestview. He was too excited to go to bed, he said, and he went out for a walk. I suppose he saw her then. I didn't know she was there myself, or who she was."

"He'd been fond of her?"

"Long ago. Later on, he told me he had been keeping her while he was in training, and that she had had a child by him. He said she'd been a damned nuisance ever since."

"And that night?" Dane prompted him. "He admitted that he'd killed her?"

"He said it was an accident. He had hit her with his fist, and her head struck the stone step. Later he said he'd introduced her to Greg Spencer, last year, while Greg was drinking. Said he told her to marry him. He had plenty of money. He wanted to get rid of her, of course."

There was a long silence. Dane was trying to co-ordinate the story with what he already knew. Some parts of it fitted, some did not. He stirred.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Ward," he said. "This next question will be painful, but I have to know. Did he try to burn the body? You see, I know he was staying at Pine Hill."

The old man looked sick. His face was a waxy yellow and his hands were shaking. Dane was about to ring for a nurse, but he made a gesture of protest. "It's all right," he said unevenly. "It can do no harm now. God forgive, major, I think my wife did it."

"Your wife!"

"I had told her the story, you see. All of it, and she was a woman of strong loyalties and deep affections. She knew the body was there, and that Lucy was in the hospital. She wanted me to take her back into the country and bury her. But I was not strong enough to dig a grave."

Dane had suppressed his astonishment, but he found himself rigid with pity. "I see," he said. "After all, who can blame her? The girl was dead."

"She had been dead for two days. I think she did it on Sunday night after I had gone to church. But the weather was warm, and Carol was coming the next day. My wife never told me, of course, but I remember little things now—the tea set in the tool house and one or two other things Mrs. Spencer valued. I remembered, too, that she had asked me if the house was insured."

He got out a neat handkerchief and dried the palms of his hands.

"She looked very ill that night, but she wouldn't let me call a doctor. I remember she didn't go to sleep. She sat by a window, looking out at Crestview. But, of course, the house didn't burn."

Dane gave him a minute or two to recover before he spoke again. "When did you know he had come back?"

"He never went very far. Certainly not to Boston. He was afraid of what the girl might have told Lucy Norton. Elinor says he went only a few miles that night. The next thing I knew, he was hiding up at Pine Hill, hoping to see Lucy and keep her quiet. Both of us—my wife and I—were nervous about him by that time, but we managed to feed him, and I took a couple of blankets to him. I suppose he did see Lucy," he added grimly, "and the shock killed her."

"What about Elinor Hilliard?" Dane inquired. "Why was she shot?"

"She was badly worried. You can understand that. I suppose she meant to see me that night. Lucy's death had frightened her. Or she may have meant to look for the clothes I'd buried. But he was not a killer, major. I hope you realize that. She may only have been in his way. Colonel Richardson was after him, you know. He may only have fired a shot to stop Henry and it struck Elinor. I don't know. I never saw him after that night. As a matter of fact, I drove him to the railroad myself. But he would not talk."

Dane was thoughtful for some time. The old man was fumbling in a pocket.

"You slipped up about the blankets at Pine Hill," Dane said finally. "Why did you leave them there? You'd made a good job of the rest of it."

The old man produced a letter and laid it on his knee. He took off his pince-nez and wiped them.

"When you reach my age," he said wryly, "you forget things. When I remembered them, it was too late. You'd

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The impolite store clerk who has suddenly turned polite.

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—R. K.

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already found them and told Floyd. And I'd lost my glasses when I was carrying out the empty cans he'd left. That is why ——" He got up, the letter in his hand. "That is why I shot you, major," he said. "You knew I did it, of course?"

"I knew it, yes," Dane said soberly.

Nathaniel stood, looking down awkwardly at the man in the bed.

"I don't know what is proper under such circumstances," he said. "I can't apologize. I can only explain. I had missed my glasses some time before, and that night I went to look for them. When I heard you —— My nerves aren't what they were. But I never meant to shoot you, only to frighten you off. I beg you to believe that."

"I'm glad you're not a better shot," Dane said cheerfully. He reached for the shoe box. "You'll find your glasses in here," he said. "But they're broken. Don't pay any attention to the other stuff. Just throw it away. Only"—he added with a smile—"I suggest you don't bury it."

Mr. Ward took the box awkwardly. "What about the police?" he asked. "Should I go to them? Before he left, he sent me a statement, to be opened after his death or in case Gregory Spencer was convicted."

"Let's wait a bit," Dane suggested. "Greg Spencer won't be tried for some time. And things sometimes work out. After all, you may be wrong, you know."

The letter was on his bed when Nathaniel went out, and Dane marveled at the strength which had carried the old man through the last few weeks, and which might have to carry him even further. It was some little time when at last he picked up the letter and began to read it.

HE knew at once, when Carol came in that morning, that she had seen the newspapers. She was very quiet, but she went to his arms at once.

"I don't want to talk about it now, Jerry," she said. "Later, perhaps."

"Just so it doesn't change things between us, darling."

"Nothing is changed," she said steadily.

"Have you seen the colonel?"

"I stopped there. I didn't see him. His man said he wasn't feeling very well." She stopped and withdrew herself from his arms. "What am I to do, Jerry? It seems so brutal somehow."

"I think that will settle itself, Carol," he said, his steady eyes on her.

He put her in a chair—he was dressed by that time, and a small dressing had replaced the bandage—and sat down near her.

"This is not going to be easy, darling," he told her. "And I'll ask you to withhold judgment for a while. I want to read you a letter. Mr. Ward brought it in this morning."

She sat with her clear candid eyes on him, her face rather pale, but otherwise calm.

He left off the salutation, and a following unimportant paragraph or two. He began:

"I have some news for you both, but I want you to keep it to yourselves for a while. I've found Don Richardson."

Dane glanced at Carol. She had not moved, and he went on:

"I was visiting one of our fellows in a hospital, and Don was in a convalescent ward. He was playing dominoes with a sergeant, and at first he didn't see me. When he did, he only looked puzzled.

"'I think I've met you somewhere,' he said.

"'Why, you old son of a so-and-so!' I told him. 'I'll say you have. What's the matter with you?'

"Then the fellow with him said he'd lost his memory. He'd been for months on an island somewhere. The natives had looked after him, but he'd had a fractured skull. 'Got a silver plate there now,' the sergeant said. 'Been here for a good while. But things are coming back, aren't they?' he said to Don. 'You knew this guy all right.'

"Well, he didn't. Not at first, anyhow. He was not in an officers' ward, for nobody knew who he was. He was just part of the flotsam and jetsam of a war, brought back and dumped. I had to hurry, but I went back the next day, and he was definitely on the up and up.

"'You're Terry Ward,' he said. 'I know you now.'

"He didn't remember his crash or the island, either, but he asked about his father. He didn't want him to know until he could get back to see him. Old Richardson has a bad heart, you know. And when I'd seen him several times, he said I was to write you this, that he would come to you first, and then you could all arrange how to break it to his dad, so it wouldn't be a shock.

"I suppose I've been a help. They call him Jay here, because he was naked as a jay bird when they found him, and the natives had probably taken his identification tags. I agreed to keep his identity a secret until his father had learned it. To avoid shock. And I gave him a couple of hundred dollars. The reason I'm writing is that you may see him soon. He went AWOL from the hospital last week, and as I'll be leaving before long, it will be up to you. Just remember this: He's changed a lot. Got a beard, for one thing; although he's promised to shave it off. And they've done some plastic work on him. Not bad, but not good either. He's pretty much depressed. The boys say he talked about a Marguerite and somebody named Greg—maybe Greg Spencer—while he was delirious after the ether. And I'm sure he's got something on his mind he won't talk about.

"All I know is that he said he had some things to see to, then he was going back to the Pacific again to fly if he had to stow away to get there. He'll do it, too, silver plate and all. It's the whale of a story, isn't it? Be good to

him—but of course you will. He's had a rotten time. All my love to you both.

"TERRY.

"P.S.: I'll send you some sort of word if he comes back here or manages to get back to his squadron. Just an okay."

When Dane looked up, Carol was sitting with her eyes closed, as though to shut out something she could not bear. It was some time before she spoke. She was very pale.

"Marguerite!" she said. "Are you telling me that Don killed her? That Don came here and killed her? And shot Elinor? I don't believe it, Jerry. He wasn't like that."

His voice was gentle. "I've told you this before, my darling. War changes men. They're not quite the same after it. And there are always designing women waiting around for them."

"But . . . murder!"

"I've asked you to withhold judgment, for a few hours anyhow. And don't forget this either, Carol darling: You've read the story in the paper. He wasn't only saved from that island. He got back to his squadron and has been fighting hard ever since."

"You think that condones what he did?" she asked. "He killed that girl because she had married Greg. And he's allowed Greg to be indicted, to sit in a cell and wait for trial. Is that courage? It's despicable, and you know it."

Dane glanced at his wrist watch. Something had to happen, and happen soon, unless he himself was crazy. Sitting on the edge of his bed—there was only one chair in the room—he began carefully to tell her Nathaniel Ward's story as he had heard it; softening nothing, making it as clear as he could. To this he added his own visit to the Coast, the Gates family, and finally the birth certificate.

Carol read it with only a slight rise of color.

"That only makes it worse," she said. "She bore him a child. She even named it for him! And then ——"

He did not finish. Someone was coming along the hall. When the door opened, Doctor Harrison came in. He looked grave and unhappy when he saw Carol.

"I'm afraid I have bad news for you, my dear."

She got up quickly. "Not Greg!"

"No. Colonel Richardson died at his desk an hour ago. It was painless, of course. He was writing a letter at the time, and—well, it's understandable. He had taken bad news for two years like a man and a soldier. But good news ——"

Dane drew a long breath. There were tears in Carol's eyes.

"He was one of the finest men I ever knew," she said quietly. "I'd better go there. He was all alone, except for his man. Perhaps I can do something."

Dane got Alex on the phone the moment she was out of the room. He gave him some brief instructions and hung up. His mind was already busy with what was to be done to quash the indictment against Gregory Spencer. They would reconvene the grand jury, he thought, and present the new evidence, and for once he was grateful for the secrecy of such proceedings. When Alex called, all he said was a laconic "Okay," and Dane relaxed as though a terrific burden had been lifted from his mind.

Sometime later, Floyd was sitting across from him, his legs spread out and his face sulky.

"So you've made a monkey out of me," he said. "How the hell did you know?"

"I didn't. I worked on Terry Ward for some time. There had to be an *X* somewhere. Who was hiding out up at Pine Hill? Who got into the hospital, trying to talk to Lucy Norton, and scared her literally to death? Who ran into Elinor Hilliard at night and shot her in order to avoid recognition? Washington reported Terry was on the Coast and hadn't left there. Maybe I began to believe in miracles myself! But I was pretty well stymied. Washington had no record of Don's being alive. I couldn't discover anything on the Coast. Yet here were the Wards protecting somebody. Not Terry. He hadn't been east. All along they'd been in it. They ——"

"Are you telling me old Nat Ward buried those clothes?" Floyd demanded.

"You'd better ask him," Dane said smoothly.

"All right. You've dug a lot of worms to get a fish," Floyd said resignedly. "So you pick on another hero for your fish! Don Richardson's guilty. How are you going to prove it?"

Dane settled back in his chair. "I haven't said Don killed that girl."

The chief sat forward, his face purple. "Stop playing games with me!" he bellowed. "First Don did it! He says he did! Then he didn't! Who did?"

"The colonel," said Dane, lighting a cigarette. "The colonel, Floyd. And he never knew he had done it." When Floyd said nothing, speech being beyond him, Dane went on. "Figure it out for yourself. There was always *X*, you know. And *X* didn't behave like a guilty man. He hung around after it was over. He waited for the inquest. He tried to see Lucy Norton, to find out what she knew and hadn't told. Wouldn't a guilty man have escaped as soon as he could?"

"Pretty smart, aren't you?" Floyd said. "You got most of that from old Ward himself this morning!"

"All right," Dane said amiably. "I had two guesses—Don or the colonel. And if it was Don, it didn't make sense. Why didn't he see his father? The colonel would have died to protect him. Instead of that, Don took a farewell look at him through a window. The colonel didn't like the idea, so he tried to follow him. I don't think he even knew it was his own son. He really thought it was Terry Ward."

Floyd got out a bandanna handkerchief and wiped his face. He was sweating profusely.

"Go ahead," he said. "Go on and dream, Dane. So the colonel killed the girl and went home and had a good night's sleep. Go on. I can take it."

"Well, think it out for yourself," Dane said reasonably. "The colonel had been paying for the support of his grandson ever since he was born. He'd gone to the Coast and seen Marguerite—if that was really her name. I suspect she was born Margaret—and he knew her. Imagine his feelings when he saw her, the morning she arrived, on her way to Crestview. He was an early riser. He had to have seen her, to account for what happened. Maybe she saw him too. Anyhow, he went up to the house that night, after Lucy had gone to bed. She couldn't take him into the house. She put on a negligee and went to the door to talk to him. I think she told him she had married Greg, and that she offered to bribe him. If he'd keep quiet about Don's baby, he needn't pay any more hush money or whatever you choose to call it.

"He must have been in a towering rage. Not only about the trade she suggested. Here she was, a little tramp,

married to Carol's brother and capable of telling her she had been Don's mistress. Not that he thought it out, I imagine. I think he simply lost his head and attacked her. He didn't know he'd killed her, of course. He left at once, and from that Friday night until her body was found in the linen closet, he must have thought she had got away. I saw him myself once, walking around the house, to be sure she had gone.

"The next thing he learned was that she was dead in the linen closet. He hadn't put her there. So far as he knew, he hadn t killed her. I think all he felt was relief. She was out of the way, and someday he would locate the child and provide for him. The Wards believed Don Richardson had done it. Don had told them so. But his story didn't hold water. He said he'd knocked her down with his fist and she'd struck her head on the stone step. You saw that wound. It hadn't been made that way. I thought of a poker or a golf club. I didn't think of a thin skull and a heavy walking stick.

"After I found someone had been hiding out at Pine Hill, I still had to do some guessing. I knew by that time it wasn't Terry Ward. I had the Wards looked up. Terry was the only relative they had. Whom were they protecting, and why? Whom were they feeding? And whom were they afraid of? They were afraid of someone. Old Nathaniel was carrying a gun. And when you dug up the clothes on the hillside, Mrs. Ward had a stroke.

"But, as I said before, there was one thing I kept thinking about. Whoever shot Elinor Hilliard had been trying to escape from Colonel Richardson. That was out of the picture entirely. Why, in a pouring rain, did *X* stand outside the colonel's window, peering in?

"Think that over, Floyd. Don Richardson was a happy man the night of the murder. He had got rid of the girl by marrying her to Greg Spencer while Greg was drunk. He'd always hated Greg, I imagine; the big house on the hill and the small one below, Greg's good looks, his money, even his plane. And he was on leave in Los Angeles the night of that party. I knew that from Washington.

"Then he gets here and takes a walk to quiet down. He goes over to Crestview. Why not? He's engaged to Carol, isn't he? He doesn't know the girl's there. He goes over by the path in the dark, and what he sees is his own father slashing at someone with his cane! When his father's gone, he goes over and strikes a match. It's Marguerite, and she's dead.

"Whatever his faults, he was a good son. He loved his father, and his father was a sick man. What was he to do? Well, after all, he's presumed to be dead. What does it matter? He goes back to the Wards' with a fool tale that he's killed her.

"My own idea is that she had been out that night. Remember the pine needle in her slipper. She may even have gone down to the colonel's, and he took her back, probably growing angrier all the way. It must have taken a lot to make him strike her. But he never knew he had killed her.

"All along, the colonel thought it was Terry Ward, and he was devoted to the Wards. He was sure it was Terry who had shot Elinor Hilliard. He did his best, got her out of the road and tried to call the doctor. But he wasn't the same after that. I saw him the next day. He put up a good show, but he was in poor shape."

Floyd stirred. "Why was the Hilliard woman out that night anyhow?"

"I found a small hole on the hillside the next day. You see, she was covering up as well as she could. Nathaniel had told her he had buried the clothes, and she'd burned the hill. But she was still frightened. She had tried to save Don to save herself, but too much was going on. She was scared of him. So were they all, for that matter."

"She burned the hill?"

"Certainly. Who else? Carol Spencer knew it."

"Giving me the run-around again," Floyd grunted uneasily.

"As a matter of fact," Dane said, "you've got all the Spencers suspecting one another. That threw me off for a while. I suppose I've got a bias in favor of our fighting men, but I never thought Greg Spencer was guilty. I got Tim Murphy on the job ——"

"Who's Murphy?"

"One of the best private operatives in New York. Got his own agency." And when Floyd relapsed into speechless fury, Dane smiled.

"So," he said, "I began to believe in miracles myself. Don Richardson hadn't liked Greg, and it looked too much like coincidence that Greg had

" . . . and it's jet-propelled by the feet."

married his girl. She was his girl. She'd named the boy for him. I found that out on the Coast, from his birth registration. And Terry Ward hadn't left the Coast. So what? So maybe Don was alive, after all. But if it was Don, he wasn't acting like a man with a crime on his soul. He was hiding out at Pine Hill. Why?

"Well, I'd learned somebody else had a motive, had been paying a sort of blackmail since the boy was born. But I was still guessing. Mr. Ward had mixed things up by shooting at me, and Elinor Hilliard was keeping her mouth shut. I only learned within the last few hours, for instance, that as she turned into the drive the night of the murder, she saw the colonel going into his house, and he was carrying a stick."

"He always carried a stick," Floyd said belligerently. "I liked the old boy. Everybody liked him. If you're trying to say he killed that girl in cold blood ——"

Dane's face looked very tired. "Not at all," he said. "I'm saying that for the first time in his life Colonel Richardson struck a woman, and she died of it."

There was a prolonged silence. Then Floyd got up.

"I suppose you're sure of all this," he said heavily. "It's going to make a stink, Dane. That's bad for the town."

"Not necessarily. I want to say this: Don Richardson would never have allowed Spencer to suffer, or his father, either. He went back to the Pacific to fight, but he left Mr. Ward a statement to be opened in case Spencer was convicted or if he himself was killed."

"Saying he did it?"

"Probably," Dane said dryly.

"Then where are we?"

"Nowhere." He gave Floyd a grim smile. "Except that Greg Spencer will never go to trial."

"That's what you say," Floyd said, still truculent. "You've been doing a lot of guessing, Dane, but where's your proof? All you've done is lug in a dead man who can't defend himself. Who didn't even know he'd done it! I gave you credit for better sense."

"Let me go on," Dane said tiredly. "The colonel was in bad shape. He had to know. So yesterday he saw Doctor Harrison. The girl had died of one blow, by a poker or something similar. He knew then that he had killed her. I don't suppose he slept at all last night. Part of the time he spent writing out a confession. Then, when he got the newspaper, with the news that Don was alive and fighting again, he collapsed."

Floyd's face was ugly. "What's all this about a confession?"

"I have it here."

Floyd jerked it angrily from his hand and glanced at it. He looked apoplectic.

"How did you get hold of this?" he snarled.

"As soon as I'd heard from the doctor last night I called the colonel up and suggested it," Dane said coolly. "At its worst, it was manslaughter, and he knew he hadn't long to live. Greg Spencer had to be saved somehow. You had too good a case, Floyd, and I hadn't any. The confession wasn't to be used unless Greg was found guilty. Don't blame the night telephone operator. I'm a friend of a friend of hers."

"How'd you get hold of it?"

"Oh, that! I sent Alex there this morning. Good man, Alex."

"He's a dirty snooper!" Floyd bellowed, but Dane merely smiled.

"All right. Have it your own way. You'll find the colonel admits an excess of rage, during which he struck her with a heavy stick he was carrying, and seeing her fall. He admits leaving her there, but not knowing she was dead. He admits he'd been paying her what amounted to blackmail. He even admits to searching the yellow room later for the child's birth certificate and some evidence of where she had hidden him with the idea of collecting on him later. He didn't finish it, of course. His heart went back on him or he would probably have claimed he tried to burn the body!"

"And who did?"

"Does that matter now?"

The two men stared at each other, the one shrewd and angry, the other hard and inflexible. Floyd got up.

"Dane," he said, "I'm still not sure you didn't do it yourself!"

He stamped out, and Dane laughed quietly as the door slammed.

HE left the hospital that afternoon. Alex had stood by while he dressed, his one eye watching every movement.

"I'll bet that leg's bad again, sir," he said. "You aren't fooling me any."

"Leg! I wouldn't know I had a leg. I'll be going back soon, Alex. I have a little business to transact first. Then I'm off."

"What sort of business?" Alex inquired suspiciously. "Any more murders around?"

"This is different," Dane said, carefully knotting his tie. "Very, very different."

He was sober enough when he reached Crestview. Tim admitted him, a grinning Tim who reached for his cap with a deferential air, and spoiled it by clutching him by the arm.

"What's cooking?" he said.

"I'll tell you later. Where's Miss Spencer?"

"Locked in her room. Maggie's been up half a dozen times with coffee. She won't let her in."

"I'll go up. She may see me."

He went up the stairs to Carol's door and rapped. "It's Jerry," he said. "I have to see you."

He thought she hesitated. Then the key turned and she confronted him. She looked exhausted, but she was not crying. She stood aside to let him enter, but she made no movement toward him.

"I have to thank you for a great deal," she said quietly. "You've saved Greg, even if you had to kill Colonel Richardson to do it."

He looked puzzled.

"You told him about Don, didn't you? People don't die of joy. You called him from the hospital, and told him."

"I couldn't tell him anything he didn't know, Carol," he said gravely.

"What does that mean? If Don came here and killed that girl ——"

"Listen, my dear," he said. "I'm feeling pretty low just now. I've made a mess of a lot of things, and I don't like the way the case has turned out. But remember this: I asked you today to withhold judgment. I needed something I didn't have at that time. Now I'm asking a question. Suppose Don is innocent, Carol?"

"You don't mean that Greg ——"

"Not Greg. No. I'm wondering how you feel about Don, now that he is alive. You cared for him once. Now he is more than alive. He is fighting like a man. You can be proud of him. And the affair with Marguerite—can't you understand that? The hunger a man feels for a woman when he's been cut off from them for months or years. He was young, and he'd been in training

for a long time when he met her. He didn't know she was a—well, what she was."

"Are you defending him?"

"I am. He is even braver than you know, my dear. You see, he confessed to a murder he didn't commit. That takes courage. Perhaps that changes things with you—and him."

"I'm not in love with him, if that's what you mean. But I don't understand," she said steadily. She sat down, looking lost and unhappy. "Why would he do such a thing?"

He told her then, moving around the room as he did so.

When he had finished, she sat very still. "It's hard to realize," she said, rather bleakly. "If it was anyone but the colonel. He was so kind, Jerry, so gentle."

"He was a man," he reminded her. "Very much of a man, my dear. When that little tramp tried to bribe him, he struck at her. I'm afraid I'd have done more than that."

She was trying to think things out from this new angle.

"Then it was the colonel who scared Lucy and shot Elinor. I—I don't believe it."

"Not the colonel, my dear. Don shot Elinor. I don't think he meant to, any more than Mr. Ward intended to hit me. It was an accident. He was trying to get away."

But he did not tell her, would never tell her, what he knew now was the real tragedy of that night—of Don, anxious for a last sight of his father, slipping down from Pine Hill in the rain to peer through a window and see the colonel, standing in full view in that lighted room. Or of the heartbreaking thing that had followed—the colonel starting up the lane after him and Don desperately trying to escape.

"What would happen if his father saw him? Can you imagine the colonel keeping that news to himself? And what became of Don's statement to the Wards that he had killed the girl? Was he to tell his father that? The man who had done it without knowing it, and who had a bad heart anyhow? What did Elinor Hilliard matter, in a situation like that?"

"He probably came across her unexpectedly," he said, "and he was pretty jumpy. Don't ask me where he got the gun, my darling. I don't know. It may have been Nathaniel Ward's. Don never meant to be taken alive. Be sure of that."

He sat down near her, watching her, wondering at the fortitude she had shown for the past month. Perhaps it was the same courage which had won Greg his decoration. Whatever it was, he knew that he loved her more than he loved anything else in the world. It was no time to tell her so, however. Not so long as the bewildered look was still in her eyes.

"I still don't know why she went out at all that night, Jerry."

"I rather imagine," he said quietly, "she had decided to do away with the things on the hill. Too much was happening; Lucy's death the night before, for instance."

"Why did he come back, Jerry? It seems so strange. To hide out, up there on the hill ——"

"Well, look, my dear. He was trying to protect his father. He waited for the inquest, but if Lucy knew anything, she didn't tell it. Nevertheless, he knew Marguerite too well to trust her. If she had told Lucy she was to see the colonel that night, Lucy might break down under pressure. So he saw Lucy that night at the hospital, and because she thought he meant to kill her, or perhaps because she thought he was a ghost, she—well, she died of fright. That's all I know, and it doesn't matter now. What does matter, my darling, is that it's over. All over."

She cried a little then; not for the colonel, at peace at last; not even, he realized gratefully, for Don doing his man's work in a man's war. Some of it was relief, but there was grief, too; for the colonel, for Lucy, and for Joe, now sitting alone in his empty house. For Mrs. Ward. And even, he thought wryly, for Marguerite herself, because she, too, had been young and had wanted to live.

He let her alone, beyond giving her what he termed a perfectly good shoulder to weep on.

"More beautiful women than you have sobbed on it," he said. "But to hell with them. You're my girl now. Or are you?"

She smiled after a minute or two, her old smile, which had so endeared her to him from the beginning.

"I'll be good to you, darling," he said gravely. "I've got a job to do, but I'll be coming back. I'd like to know I was coming back to you. Men have lived because of that, you know," he added. "Because they had someone to come back to."

"Why do I have to wait?" she asked. "I'm tired of being the spinster in the family. Or are you really asking me to marry you at last?"

He drew her into his arms. "I'm asking you to marry me right away," he said. "Here and now. Before I go. Will you?"

"Tim gives you most excellent references."

"Never mind Tim. Or Alex, either. I'm not marrying them. Will you, darling?"

"Of course," she said. "I thought you'd never really say it."

There was nothing saturnine about his smile as he held her ever closer. He had forgotten his job. He had even forgotten his leg, which was fine. He put his full weight on it and, without warning, it gave a jump and began to ache furiously. He released her with a grunt.

"Hell!" he said. "We may even have a little time for a honeymoon, sweetheart." And he sat down abruptly on the nearest chair.

(THE END)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FATHER TO SON, OVER!

By James Abell Wright

Sit quietly, sit quietly,
My son, your years are few;
And as you ride your scooter, oh,
There's peril riding too.

Go cautiously, go cautiously,
My boy. Grim Hazard likes
No finer fodder for his mill
Than reckless boys on bikes.

Drive carefully, drive carefully,
My lad. It seems I feel
Stark Death is rattling with you
At that darn jalopy's wheel.

Soar dauntlessly, swoop daringly,
Young man. We'll see it through;
We've done a bit of traveling, son—
My fears and you.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE JAPS' LAST BITE

(Continued from Page 23)

By contrast, on a side road an American officer unfamiliar with the right-hand drive of a Japanese Ford tried to pass on the accepted left of another vehicle and ended with both left wheels imbedded in an open roadside sewer. One of the scores of fine modern trucks to be seen all around us stopped. Six Japanese, led by a sword-bearing police officer, jumped out. They attached a cable to the Ford and jerked it out of the ditch; they bowed low, saluted en masse and sped on their way. So did the Ford, on six of its eight cylinders, even though its brakes didn't work. Nobody in the Ford had the slightest idea of the meaning of the large square sign in Japanese characters pasted on the windshield.

The confused overture of surrender finally gave way to the main drama on a Yokohama dock in the early morning. There a military band played smartly while creaking trucks and ancient autos brought dignitaries from their quarters to destroyers. The destroyer Taylor, alongside the quay, had its crew in whites, and in its wardroom mess stewards struggled to provide coffee for 200 newspapermen who had been without it for a week.

An officer said, "Gentlemen, I might as well be frank. We never had a correspondent aboard before, and we've never been mentioned in print, for all the battles we've seen. You spell the name T-A-Y-L-O-R."

A dozen brightly uniformed Russians who spoke no English stood by themselves on the deck. Five Japanese newspapermen who were permitted to join the party likewise stood by themselves, and made no attempt toward coffee.

The little yellowish dog, Subic, stood on deck by the gangplank as the passengers boarded. He wagged his tail at some and regarded others curiously with bright eyes. As the destroyer pulled away—to take the correspondents out to the battleship Missouri—Subic approached the clot of Japanese. Very carefully, Subic smelled the heels of each of them. Then he retired to a corner from which he could watch them, and watch he did, with comic intensity.

The Missouri is one of the world's most dramatic warships in appearance, and on the day of the surrender her main batteries were elevated to form a sort of crenelated steel backdrop for the drama. On stage there were deck chairs for lesser lights, a platform for cameramen, spaces for people who would stand and watch, and a green-covered table where the main action would take place.

The most remarkable part of it all was that the drama did take place almost exactly as planned. For once in the history of warfare, the people who were supposed to be there arrived, generals looked like military men, and admirals looked as admirals should. The arrival of each new dignitary, signaled by the band drawn up forward, was as impressive as it was intended to be. You felt that Providence must be stage-managing this one.

The Japanese, led by top-hatted Mamoru Shigemitsu, came slowly, their speed set by his painful progress up ladders and across decks. His wooden leg, reported to be a gift of the Japanese Empress after he was injured in a 1937 Shanghai bomb plot, seemed to be giving him trouble. The Japs stood eventually facing the ranks of the leaders of the Allied nations, facing expressions ranging from casual and disinterested glances to the unblinking, icy stare of a Chinese. The Chinese looked one of the Japanese generals straight in the eye, pulled out a handkerchief, spit into it and put it back into his pocket without flickering his eyes once. One of the Japanese could not decide what to do with the yellow gloves he had worn aboard, and finally stuffed them into a pants pocket. There was a strange tension about the Japs, as though they were fighting to control an inner hysteria.

General MacArthur's entry was swift. At the microphone, his hand shook uncontrollably, but his voice never wavered. When he signed the surrender document for the Allied nations, he stared momentarily straight into the Japanese faces, then handed the first pen used to Lieut. Gen. Jonathan Wainwright, at his elbow. The Japanese stared back, none of their eyes dropping. Each of those who stepped forward to sign his nation's approval of the document did so in the manner of his country. The Russian moved heavily, a big man looking a little like the traditional bear.

The jaunty Canadian, in his speed to sign, got his name on the wrong line of the Japanese copy, thus providing, later, the only deviation from the planned ceremony, when the Japanese requested a change in line designations to conform. The French salute to MacArthur was the most military of all. That of the Dutch representative looked like the salute of a prosperous burgher turned by necessity to war.

When the signing was done, General MacArthur said, "I now declare these proceedings are closed." The end of World War II was as simple as the ringing down of a theater curtain.

Back on the destroyer Taylor, the little dog, Subic, was on deck greeting returning passengers. This duty completed, he went back to his corner and sat down, never taking his eyes off the five Japanese newspapermen. When Subic was found in the wrecked Jap camp months before, he was a cringing puppy, obviously remembering beatings and expecting more. Here on the Taylor he knew his secure place in the world, overseeing the proceedings with dignity, his head high and his eyes bright.

The Taylor came alongside the quay again and newsmen poured off across a gangplank, single file, all hurrying. Last of all were the Japanese. Subic still waited while they approached the gangplank. But when the last was just about to step on the gangplank, Subic moved very fast across the deck.

He got in one good bite. It may well have been the last really overt act in the most terrible war in history.

Subic.

SHOULD WE FINANCE THE BRITISH SOCIALISTS?

(Continued from Page 19)

members, I am convinced that the Labor Party is firmly determined to impose the full program which it proclaimed before the elections, and that this program undoubtedly means that socialism will be carried so far in Britain during the next five years that it may well become impossible to reverse the process.

Nobody can accuse party leaders of concealing their objectives. The party's principal campaign document was a little pamphlet entitled Let's Face the Future, of which 1,500,000 copies were sold—not given away—during the campaign. This pamphlet states: "The Labor Party is a socialist party and proud of it. Its ultimate purpose is the establishment of the socialist commonwealth of Great Britain. . . . But socialism cannot come overnight, as the product of a week-end revolution. The members of the Labor Party, like the British people, are practical-minded men and women."

This pamphlet set forth a five-year program, designed for the life of one Parliament, and party leaders today declare that they are determined to accomplish all of it by 1950. During these next five years, they propose to bring under public ownership all the fuel and power industries; all inland transport by rail, road, air and canal; and the whole of the iron and steel industries. These are the industries which they declare are overripe for socialization.

The platform also boldly stated: "Labor believes in land nationalization, and will work toward it. . . . If a landlord cannot or will not provide proper facilities for his tenant farmers, the state shall take over his land at a fair valuation. The people need food at prices they can afford to pay. This means that our food supplies will have to be planned."

Clearly this is a socialist program, a program of state planning. Obviously, it differs completely from American plans for the postwar period.

The Voice of the People

I asked Will Henderson, son of the late Arthur Henderson, who was active in formulating the plans outlined in the pamphlet Let's Face the Future, just how this program was arrived at. I wanted to find out whether it was handed down by a small group of party theorists or whether the rank-and-file membership had a real voice in it. Mr. Henderson explained that the program was first drawn up by the party's national executive committee of twenty-seven members, after a careful study of measures which already had been approved by previous party conferences.

The program then was circulated to local labor parties throughout the British Isles for discussion and amendment, and finally it was presented to the annual conference last December, where it was adopted almost without change. This conference was attended by representatives of individual members and by delegates elected by trade-unions and local parties. The program which they accepted so wholeheartedly strikes at powerful vested interests and deeply rooted British traditions, but approximately 12,000,000 out of 25,000,000 British voters supported it at the July elections, when the Labor Party won 390 out of 640 seats in Parliament.

Since a party with only 2,000,000 members received 12,000,000 votes, the question naturally arises: How many of these voters supported the complete socialist program? The British Gallup poll, which forecast the election results with remarkable accuracy, tried to throw some light on this question by asking a representative sampling of men and women: "Do you think that the election results mean that the British people want the Labor Party to govern along existing lines, but more efficiently, or to introduce sweeping changes such as nationalization?"

Of those questioned, 52 per cent replied, "Sweeping changes," 34 per cent replied, "Along existing lines," while 14 per cent said they didn't know. The 52 per cent who replied "Sweeping changes" was somewhat larger than the Labor Party's own percentage of the total vote in the elections.

Who are these members of the Labor Party who drew up a revolutionary program so widely acceptable to the majority of British voters? They appear to be more middle class than proletarian. I asked party headquarters to give me a list of their members of Parliament, showing occupations, but they did not have a record of the occupations of all their M.P.'s. They assured me, however, that those recorded represent a correct proportion of the whole. Of those listed, forty-six are teachers and lecturers; twenty-eight are writers and journalists; twenty-seven are lawyers and eight are doctors; sixteen are manufacturers, merchants and farmers; and twenty-six represent various other professions. Only 128 of their M.P.'s are manual and white-collar workers.

These figures bear out the claims of the Labor Party that it represents a true cross section of the people. One interesting point, however, is that while the party has only 2,000,000 members, the British trade-unions alone have 6,000,000 members. Trade-union membership in the Labor Party is certain to increase greatly when the government carries out its pledge to revoke the law of 1927 which forbade trade-unions to affiliate all their members to the Labor Party by majority vote, requiring each individual to join separately. Before the next elections then, the Labor Party expects that almost all trade-unionists will enroll as members.

But even without this organized support, the Labor Party believes it has received a mandate from the British people to begin socializing the country. During the election campaign, while Conservative candidates pledged themselves to remove wartime restrictions at the soonest possible moment, Labor candidates proclaimed their socialist program far and wide, and declared that these wartime controls offered a heaven-sent opportunity to institute their measures with minimum friction. To many political observers, this bold Labor argument seemed to be inviting disaster at the polls. For six years the British people have been regimented as never before, and it was widely believed that they would repudiate any candidate who openly advocated continued regimentation.

R. H. Crossman gave me one plausible explanation of the astonishing result, as follows: "The Conservatives are so far out of touch with the people that they didn't realize that millions of Britons lived better during the war than ever before. These millions didn't fear state controls, because they could see that controls had made life easier for them. The Labor Party promised them that controls also would make life easier for them in future."

Of course, that promise will have to be kept to assure continued support. One day I discussed the elections with an elevator operator in the Savoy Hotel in London whom I have known for many years. He said, "I've been running this lift for thirty-five years, and during all that time I worked a twelve-hour day. It takes me two hours to get to and from my home, so, after I have slept, I have practically no time with my family. I've stood that long enough, so in these elections I voted Labor."

This Englishman isn't interested in socialist theories; what he wants is more leisure in his old age.

Voting for Themselves

Thousands of Labor votes came from people like this; from those who remember the numerous depressions in the years between wars and the millions of men on the dole. They also remember the returned soldiers who had to beg on the streets; Labor claims that it polled four fifths of the army vote. If these conditions are repeated during the next five years, then the trend will turn against the Labor Party just as it has turned now against the Conservatives. Labor's opponents in Britain are biding their time, anticipating that socialists will find it as difficult to solve such problems as capitalists have found it.

Meanwhile, the British people have put into power a party with a most spectacular program, but with astonishingly unspectacular leaders. At the same time, they rejected the postwar leadership of Winston Churchill, probably the greatest and most popular wartime leader in British history. Did they really know what they were doing? The evidence suggests that they did.

A maid in a London hotel proudly announced to an American visitor that she had voted for Labor. The visitor commented, "So you voted against Winston Churchill. Aren't you grateful to him?"

The maid replied, "Oh, Winnie was the man to handle Hitler. But now Hitler is out of the way, so we don't need a tough leader like him any more. Now we can vote for ourselves."

It seems to be true that the Labor Party succeeded in convincing millions of voters that they were actually voting "for themselves." This was accomplished by some of the most efficient political organizing which I ever have witnessed. During the ten years since the last British general election, the party concentrated upon local communities where hundreds of thousands of unpaid electioneers were enlisted. The youngest woman M.P., twenty-five-year-old Alice Bacon, told me how a 12,000 Conservative majority in her Leeds district in 1935 was transformed into an 8500 Labor majority this year.

Miss Bacon, daughter of a miner, has taught primary school since she was sixteen years old and she has helped in local Labor Party elections since she was eleven. Seven years ago, after passing the examinations which all prospective Labor candidates must take, she was chosen candidate in Leeds, and she has been pointing toward this election ever since. Only one election worker in her district received

any pay, and that was her agent, an electrician, who was paid for the one month he worked full-time during the campaign. She explained, with a twinkle in her eye, "The Conservatives suffered from the manpower shortage. They have much more money than we do, and pay their election workers well. But this year they couldn't get paid workers because everybody was so busy with the war. But we had no such difficulties with our part-time volunteers."

This kind of local organization did more to put the Labor Party in power than the leadership of socialist theoreticians, such as Harold J. Laski, and probably will do more to keep the party strong. To many Americans, Mr. Laski may seem to be the chief spokesman of the party because so many of his articles and interviews have been printed in the United States, but his present prominence is largely a political accident. He is merely one of twenty-seven members of the party's national committee who serve one year each in rotation as chairman. It just happened that Laski's chairmanship coincided with the first complete Labor victory at the polls. At the end of this year he will drop back to the bottom of the committee.

One Labor leader commented grimly to me, "Laski is too fond of the word 'revolution.'"

The leaders of the new government are well aware of the difficulties which lie ahead of them and their country. For one thing, the Conservatives surely are not going to accept the socialization of Britain without putting up a strong fight. In spite of various campaign blunders, the Conservatives polled 9,000,000 votes, and they still have a very vigorous representation in Parliament, ably led by Winston Churchill. Some of Churchill's friends told me that he intends to devote his wholehearted attention to politics for some time to come, because he deeply believes that a socialized Britain would be disastrous.

The Conservatives have resigned themselves to some parts of the socialist program, such as nationalization of the Bank of England and of the coal mines. But they are certain to use every weapon at their disposal to block some of the proposals included in the Labor Party's five-year program, and to slow down the trend toward public ownership of all industry.

It already is apparent in parliamentary debates that the Conservatives intend to use the United States as one of their most persistent arguments against rapid socialization. Several of their spokesmen lose no opportunity to point out that Britain must retain the confidence of the American people at all costs, and that every move toward socialism threatens to reduce that confidence. They ask how American supporters of private enterprise can be expected to finance socialist experiments in Britain which they would not be willing to support in their own country.

It is instructive to note, in the philosophy of the British socialists, the emphasis which is placed upon "personal freedom" and the absence of "violence or disturbance." This always has been a cardinal principle of the Labor Party. The Russian revolutionaries, on the contrary, believed that it was impossible to achieve socialism in any country without a violent upheaval, and that it also was impossible for socialists to remain in power without establishing an absolute dictatorship.

British socialists always have challenged this view and have clung to their belief that the British people can achieve socialism by peaceful means, within the framework of a democratic state, if they really desire it. It was this deep belief in the possibility of gradual change which prompted Ramsay MacDonald, during his leadership of the Labor Party, to take a firm stand against communism, against dictatorship in any form. As Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton, a Labor Party historian, explained to me, this has kept British labor "clear of that interference from Moscow which was to prove fatal in Hungary, Austria, Bulgaria, and ultimately in Germany; and very dangerous in France."

Leaders of the present British government, judging by my conversations with them, are not primarily interested in socialism as a universal panacea, but they do view it as a solution for the problems of their own country. Some of them have been openly critical of Mr. Laski's recent tour through Europe, during which he implied that the British socialist government considers itself the representative of socialist parties in European countries. One Labor member of Parliament declared to me, "We have no intention of trying to revive the socialist International. If we can make socialism work in Britain, other countries may desire to follow our example. But meanwhile we are not interested in foisting socialism upon anybody else."

In this respect, as in many others, British socialists differ completely from Russian communists, but so far as imperialism is concerned, British moderate socialists have behaved thus far very much like Russia's extreme socialists. It formerly was a pet theory of many political economists that capitalism and imperialism were practically synonymous, and that one would disappear with the other, but Soviet Russia's recent foreign policy has shaken faith in this notion. Although the Russian state has completely eliminated capitalism within its borders, no Russian czar could have more thoroughly exploited Russia's victory in this war in such matters as territorial annexations, acquisitions of strategic bases, and careful attention to spheres of influence both in Europe and Asia.

Similarly, so far as international relations are concerned, British socialists have acted during their first few months in power very much like the Russians—and also very much like the Conservative government which preceded them. The new socialist leaders have proved just as anxious to preserve the British Empire intact as Winston Churchill himself. They show just as much concern for their "life line" to India, and they have moved just as promptly to uphold the British title to such valuable pieces of real estate as the Hong Kong crown colony. It thus has become fairly obvious that national interest—not capitalism or socialism or communism—is the real impulse behind both British and Russian international policy.

"Don't look!"

It is reasonable to expect, now that the war is over, that national interest will similarly be the chief guiding principle of the United States in its own relations with other countries. Ever since Lend-Lease was initiated in 1941, we have been pouring billions of American dollars into all those countries which were fighting Germany and Japan, regardless of whether those countries shared our political or economic ideas or whether they were good risks. Now we can afford to be more selective in our investments.

Today, whether we like the role or not, we Americans have become the world's leading banker. We hold a predominant share of the world's capital and the world's productive capacity. How can we use these resources to the best advantage?

British socialists and British conservatives have united in an attempt to persuade us that we shall serve our own interests best by investing heavily in the British Empire. Representatives of both British parties come to us like two partners who—though differing as to how to run their business—might say to their banker, "Our business is in bad shape, partly as a result of the war and partly because it was allowed to run down before the war. But it is a very solid concern basically, and all it really needs is capital."

Both partners claim that their enterprise—the British Empire—is in a better position now, in some respects, than it was prior to the war. The whole world is clamoring for goods, and Britain's chief business is manufacturing just these things which people want. Moreover, two of Britain's chief competitors in world trade, Germany and Japan, are out of the running for years to come. Some of Britain's exports can be exchanged for the food which Britain lacks, but some British products will have to be sold on credit.

That is why the Labor Party so frankly admits that it must get financial help from the United States. The British cannot extend credit to their world-wide customers, pay interest on their own internal war bonds, give "adequate compensation" to the private investors in the industries they propose to socialize, and carry out their housing and other welfare schemes, unless the American people are willing to provide much of the capital which this vast postwar rehabilitation project requires.

Some Americans ask why we should help Britain to re-establish its world trade and thus become a competitor to our own exporters. The British reply that the United States has now become primarily the world's banker, and therefore gains more by financing Britain's vital export trade than it loses by competition with our own foreign trade, which is a comparatively minor factor in the American economy.

Probably only future events can prove this point, just as only the future can reveal what effect the growth of British socialism will have upon private enterprise in the United States. The immediate problem seems to simmer down to the fundamental question of national interest: All things considered—British imperialism, British competition, British socialism—is it to the interest of the United States to help Britain get back on its feet?

American military strategists answer yes, and they assert we can no more afford to let Britain go down now than we could in 1940 or in 1917. They declare that the British Isles are our first line of defense in the Atlantic area; that without these islands, we could never have mounted our offensive against Germany. In the Pacific, too, they declare we must plan our defenses in close co-operation with the British Commonwealth.

American statesmen similarly maintain that the British Isles are essential to our safety, in peace as well as in war. They say that these islands are our first line of defense now against the spread of dictatorship in Europe. Britain is the most powerful proponent in Europe of the principles of gradual social and economic changes and of hostility to violence and disorder.

Apparently it is taken for granted in the United States that we Americans will help Britain during the postwar years; the only question is how our aid will be given. It would be misleading to argue that we do this as a token of appreciation for Britain's help in winning the war, as an expression of affection for the British Lion or as a token of encouragement for British socialism. Whatever help we give will be given as a calculated risk, based upon American conviction that it is to the national interest of the United States for Great Britain to remain great.

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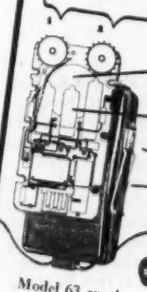

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You Can't Please Back-Seat Drivers

THE tiresome harangue over our policies on the occupation of Germany and Japan tempts one to say with Pyrrhus, "One more such victory . . . and we are undone." At any rate, it is reasonable to observe: "Five more Monday-morning quarterbacks, and our late enemies will solve the problem by laughing themselves to death."

For us, however, the end result of this open sniping and aimless chattering may not be very funny. In Japan, General MacArthur under difficult circumstances has been doing a smoothly competent job. Perhaps he was ill-advised to make an estimate of the number of troops required to carry out the terms of the Potsdam Declaration. As Richard Tregaskis explains in this issue of the Post, General MacArthur has made little use of the carefully trained men who expected to carry on the military government of Japan, but the MacArthur effort to cut occupation plans to fit American reluctance to keep millions of men in Japan for many years can be defended. In any event, there was no excuse for the bad temper, ignorance and conceit which distinguished the attacks on MacArthur. The general was accused of being too chummy with the Emperor, making a "soft peace," failing to promote a revolution—considered desirable somewhere else, but here in the U. S. A., certainly not!—and fixing to make himself the 1948 presidential candidate.

At no time was there any indication that General MacArthur was trying to "make policy" or do anything more than carry out his commission as Allied commander in Japan and to get the mostest with the leastest men. He acted through the Emperor, as was agreed in the terms of surrender, because it was clear that the Emperor, despite a lot of hopeful Marxist denial, could persuade the Japanese people to accept the Allied terms and live up to them. There are people who would prefer another million casualties to any peace involving retention of the Emperor. To most Americans the price seemed high. However, once the policy was decided on, it is hard to understand the hymns of hate against MacArthur for carrying it out.

The motives behind the criticism of MacArthur's generally wise and farsighted administration were mixed. There was the genuine fear by the Milgov men, reflected in Mr. Tregaskis' report, that we were "giving Japan back to the Japanese." There was also, as Human Events suggests, the Communist "hope for as much disorder and breakdown of social organization in Japan as possible," so as to enable "Russia and the Communist Party to take a hand in the internal Japanese situation and profit by the inevitable result of vengeful measures; i.e., Japanese hatred of America." That there is a strong leftish flavor to the anti-MacArthur campaign is indicated by the effort to convince Americans that Japan's industrialists and businessmen were ipso facto warmongers. Certainly the basic left-wing effort to associate "businessman" with "militarist" in enemy countries—as "businessman" is associated with "reactionary" and "appeaser" here—does the Russian expansionist cause no harm.

The tumult—regardless of the motives of those who sponsored it—emphasizes the inevitable differences that arise between those who lay down a policy at home and those charged with administering it in a defeated country. Mr. Morgenthau has no trouble dictating in a book that Germany shall be reduced to the status of an agricultural country. The men in the field, however, have already rebelled against the practical effect of such a policy. It is easier to condemn a vast population—not merely in Germany but in all Europe—to hunger and idleness than to carry out the decree in an occupied industrial city. From here, the No. 1 job of "de-Nazifying" Germany seems just a matter of writing an order. The administrator in the field is tempted to overlook politics if he can find competent Germans to work with. Sometimes we wonder what some people mean by "de-Nazify." One of our liberal newspapers heaped ridicule on General Patton for saying, "these men are innocent until they are proved guilty." General Patton was probably miscast as an administrator of postwar Germany, but surely it is unreasonable to expect any man to eradicate Nazism by acting on the Nazi theory that people are guilty in blocs, without regard to their personal guilt.

As time goes on and attitudes change, the occupation of Germany and Japan is sure to become more and more of a headache. The urge to bring the boys home, plus the normal crop of irritations with our Allies, will place greater strain on the determination to go on with this necessary job. That is why it is imperative that American purposes should be clearly stated and that those who have the unenviable task of carrying them out should not be asked to abandon reason and justice merely to gratify certain critics at home who think our occupying generals don't swagger enough. To disarm our late enemies and encourage the rebuilding of a peaceful economy is a large enough order without insisting that every German or Japanese shall be a democrat from the instant he picks himself up out of the rubble. The speed of his conversion will be regulated in part by the degree to which democracy's representatives make plain that it is democracy they are working for and not totalitarianism under new management.

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Democracy May Yet Come Out of the Foxholes

BY HERBERT G. MOORE

DURING the war you could not share a foxhole with a man without also sharing your thoughts and your ideals and your hopes and your fears. It has been eloquently if not always accurately stated that you did not find atheism in a foxhole. The statement may be broadened to include a number of other things that you rarely found in a foxhole: snobbery, clannishness, sectionalism, prejudice, intolerance, bigotry. Victory in this war will be the sweeter, peace will be the more lasting and the more effectual, if we can only incorporate some of this Foxhole Democracy in our postwar life.

America has enjoyed the purest form of democracy ever known. In theory, it is almost perfect. Read the Declaration of Independence and you will thrill to the lofty principles of this great charter of human liberties. But when we observe it in practice, we sometimes wonder whether we have ever given democracy a fair chance to work.

Class consciousness exists despite the noble pronouncement that "all men are created equal." The bank president's wife and the cobbler's wife live in different strata of society. Even in the classroom, the lawyer's son and the welder's son too often find an artificial barrier erected between them.

Freedom of religious worship has been a proud cornerstone of American democracy, but sometimes we seem to forget that men came here originally to escape religious persecution. For religious intolerance, if not actual persecution, continues to mar our national life. With our profusion of creeds and rituals, it is oftentimes difficult to realize that we're all supposed to be worshiping the same God.

America owes much of her greatness to the vigorous and adventuresome blood that has been constantly pumped into her veins from foreign shores. But, despite the fact that we all have foreign backgrounds, racial prejudices and minority persecutions have persisted. The fires of the melting pot have not always been well tended.

Strife between capital and labor has constantly raised its ugly head to belie our noble dictums and to destroy our national unity. It was present during the prosperity of the 1920's. It was present during the depression of the 1930's. And it reached serious proportions during the war years and has grown more intense with the coming of peace.

Yes, war has been a great leveler. Social, economic, religious, racial and sectional differences largely disappeared in the warm comradeship of the barracks and foxhole. All men of all classes and races and creeds found a common meeting ground in the fact that they were Americans, with the same likes and dislikes, with the same ideals and ambitions, fighting side by side in a common cause—no matter from which side of the railroad tracks they came. The pauper's blood was found to be just as red and just as pure as the millionaire's.

There is no reason why we should not salvage whatever is salvageable from war's misfortune. And one of those things which we can profitably embrace is the spirit of democracy which for a time at least was born anew in the foxholes.

Hash Must Rise to Its True Glory, Not Sulk Under a Coddled Egg

NOW that it is once more safe to voice a civilian complaint, we should like to say a word about, or in behalf of, corned-beef hash. During the war this excellent dish fell upon evil days, as a result, no doubt, of the drafting of good cooks into the armed forces. We may as well face the fact that after 1941 hash skidded from a crisp-skinned delicacy into a soggy, dispiriting mess. Unhappily, its rebirth is still being delayed. Recently, in a dining car, we were served a portion of hash with all the éclat usually reserved for the serving of an Escoffier creation. It resembled canned dog food with a few tablespoonfuls of water added. Corned-beef hash without outer crispness is an abomination.

Corned-beef hash has enjoyed a long and honorable history in this country and, at the risk of assuming moral leadership and all the inconvenience that this entails, we suggest that in the purifying process of reconversion it be stripped of some of the accessories with which it has been bedizened in recent years. Partisans may cry, "Shame! Shame!" but it strikes us that serving the hash with a poached egg slapped atop it betrays ignorance of elementary physics and rococo taste in the cooking galley. A poached egg exudes hot moisture, and moisture of any kind is the enemy of crispness. Only a disciple of Salvador Dali could possibly approve the egg, and the same goes for parsley and for the irrelevant piece of canned pineapple which some otherwise respectable establishments use to embellish hash.

Let's give our corned-beef hash a chance. It has lovely merits all its own and, if permitted to express itself, can be a blessing to the table. In its present debased state it is a minor curse.

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